The Outlook

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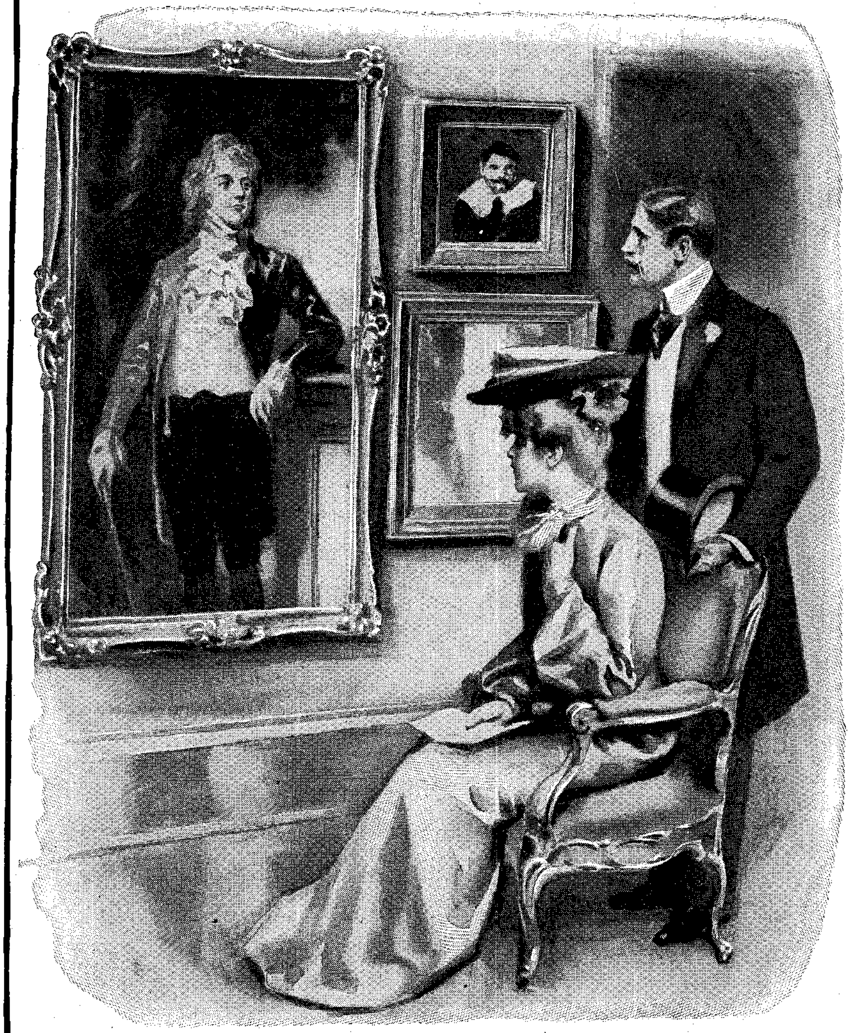

"No perfume, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing," was Beau Brummel's sartorial code.

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The Outlook

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The Tenement-House Bill

The delegation which went to Albany from the city of New York last week to protest against any changes in the amended Tenement-House Bill prepared by the Tenement-House Commissioner, and passed unanimously by the State Senate, is said to have been one of the largest and most influential that has ever been seen in Albany. Some three hundred citizens, including representatives from the tenement-house districts, went up on a special train, and some forty or fifty more went up on one of the regular trains. Both delegations visited the Governor, and received explicit assurance from him that no legislation would receive his approval which had the effect to impair the efficiency of the present law in the protection it affords to the poorer people in New York. A hearing was to have been given on the bill by the Assembly Committee which has it in charge, but the canal bill occupied the attention of the House until eight o'clock in the evening, so that most of the delegation had been compelled to return to the city before the Committee could be convened. The selected speakers, however, remained, and presented the cause of the people to the Committee, and they included, besides representatives of the Tenement-House Commission, others who represented the better class of builders. The opposition to the bill in its present form comes mainly from speculative builders, who wish to put up cheap and poor tenements, and owners of old tenements built before the present law, not constructed for tenement-houses, and unequipped with any proper sanitary provisions. These the law requires them to add, and to this some of the landlords object. The argument for the Commissioner's bill was tersely put by an Assemblyman from one of the river counties in private conversation with a staff representative of The Outlook. "We are," he said, "constantly passing legislation for the protection of fish and game in the country, and it seems as though we might legitimately pass legislation for the protection of women and children in the crowded sections of the great cities."

New York's Canal Referendum

After an exciting contest in each house, the New York Legislature last week passed the bill submitting to the voters of the State the proposition to issue $101,000,000 worth of bonds for the construction of a thousand-ton barge canal in the place of the present Erie Canal. In the Senate the vote stood 32 to 14, in the House 87 to 55. In both bodies a small majority of the Republicans voted against the bill, while all the Democrats in the Senate and all but three in the House supported it. The division, however, was in no sense partisan. It was altogether sectional. The representatives of Greater New York and of Buffalo, without regard to party, supported the bill, while a majority of the representatives of the rural counties, without regard to party, voted against it. The smallness of the Democratic vote against the bill was due to the smallness of the Democratic vote from the rural counties not bordering upon the canal. The arguments used against the canal were the enormous cost of the project, the decreasing value of canals because of railway competition, and the injustice of taxing rural New York to cheapen the transportation of Western grain. The replies made by the friends of the canal are badly reported in the despatches, but are briefly as follows: (1) The cost of the improvement is less in proportion to the wealth of the State than was the cost of the original canal in 1817 or its widening in 1835. The original canal cost the State $9,000,000, or $9 per capita for the million people then living in the State; the widening (and deepening) in 1835 cost $25,000,000, or $12 per capita; while the present project calls for an expenditure of $101,000,000, or less than $14 per capita at a time when the average wealth is treble that in the former periods. (2) Water transportation is still far cheaper than railroad transportation, and barge canals equipped with electric traction bid fair to furnish effective competition for railways for a long time to come. Not only would they lower the transportation rates for building materials, coal, and manufacturers' materials of all sorts carried by themselves, but they would regulate the charges imposed by the consolidating railroads. (3) The argument that the rural counties must not be taxed for the benefit of New York and Buffalo is untenable, as these cities, with barely one-half of the people of the State, contribute more than two-thirds of the State taxes in which the rest of the State takes an equal share. Many of the individual benefits of the canal reach nearly the whole State, and it involves no sectional injustice in the use of State funds.

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The Alternatives Presented

That the bill which has passed the Legislature will be signed by Governor Odell was virtually pledged in his letter accepting the nomination for Governor. The people of New York State must therefore proceed to educate themselves upon the great business proposition to be voted upon in November. Practically there are but two courses of action. Either the proposed barge canal should be constructed, or canal transportation should be abandoned. The latter course seems to us the more hazardous of the two. Yet this is the course prescribed if a majority of the people of New York vote "no" at the approaching referendum. It will not do to say that a vote against the barge canal proposition opens the way to the construction of a ship canal by the National Government. In every State many of the firmest believers in canal competition for railways would oppose this stupendous project for the National Government, because it could be inaugurated only as part of a bankrupting scheme involving corresponding appropriations for all other States represented by efficient log-rollers in Congress. The producers of the lake regions already have an open waterway to foreign markets through Canada. It is primarily for New York State that the canal is designed, and the State must and should meet the cost of the improvements demanded. Neither will it do to say that a vote of "no" at the referendum opens the way for the improvement of the present canal. This used to be true, but to-day the students of canal problems are practically a unit in declaring that the barge canal equipped with electric traction is the only businesslike proposition under modern conditions. It is this proposition which the great commercial bodies of New York City have indorsed as essential to preserving the city's commercial ascendency, and it is this proposition which canal advocates throughout the State indorse as essential to effective regulation of railway rates. The aggregate expenditure proposed is enormous, but is only the sum expended every year by the city government of Greater New York. If it promises to add as much to the future wealth of the State, it should be indorsed. We speak with diffidence upon the problem, but we prefer to risk the large expenditure to the abandonment of canal competition.

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Boss Brayton Defines His Position

Boss Brayton, of Rhode Island, appears to wear his crown—or rather wield his whip—with almost as easy an indifference to public condemnation as Boss Addicks, of Delaware. When interviewed last week by the New York "Evening Post's" New York correspondent, who has so forcibly exposed his misrule, General Brayton talked with the utmost calmness of the situation and answered freely and fully every question put to him—except one. In brief, his statement was as follows:

> I don't think there is much outright vote-buying done; the voters are paid for their time, because they have to leave their work and come down to the polls. Sometimes that takes all day. The manufacturers in the State are really to blame for present conditions. Some of them haven't treated the party just right. The Republicans have never passed any legislation that would bother them, like the ten-hour law and things like that, until

> there was such a strong demand from the labor people and the citizens that the party had to do it, and then, with the people voting against us because we didn't pass such laws, and the manufacturers not helping us as they should, we have been caught between two fires. . . . I am an attorney for certain clients, and look out for their interests before the Legislature. I am retained annually by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company. As every one knows, I act for the Rhode Island Company [street-railway interests], and I have been retained in certain cases by the Providence Telephone Company. In addition to these, I have had connections, not permanent, with various companies desiring franchises, charters, and things of that sort from the Legislature. I never solicit any business. It all comes to me unsought. You see, in managing the campaign every year I am in a position to be of service to men all over the State. I help them to get elected, and naturally many warm friendships result; then when they are in a position to repay me they are glad to do it.

Apparently this statement is as accurate as it is bold. The power of the machine in Rhode Island—and in every other State except Delaware—does not rest upon the personality of the boss, but upon the campaign-contributing interests for which he acts as agent. So long as the public conscience tolerates the giving of ill-disguised corruption funds by corporations and the receiving of ill-disguised bribes by voters and legislators, the boss system will endure and the removal of one agent will but make room for another. In conclusion, it may be noted that the one question which General Brayton declined to answer was the prospective fate of the bill repealing the special act forcing a barroom upon the people of Block Island, despite their vote. The repeal is demanded by well-nigh the whole public, but the boss seems to think the public interest in it will die down. The private interests, he knows, will remain alert.

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The Chicago City Election

In Chicago at the present time interest centers in the city election that is to take place Tuesday, April 7, when a Mayor and one-half the City Council are to be chosen. The opposing candidates for Mayor are Carter H. Harrison and Graeme Stewart. Mr. Harrison, the Democratic nominee, is now finishing his third consecutive term as Mayor of Chicago. Mr. Stewart, the Republican nominee, is a successful merchant and a member of the wholesale grocery house of W. M. Hoyt & Co. He is the Republican National Committeeman from Illinois, and a man of good personal standing in his community. The chief issue of the campaign is the traction question. Many of the most important street railway franchises expire on July 30 of the present year, and the questions involved in the renewal of those franchises have constituted for the last half-dozen years the most important topic of local political discussion. During the past winter the Council Committee on Local Transportation entered into negotiations over the question of franchise renewals with representatives of the companies, among the latter being Mr. Auerbach and Mr. Govin, of New York, representing Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. W. F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, the noted Democratic politician, representing the Widener-Elkins interests. The negotiations were broken off by the representatives of the companies, who claimed that the terms proposed by the city were too onerous. Mayor Harrison has recently said that Messrs. Harrity and Auerbach, during the progress of these negotiations, boasted to him of their power in National Democratic politics, and intimated that higher political honor might be in store for him if he would but assist them to secure the desired franchise renewals. The platforms of both the Republican and Democratic city conventions take progressive ground on the street railway question. Both favor State legislation authorizing cities to own and operate street railways. Both declare against franchise renewal grants for a longer period than twenty years. Both declare that any such grant must contain a clause reserving to the city the right to take over the property at or before the expiration of the grant. The chief difference appears to be as to the referendum. Mayor Harrison's platform demands that the people be given an opportunity to vote on the renewal grants before they shall become effective. Mr. Stewart's platform is silent on this phase of the question. Mr. Harrison, during the six years that he has been Mayor, has won favor with the people and has excited the enmity of some of the heavy financial interests by his stand on the traction question. He has, however, been the subject of considerable criticism for administrative faults—particularly his failure to suppress gambling-houses and keep the streets clean. Mr. Stewart promises, if elected, to give the city a first-class business administration. His critics contend, however, that, with the traction question unsettled, no man should be elected Mayor of Chicago who is without a record on that question, which is the case with Mr. Stewart. The latter is subjected to some criticism, too—his friends claim unjustly—because his nomination came to him at the hands of a rather unpopular party machine. The favorite of the independent Republican element for the nomination was John Maynard Harlan, son of Justice Harlan, of the Federal Supreme Court, who polled seventy thousand votes as an independent candidate for Mayor in 1897. Without any organization to start with, Mr. Harlan secured more than a third of the delegates to the recent Republican city convention that nominated Mr. Stewart. There is also a full labor ticket in the field, but it is not expected to secure a heavy vote. The people of Chicago do not allow interest in a Mayoralty election to divert their attention wholly from the City Council, thirty-five members of which are to be elected at the same time. Chicago boasts of having the best Council of any large city in the country, and the nominations made—largely through the activity of the non-partisan Municipal Voters' League—assure the continued high quality of that body for the year to come.

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The Newark Indictments

There has never been any question that the frightful trolley accident in Newark, by which nine school-children were killed, was the result of criminal carelessness and recklessness. The only difficulty in fixing responsibility has been that the guilt is distributed among many people, all deserving of severe censure. Thus, not only were the trolley conductor and motorman clearly guilty of violating the regulations, but the superintendent and other operating officials of the trolley road were, it was shown, perfectly well aware that their rules were being violated daily, while the city officials were equally negligent in not enforcing the city by-laws, and the steam-railway company was also shown to be violating the city ordinances every day. None of these violations of law was slight or unimportant. The crossing was in any weather and at any time a most dangerous place—such a grade crossing as a proper railroad law would not permit to exist. Unfortunately, New Jersey has no Railroad Commission, and the attempt to carry through the Legislature a very moderate law for a Commission (a law the only fault of which is that it is not sufficiently stringent) seems unlikely to succeed. The Newark Grand Jury has now acted with courage and independence. It has not only found indictments for manslaughter against the roadmaster, general superintendent, division superintendent, and assistant superintendent of the trolley line, but also has gone to the fountain of authority, and has indicted the President, Vice-President, and executive officers of the North Jersey Street Railway Company. The list includes Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. John D. Crimmins, a well-known contractor and capitalist of this city, Mr. E. F. C. Young, a prominent banker of Jersey City. The Grand Jury takes the ground that the highest officials of the road are not only technically but morally responsible for the deaths of these children. It may be hoped that this direct placing of responsibility upon those highest in authority may have throughout the country the effect of increasing the watchfulness and administrative care which the officials of all such lines should undoubtedly exercise. The criticism has been made that in such a case as this it may be hard to secure actual punishment in the case of indicted officials who are only remotely concerned with the actual occurrence. It must be shown in this case that the executive officers either did know or should have known about the conditions at the crossing; the first is entirely improbable, the second may be held at least in theory. As to the responsibility of the officials who directly control the working of the trolley line in Newark there can be no question, and it may be added that equal responsibility rests upon the city officials who were willfully and perhaps corruptly blind to violations of the law. The citizens should watch for future violations of law as well as applaud prosecution for past offenses.

Labor Politics in England The labor movement in England has reached a critical stage. Trades-unionists are beginning to separate themselves from the two existing political parties, drawing a hard and fast line of demarcation between Labor and Liberal or Labor and Conservative. The movement was initiated in the first place by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., and now boasts a membership of over 800,000, the constituent elements being the large trades-unions and members of the Independent Labor party and other Socialist organizations. Up to this time the Miners' Federation has held aloof, and also the extreme Socialists represented by the Social Democratic Federation. At the last general election fifteen candidates were voted for, but only two, Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., and Mr. Keir Hardie, were returned to Parliament. Mr. Bell has since been censured for the assistance which he rendered to certain Liberal candidates. At the next general election it is quite probable that some fifty candidates will be named. This great movement is largely the outcome of the Taff Vale decision, a judgment which seriously and radically affected the whole position of trades-unions. The Amalgamated Society of Railwaymen, of which Mr. Richard Bell is Secretary, has been mulcted in damages to the amount of £23,000. Trades-unionists, resolved to alter by legislative enactment the law as thus interpreted, are determined to place their own representatives in the House of Commons. This new political movement on the part of trades-unionists is not in open antagonism to either party, although at the present moment it seems to be antagonizing the Liberals to a greater extent than the Conservatives. It is probable that in the final issue the Radical wing of the Liberal party will compel the Liberals to make some sort of "give and take" alliance with the labor men, apportioning to them one seat in each of the large double-member industrial constituencies, and receiving in return the support of the trades-unionists and Socialists in constituencies where labor candidates would be without any possible chance of success. Any other solution would probably mean the keeping of the Liberal party out of office for many years still to come, or at least a paralysis of that party as an engine of government if returned to power with a slender majority.

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Macedonia According to last week's despatches from Constantinople, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed at the Austrian and Russian Embassies with the tardiness of the Turks in carrying out the Macedonian reform plan. The Embassies are unable to watch the manner in which the Porte fulfills or fails to fulfill its engagements, because they have not received copies of the code of regulations drafted by the Turkish Council of State for the application of the reforms. Dissatisfaction has also been expressed in Macedonia even with the long-desired provision that the taxes shall not be assessed by the same person who collects them. The prompt payment of the local officials, especially the gendarmerie, provided by the reform which the Powers have imposed on the Sultan, would seem to remove the chief cause of bribery, outrage, and oppression, and we may look for some relief from the oppressive course taken by the civil and military representatives of the Turkish Government. The Sultan must certainly be allowed sufficient time in which to institute the reforms to which he has agreed, though the continued arrival of Macedonian refugees in Bulgaria is a disquieting symptom. The Powers are bringing pressure to bear upon Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to keep the Macedonian revolutionary committees quiet. The region about Samakov in Bulgaria has been their headquarters for arming. Bands of brigands, representing the Macedonian committees, form in that region and march over the border. After some weeks' absence they return without arms, and are again equipped. They declare martial law and condemn to death those who do not fall in with their plans, or help support the cause by contributions of money. In this way they have intimidated the Christian subjects on the Turkish side of the border, and especially the Greek Christians, to whom they, as Bulgarians, are inimical. Last week the President of the Græco-English Byron Society received a letter from the Greeks of Macedonia complaining that, after waiting for centuries for deliverance from the Ottoman yoke, "we are now scourged by the heavier oppression of brigand bands aided by the Bulgarian committees, who not only rob, but do not stop at murder, cruelty to women, and arson." It would therefore seem as if Turkey's recent mobilization of 240,000 men might find abundant police duty at home and defensive work on the frontier.

La Grande Chartreuse

Last week The Outlook chronicled the French Parliament's refusal to authorize a continuance of the work done by many of the Roman Catholic male teaching orders, on the ground that they fomented discontent with the actual Government. By the new Law of Associations every association, religious or secular, must obtain Governmental authority to exist. This week we have to record the Parliament's action in refusing authorization to the commercial monastic orders. Of these, the Carthusian is the most important, as it is the wealthiest order in France. The Carthusians (or Chartreux) have long been employed in the manufacture of a cordial—chartreuse. Most of the money they make is nobly used in benefactions and in the foundation of hospitals, schools, and churches throughout the country in the neighborhood of their great monastery, as Abbé Lemire claimed in defending them in Parliament last week; he also presented a petition signed by nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants of the country surrounding the monastery begging that the Carthusians be not banished. Replying, M. Combes, the Premier, declared that the Carthusians should not be favored because they were rich, or because their departure would certainly mean serious loss to the region in which their mother-house—La Grande Chartreuse—was situated (the country just north of Grenoble). The fact was, he said, that the Carthusians had conducted an active propaganda against the Republic, culminating in the signature of their Superior-General to a recent pamphlet urging all citizens not to pay their taxes, and to boycott the Republican officials. By a vote of almost three to two, the Radical and Socialistic majority in the Chamber of Deputies then refused authorization to the Carthusians. It is evident to many friends of the Government, however, that the extreme and atheistic Radical wing is now bent upon a destructive policy towards all forms of religion. However necessary it may have been to banish from France those monastic orders which have been shown to be at enmity with republican government, it is not necessary to go beyond this and denounce the Concordat—a time-honored pact, now a century old, between the Vatican and the Government of France, assuring financial support, not to the monks, but to the priests and bishops, who are, as a rule, of the admirable class described by Halévy in "L'Abbé Constantin." It would be better for the extremists to follow the advice which Premier Combes, himself a Radical, gave to them last week. He would not say that the day for the denunciation of the Concordat would not sometime arrive, but declared that the time for its denunciation had not yet come; and he declared that the Government would maintain the Concordat if, on their part, the clergy would keep out of politics.

Captain Mahan on Personal Religion

Before the Church Club of New York, Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States navy, who is widely known as the foremost writer on sea power and allied subjects, spoke last week on the subject of "Personal Religion." It is rare that this subject is touched upon without some appearance of disingenuousness or sentimentality. Captain Mahan's address, notable of itself as coming from a man of his standing, was therefore the more notable because of its dignity, its transparent sincerity, and the persuasive beauty of both its substance and its form. The extent to which the Christian impulse is to-day languid he attributed to two immediate causes: the advance of science, by which God is revealing those forces which seem to some eyes to obscure him; and criticism of the Bible, which seems to necessitate a radical change in our ideas concerning the nature of God's revelation—ideas, as Captain Mahan tersely expressed it, "which being ours were not necessarily God's." Back of these immediate causes he placed, however, the ultimate cause—the habit of being governed by appearances rather than by love of God himself. For this reason a certain benevolent feeling toward mankind has to a great degree been substituted for personal loyalty to God as the controlling impulse of the Christian life, and humanitarian activity put in place of the Christian life itself. The remedy for a languid Christian impulse, he declared, is the restoration of the personal direct relation of the soul to God as the prime object. This means that a man should seek to save his own soul, not from hell, but from sin; not for his own sake, but for the sake of God, because sin is hateful to God; not to satisfy himself, but to lay his life at the feet of him who gave himself for that life. A man's soul is not his only charge, but it is the one specially committed to him alone; as he fulfills that charge, so he shows his love to God. Then out of that love and out of that duty duly performed all other love and other duties will naturally flow. Love to man and service of man will then rightly be the fruit of Christian life instead of being substituted for that life. Such an address cannot be reported thus in outline without being marred and deprived of its best qualities; but we do thus report it because it states an aspect of religious truth that needs to-day especial emphasis. No ripple of philanthropy in the sea of human life ought to be regretted because it has extended so far that the original impulse which sent it on its course has been forgotten; but, on the other hand, it will be the end of all service for man if that impulse ceases to be exerted. It ought to be said, however, that the highest religious condition is attained when humanitarian service is more than mere benevolence, more than even the fruit of personal religious loyalty—when it is undertaken as one of the essential ways by which men can identify themselves with him who went about doing good.

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Elgar's Cantata "The Dream of Gerontius"

Three times last week Edward Elgar's "sacred cantata," "The Dream of Gerontius," was performed: once, on Monday, in Chicago, by the Apollo Club; twice, on Tuesday and Thursday, in New York, by the Oratorio Society. Edward Elgar, who four years ago was an obscure provincial musician, has written to Cardinal Newman's poem music which has called forth a great deal of comment, much of it praise, in England, in Germany, and now in the United States. The poem represents the death of a man, the passage of his soul in the company of his guardian angel up into the piercing presence of God, and finally down to languish and to be cleansed in purgatory. It is a curious commentary, not only on the mediæval character of this Roman Catholic poem, but also on the mediæval spirit of some modern Protestants, that two or three of the chorus in New York refused to sing because of the doctrines embodied in the cantata! With enthusiastic devotion, Mr. Elgar, who is a sincere Roman Catholic, has written music marvelously expressive of the mystical spirit of a mediæval church; but instead of relying on antique devices, he has called to his use all the resources which the modern development of music offers. And of these resources Edward Elgar is a proven master. He wields the orchestra with the confidence and sometimes with the daring of Richard Strauss. He weaves the voices of the chorus as only a master of counterpoint can, so that in the midst of ultra-modern harmonies every part has strong melodic value. He uses the solo voices, too, not for singing recitatives and arias, after the conventional fashion of Handel or Mendelssohn, but rather for singing a continuous melody, as Wagner uses them in his music-dramas. Indeed, Elgar's cantata bears much the same relation to the traditional cantata or oratorio that Wagner's work does to the traditional opera. The impressive chant-like *Proficiscere* of the priest and assistants as they bid the Christian soul go forth into the unknown, the celestial song of the soul as he wakes in the world beyond, the uncouth dissonances of the "hubbub" of demons, who ages past were disinherited, "dispossessed, aside thrust, chucked down," and now assemble, "hungry . . . to gather souls for hell," the majestic hymning adoration of the choir of angelicals as they sing their "Praise to the Holiest in the height," the burst of sound as the gaze of God enters the soul of Gerontius, the final quietude as the soul sinks content to suffer and be purged—so varied are the demands upon the spiritually dramatic imagination of the composer. Like Verdi's "Requiem," the "Dream of Gerontius" witnesses to a composer who has a vivid religious faith, much as the cathedrals of France or the old morality plays are artistic monuments to the faith of men in other ages. Whether this work will separately long endure no one with real critical judgment is likely to say; but it will be strange if it does not endure as at least an influence in the future development of oratorio. The typical British "sacred cantata" has been an uninspired thing that has done much to vitiate English taste in music. "The Dream of Gerontius" has dealt a blow at the enervating musical tradition which has kept this form of music half-alive among English-speaking peoples.

Jewish Socialists Take up Co-operation

Among the Jews in the United States the idealism of the race has for many years expressed itself largely in the enthusiastic advocacy of revolutionary socialism. At the present time, however, the social unrest among them has resulted in an effort to give their ideals an immediate application in industrial life. In other words, they are turning from declamations about the co-operative commonwealth that is to be, to practical efforts to establish now co-operation in the management of the stores by which they are served and the little factories in which they work. This new movement, we are informed by a reliable Hebrew correspondent, was really inaugurated about three years ago, but during these three years has grown until the New York society has a membership of six hundred persons, the Philadelphia society a membership of fifteen hundred, the Boston society a membership of three hundred, and other societies are being formed rapidly in other Jewish centers. The New York society has for over a year conducted "a large and prosperous hat and shoe and men's furnishing goods establishment, which sells the goods made by the Jewish labor unions of the East Side workers." Most of the purchasers are in some way partners in the undertaking, and all of them of course will share in the profits from their purchases. Very recently the New York society opened a tea store, and is hopeful of success along this line also. In Philadelphia the Jewish Co-operative Society has been in business for two years, and has recently purchased its own building. The hat and shoe stores conducted by the Philadelphia society have been prosperous and constantly growing establishments. In Worcester, Baltimore, New Britain, Newark, and other places where smaller societies have been started, plans for similar undertakings are being eagerly pushed. In some cases the capital for these undertakings is obtained by the sale of shares at five dollars each, and in other cases social entertainments are held to raise the needed funds. In New York the movement has awakened such popular interest that the Jewish daily paper "Forwards" now publishes a weekly department devoted to the co-operative cause, which is read with keen interest by the radicals of the Jewish quarter. In this country, under Gentile auspices, mercantile co-operation has never been a success; but it is possible that the business talent of the Jewish race, combined in this undertaking with its instinctive idealism, may lead to success.

Peace for Ireland

Last week Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, introduced the Government's Land Bill in the House of Commons. As already foreshadowed in The Outlook, the measure largely follows the recommendations of the now famous conference recently held between Irish landlords and tenants, when, for the first time in history, a plan of land settlement was agreed upon by the two parties.

Nine-tenths of the discontent in Ireland seems to have arisen from agrarian distress. This discontent has, in turn, caused violence and sedition, making still unhappier an island unhappy enough by reason of falling prices for farm produce, industrial depression, absentee landlordism, and evictions. Conditions have improved, however, by reason, first of all, of Gladstone's Land Act of 1881. The great Liberal Premier and his coadjutors sowed the seed of which the Conservatives are now reaping the crop. The latter, however, are even outdistancing the Liberals in radical land reform. Mr.

Wyndham's bill is more sweeping than any measure ever presented by his political opponents; indeed, for proposing almost this very scheme Mr. Davitt was imprisoned in 1879. Mr. Wyndham's speech in introducing the new bill is likely to rank as the chief Irish event of our time. The great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—the rebel who forfeited his life for the Irish cause—has gone a long way towards establishing his reputation as a statesman of the first rank.

Mr. Wyndham proposes to convert discontented tenants into contented proprietors, and at the same time amply to compensate the present owners. His system involves both cash and credit. He asks for a free grant-in-aid of $60,000,000 to be used to pay to the vender a percentage of the purchase-money; a percentage largest on small estates and smallest on large ones. A gift of $60,000,000—the first proposal by the Conservatives of such an outright bonus—is none too dear to pay for the settlement of the Irish land question; it would be cheap at a higher price.

While cash aid is necessary, we attach greater importance to the credit operation. This is to be conducted by capitalizing the land at $500,000,000 and issuing stock upon it in yearly installments of about $25,000,000, guaranteed by the Government, unredeemable for thirty years, and bearing interest at two and three-quarters per cent. This plan appears to be both safe and profitable, since (1) the land has a much greater value than the sum (five hundred millions) to be lent on it, and (2), borrowing at a low rate of interest, the Government will repay itself at a higher, as three and one-quarter per cent. is to be paid on sums necessary to be advanced in order to induce purchases. Further, it is announced that, under the new régime of peace, the present enormous annual cost of Irish administration (largely on account of the inordinately large constabulary force) will be reduced by $1,250,000. Thus, if the interest charged on the free gift of sixty millions be put at $1,975,000, the maximum annual net cost to taxpayers may not now exceed two millions, or, at a later time, $725,000.

There is to be a very long period of repayment—sixty-eight and a half years. The present landowners need not fear either confiscation or expatriation; they may retain their home demesnes and sporting rights, and continue as a support to industrial and social Ireland. Their land is to be appraised at values judicially established by the last Land Commission, and they are to be assured of a payment on liberal terms by the credit of the Imperial Government itself. The tenants may receive from the Government advances up to $2,500 on holdings in congested districts, and to $5,000 in non-congested districts. To all Irish tenants, however, past and present, the most astonishing and gratifying provision is that which includes evicted persons within the bill's scope. As reported in the despatches from London, any persons who within twenty years have been tenants may purchase holdings and obtain the necessary loans. The act, if passed, will take effect November 1, 1903.

The whole plan shows that the party in power is determined to go to a great length if it be convinced that Irish landlords and tenants are prepared loyally to co-operate in making its scheme a success. We believe that such co-operation—really a contract—may be secured, if for no other reason than that the British Government has not lost one cent from advances made to eighty thousand peasant proprietors under the previous and less radical Land Act.

No bill ever presented in Parliament has commanded more instantaneous and unanimous support. Conservatives, Liberals, Nationalists, were for the nonce of one mind. Colonel Saunderson, the extremest advocate of landlordism, spoke with enthusiasm of the measure, and Mr. John Redmond, the leader of Irish tenantry representatives, praised the sincerity of the Government, and even claimed that the adoption of its scheme would not only settle the land questions, but might ultimately result in the complete disposal of all the controversies between England and Ireland. With Celtic eagerness, many Irishmen are expecting immediate results of this wholesale nature. They may well be warned that, even with the main point of contention settled, industrial depression, undue taxation, educational and religious difficulties, remain. Mr. Wyndham's treatment of the main cause of Irish discontent, however, is not only a great improvement on his scheme of last year, but seems the most promising effort ever made. We trust that a new era is about to dawn on a new Ireland.

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The Coal Commission Report

The question whether the operators were right or the miners were right is not the most important question which the Coal Commission report, summarized in these columns last week, has decided. In fact, it decides, as might have been anticipated, that neither party to the controversy was wholly right. It decides that the miners had a grievance, and that the operators were wrong in refusing to give any consideration to their grievance, for the report definitely adjudges them an increased wage. It decides that some of their claims were impracticable, for it adjudges against them on the question whether the coal shall be weighed. It condemns the State for leaving the operators to protect their own property by a coal and iron police which they pay for, a method which has been condemned again and again by public writers. It condemns the miners for acquiescing in crimes of violence perpetrated in sympathy with if not in support of the strike, crimes for which there is no justification, no excuse, scarcely a single apology. The Scotch verdict of "not proven" may be regarded as rendered on the charge brought against the miners' unions that they encouraged the crimes of violence, but they cannot be commended for having done all in their power to discourage such crimes. If the trades-unions were to expel from membership any man guilty of violence, and were to boycott any such person not a member of their order, it cannot be doubted that the crimes would be greatly diminished if not absolutely ended. It is, however, incidentally worthy of note that the murders, which were reported by some of the press as amounting to thirteen, have diminished, in the light of this investigation, to three in number.

But these aspects of the Commission's report are not the most vital nor the most important; there are two other aspects of this decision much more important: the illustration which it affords, first, of the right, and, secondly, of the power, of the public to intervene in a labor war in which public interests are concerned.

The doctrine of what is known as the "Manchester school" may be stated briefly in a sentence thus: Leave employer and employed absolutely free. Regard labor as a marketable commodity. Let the laborer and the capitalist trade and dicker respecting this commodity. The laborer will require the highest price, the capitalist will offer the lowest price. In the conflict of the market which ensues justice will be secured. Freedom of contract will result in equal rights. In this doctrine there was some measure of truth. It was an advance on serfdom. So long as the market-place contained a number of individual capitalists bidding against one another, and a number of individual laborers bidding against one another, a rough kind of justice was secured, though it was often accompanied with gross injustice to the weaker and the less skillful. But presently employers combined, partly for the purpose of preventing labor competition in the market, partly for other reasons; then laborers combined, partly for other reasons, but chiefly to prevent competition in the labor market. Capitalists ceased to bid against one another; laborers ceased to bid against one another. Capitalists combined and offered an ultimatum; laborers combined and offered another ultimatum. Competition was changed into war, the market-place into a battlefield.

Last spring a body of capitalists, who had control of all the anthracite coal in the country, and who were sufficiently combined not to bid against one another, were paying wages and furnishing conditions of labor which were unsatisfactory to the laboring men, and which the Commission now declare the laboring men had reason to be dissatisfied with. Then the laboring men combined and offered an ultimatum to the capitalists which they would not even consider as a basis for negotiations, and which the Commission now declare included some demands which it was impracticable to grant. Then began a tug of war between the capitalists at one end of the rope and the laborers at the other, and as fall approached it became evident that the Atlantic seaboard would be almost wholly deprived of its necessary fuel, while Western cities would be seriously inconvenienced by the lessened supply. The Manchester theory of freedom of contract was proved inadequate, because it took no account of two important factors: on the one hand, the possibility of such combination as would prevent the free competition on which it relied for adjustment of wages; and, on the other, the inconvenience and distress to the public in case no such adjustment took place.

Then it was that President Roosevelt appeared upon the scene and invited the contending parties to a conference. He did this with the explicit statement that he was concerned only for the third party—the general public; that he took no part in the controversy as advocate either of employer or employed, of capitalist or laborer; that he took part solely as an informal representative of the great public, on whom the most disastrous effects of the strike were about to fall. The reluctant acceptance of his interference by the operators, the appointment of the Commission, the return of the miners to work, based upon the agreement by both sides that the decision of the Commission should be accepted; the decision of the Commission and its acceptance alike by miners, operators, and the general public, emphasize the fact that there is a third party. It is a National recognition of the truth that there are other rights besides individual property rights; that no man may use his property to the injury of the community, or refuse to use it if that refusal involves serious and widespread injury to the community; that private rights, so called, are subject to the superior right of the public to have its interests promoted, its welfare regarded, its rights respected.

There is nothing absolutely novel in this doctrine; there is only a novel illustration and application of it. Health boards which forbid private owners to pollute private streams in such a way as to promote disease, legislation forbidding child labor, regulating woman's labor, prescribing conditions in mines and factories, railroad commissions exercising supervisory power over great railroad corporations in their management of State and National highways, tenement-house laws determining the conditions under which landlords may build and tenants may occupy houses in the great cities, are all illustrations of the same fundamental principle; but in this case that principle has been reasserted and carried a little further. The mine-owners may not do what they please with their mines. They may not quarrel with their workingmen and leave the community to freeze. Their right to own and operate the mines is a right conferred by society, and it must be exercised subject to the superior right of society to regulate the methods of operation, if it becomes necessary for the welfare of the community.

But the finding of this Commission and the general acquiescence in it illustrate not only the right of the people but their power. It was truly said, both by the President and to the President, that he had no legal power to compel either operators or miners to accept his arbitration. They might have refused his invitation, and no constable could have been sent after them. When the Commission was appointed, it was without legal power; it could not compel the attendance of witnesses or the production of papers. We do not think it had any power to administer oaths, or to punish for perjury in case of false testimony. Now that its decision is rendered, there is no legal power to enforce the decision. If the operators do not choose to pay the additional ten per cent. wages, there is no legal power to compel them to pay; if the miners do not choose to go on with their work under the conditions recommended by the Commission, there is no legal power to compel them to go on with their work. Everything from beginning to end is outside the domain of law. There is no coercive authority.

And yet it is quite apparent that neither miners nor operators have acted in the premises in a wholly voluntary manner. They have been coerced, not by law, but by public opinion. There are other powers in the country than those of sheriffs and constables; there are other incentives than those furnished by mere money considerations. Men care for the good opinion of their fellow-men; they are not wholly indifferent to the sufferings of their fellow-men. When the President proposed a method of adjustment which would give relief to the public, and the operators at first refused to consider this mode of relief, there was an outburst of indignation against them. It found expression in some extraordinary propositions, such as that of the Democratic party of this State that the National Government take possession of the coal-mines, under the right of eminent domain, and operate them for the benefit of the public. It found expression in other forms, perhaps more sane, although more passionate. The small body of men who had the legal ownership of the mines, and legal authority to close them and leave the public to suffer, were not willing to face this public opinion; they were not willing to be held responsible by the public for all the suffering which would be entailed if the mines were not reopened. When at length the conditions of reopening were agreed upon between the operators and Mr. Mitchell, the threatened opposition to continuance of work upon those conditions, emanating from a few of the wilder spirits among the miners, disappeared before this same public opinion. The President, by his action, focused that public opinion. He did what a burning-glass does when it concentrates the rays of the sun on a pile of leaves and starts them into flame. Behind the verdict of the Commission is this same public opinion. So far as we know, no miners' union and no operator, either corporate or individual, proposes to disregard the Commission's decision. This is because the public have accepted that decision and have made it their own. The power of concentrated public opinion has perhaps never had a more striking illustration than that which is furnished by the forcefulness of this wholly extra-constitutional and extra-legal proceeding for the adjustment of a great industrial controversy.

It is this which gives to the decision its greatest significance. This, too, indicates to the public the method by which they may avoid future controversies of this description or solve them if they arise. For this purpose it is only necessary to give to the President the power which the Canadian law gives to the Minister of Labor, to appoint at any time a commission to inquire into conditions which threaten seriously the National well-being. The power of a President to appoint such a commission would be simply power to turn on the light, to ascertain the facts, to determine the responsibility, and to concentrate public opinion, making it effective by making it intelligent. The present conditions do not demonstrate, but they indicate, that a recognized body, impartial in its character and judicial in its spirit, with power simply to inquire into and report upon the facts, would possess all the power necessary for the adjustment of great industrial difficulties in which the interests of the third party, that is, the general public, are seriously concerned. With all that is said from time to time concerning the power of public opinion in America, we have not yet learned how to concentrate and so to utilize it. The Coal Commission's report, and its universal acceptance, indicate one way in which this dormant power can be used in the public interest and for the promotion of public justice.

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A Preacher's Story of His Work

Twenty years ago there was a dying church on the East Side of New York. Families that had lived in the vicinity were moving away. Their houses were being transformed into flats. The incoming population was to all appearance indifferent to what the church had to offer. The emptying houses were being refilled with more people than they contained before. The emptying church became each year emptier and emptier. The church was offered for sale. Nobody would buy it.

To-day that church is one of the greatest powers for good in that great city. Its services are thronged. Working men and women sit and kneel beside people of wealth and power. A Parish House joined to it affords recreation for those who have no other places of recreation than the saloons, the dance-halls, and the street, as well as for those who choose to go there from homes of refinement for the social life it affords. A trade school is maintained by the church to supply industrial training for the boys of the parish. Active organizations thrive—religious because ministering to needs that are fundamentally human. The church which two decades ago was itself in the grasp of death is to-day living in that community that the community itself may have life and have it more abundantly.

Humanly speaking, this change has been wrought by one man. In 1882 he was acting as rector of St. James's Cathedral Church, Toronto, Canada. When he was called to this despondent church in New York, he went with a clear idea of what a city parish ought to be and what ends it ought to serve. That idea, by persistent, active, courageous faith, he has translated into a living, visible reality. That man is Dr. W. S. Rainsford, and his achievement is the great parish of St. George's.

The narrative of this achievement suggests the true solution of two kinds of perplexity. There is the perplexity of those who believe in Christianity, but, repelled by theories and dogmas, are distrustful of the Church; there is also the perplexity of those who are in the Church but do not see how to bring Christianity, which is the power of the Church, to bear upon the life of men outside. The story of this man's work, besides being full of sheer human interest, brings to those troubled by the one perplexity information as to what the Church at least in one place is doing, and to those troubled by the other perplexity encouragement as to what the Church can do.

The story of human achievement is first of all the story of man. The story of every human achievement is the story of some human life back of the achievement. So the record of what has been done near Stuyvesant Square in New York is ultimately the record of the experiences and activities of the man who has done it.

It is because The Outlook believes this that it has asked Dr. Rainsford to tell the story of his work. And Dr. Rainsford has consented. He has told it. He has not written it. "A Preacher's Story of His Work," which begins in this number of The Outlook, is literally his story as he related it in his study at St. George's Rectory. It is what he has talked of to those who listened. And the readers of this story, if they would get the story as it was given, must place themselves in imagination in that room, where books and antlers covering the walls, bearskins on couch or floor, and papers on desk betoken a life of combined thought and activity; and then settle themselves, not to read, but to hear.

Lenten Meditations

Why Need Christ Suffer?

Should we not rather ask, How was it possible that he should not suffer? Can one come to the suffering, the ignorant, the willfully sinful, seeking to deliver them from their suffering, their ignorance, and their sin, and not suffer for them and with them?

Could he deliver them and not have compassion on them? But what is compassion but suffering with another? Could he deliver them if he had not sympathy for them? But what is sympathy but suffering with another? Could we accept deliverance from an indifferent or unfeeling deliverer? Must he not feel our sorrows, if he is to succor us in them? Is not this in truth the nature of all deliverance: that the strong deliverer enters into our sorrow and our weakness, and so identifies himself with us, and then lifts us out of our sorrow and our weakness, and so identifies us with him? If he would have us share his experience, he must first share our experience with us.

And how this his participation in our suffering must have been intensified by his consciousness that most of human suffering is wholly needless! He knew the remedy, and he knew we would not accept the remedy. It is hard to stand beside the sick-bed and see the one we love suffer; how immeasurably more hard if we know how the suffering might be stopped, and yet are not permitted to apply the remedy! To see a young man walking carelessly, singing as he goes, down the road to death, to know what the end must be to him as it has been to so many before him, to long to halt him and turn him back, and to be utterly unable! To long to call out the word of warning to him, and be unable to speak; or to call it out, and hear his laughing rejection of the call; or to see him stop long enough to toss back a careless resolution to be broken as carelessly to-morrow! Oh! the unutterable pain of such an experience; who that has ever tried to be a deliverer to his fellow-men has not known this suffering? What must it have been for Christ to look down the ages, to see with prophetic vision all the misery and shame and degradation that sin was to bring upon the human race, and know how needless it all was, and know how simple the cure of most of it all is—simply the cultivation of the spirit of faith and hope and love—and try to cry out to men the word of warning and the word of deliverance, and hear through the coming centuries his words echoed back to him with mocking laughter by some, and passed by unheeded by others, and even by his own disciples regarded for the most part as splendid ideals, worthy of æsthetic admiration, but impossible to be practically applied! Ought he not to suffer? Was it possible that he should not suffer?

Had he only seen this from afar, it would have been hard to bear. But he did not see it from afar. He entered into this life; he took the limitations of our nature on himself; he shared the conditions of our life with us. What would it cost one to surrender his eyesight and become blind that he might the better carry succor to the blind? What would it cost one to surrender his freedom and live a captive among captives that he might better serve them in their captivity? What did it cost Mr. Wyckoff to live as a tramp with tramps, sharing their poverty of conditions as well as of resources, breathing the vitiated atmosphere of the lodging-house, eating the forbidding food of the cheap boarding-house, compelled to listen to the loud-mouthed foulness of the camp? What does it cost the saintly woman who leaves the sweet attractiveness of her suburban home to dwell in the Jewish Ghetto of New York, and make herself the friend of the most hopeless, sordid, and degraded men and women of the metropolis—its outcasts, its pariahs? What did it cost Christ to be the friend of publicans and sinners?—publicans who were the corrupt politicians of that most corrupt age, and sinners who were the drunkards and harlots of an epoch given over to drunkenness and harlotry.

And yet this suffering of sympathy, of almost hopeless endeavor, and of social participation could not have been comparable to the suffering involved in entering into the experience of the sin which he had come to cure. "God made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." What does this mean? The minister may have talked with the victim of an almost incurable appetite for opium or alcohol, and have tried in vain to inspire in him an aspiration for temperance; with a man possessed by the devil of acquisitiveness, who chuckled at his own shrewdness while he bargained away his own life—not for the whole world, but for a very little of it—and have tried in vain to reveal to him the joys of generosity. It is all in vain. They could not understand him, because he could not understand them. And then the minister might almost pray, O God, give me for one moment this terrible appetite, which makes this man say, If a chopping-knife stood between me and a glass of whisky, I must reach out my hand for the glass, though I knew that the knife would sever my hand at the wrist; give me for one moment this craze of acquisitiveness that makes this man's gold dearer to him than love—for then I might understand them, and then, perhaps, they might understand me and I could save them. And yet—how terrible this would be! To feel coming upon one the devouring appetite, as the dragon came upon Siegfried; to feel the lust of wealth clutching one in its horrible tentacles, as the octopus clutched at Gilliatt in the "Toilers of the Sea;" to know in one's self the temptation which one had never known before, and which he was endeavoring to combat in another—it is not easy to conceive the almost intolerable horror of such an experience. And this Christ knew. The three great temptations of life are appetite, vanity, ambition. And he knew them all. All three are symbolized in that marvelous, mystical story of the temptation: when appetite tempted him, saying, Use your marvelous power to feed yourself; and vanity tempted him, saying, Win the admiration of the spectators who crowd Jerusalem, by casting yourself down unhurt from the pinnacle of the Temple; and ambition tempted him, saying, Do obeisance to the spirit that rules the world, that you may conquer the world. Could such solicitations to evil surge up to the very citadel of his heart and he not feel a horror which we in our best estate can but dimly imagine? Thrice they came upon him. Once in that temptation in the wilderness, vanquished by his memory of the Bible teaching of his childhood; once in that hour when he prayed that the cup of his anguish might pass from him, and yet vanquished that prayer by the other prayer that he might be made strong to drink the cup which his Father gave to him; and once when that subtlest and most terrible of all temptations came upon him, the temptation to distrust his Father, and to believe that his God had forsaken him, almost yielded to for the moment, finally conquered in the triumph cry, Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?

Why ought Christ to have suffered? Because he could not take away sin from the world without entering into the sin of the world; and he could not enter into the sin of the world without a suffering in spirit, of which the scourge, the crown of thorns, the nails, are but feeble and imperfect symbols. The whole life of Christ was a Passion; the whole life of Christ was a Crucifixion.

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English in the Home

It is not often that a book written largely for teachers deals with a vital subject in so fresh and practical a way as to make it of even more importance to parents. This may be said, however, of Mr. Percival Chubb's "Teaching of English," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and is the work of an experienced teacher saturated with the literary spirit and an exponent of the most genuine kind of culture. The value of Mr. Chubb's discussion is twofold: it makes clear the prime importance of familiarizing children from their earliest years with the best literature, and it furnishes for each stage of development suggestions with regard to the kind of books which ought to be put in the hands of a child. There are many fathers and mothers who are entirely unaware of the immense educational importance of the home. They do not understand that it is not only the first school in point of time which the child attends, but it is to the very end, in certain respects, the most important school. The best teacher a boy of imagination and gifts can have is a wise, sympathetic, and open-hearted mother who understands his nature, knows how to appeal to the best in him, and where to find the material to which he ought to have access. Literature is rich in the testimony of men of genius to the vital suggestion which they received from their mothers during those sensitive and formative years when the ideas which are afterwards to be developed are sown as seeds in the mind, or pass through their earlier stages of germination.

A wise and thoroughly trained head of a school for girls said, not long ago, that her chief difficulty was not with students but with parents. Many parents are obstacles in the way of the true education of their children. Instead of co-operating with teachers, they antagonize them; instead of assisting in the difficult work, they throw obstacles in the way of that work. They are always questioning the wisdom of the discipline, asking special favors which involve interruption of study, and, consciously and unconsciously, in many small ways hindering the work which the school is trying to do for the child. The chief injury, however, which many parents do to the school is in sending their children without that general training, that steady discipline, that influence for refinement, which the school cannot give, but upon which it must build. The rawness and crudity of many children who come out of well-to-do homes is amazing. These children know almost nothing of the things which in intelligent homes are in the very atmosphere. They have no fund of general intelligence; they are untrained in manners, in speech, in voice, and in mind; and the school has to do for them, in a very limited time and under very difficult conditions, the work that the home ought to have done under the best possible circumstances and with the fullest possible time.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in an introduction to this volume, brings out the relation of the child to the home and of the school to the home in a single sentence—"The one ruling maxim of English teaching ought to be: The child will speak and write the sort of English that he hears and reads." It is in the home that children acquire their use of language; it is in the home that proper facilities for reading must be supplied them. Mr. Chubb does not exaggerate when he says that on no other subject do the forces of the social environment, against which the school has to strive, make themselves so continually felt as they do in English; and if there be a single test of education which may be applied to all men and women, it is, as President Eliot some time ago pointed out, the free, correct, and individual use of one's own language. The difficulty with which the school has to contend lies in the fact that this language is not properly taught in the great majority of homes, and that it is often grossly, not to say brutally, abused outside the home and the school in those general associations which all children form. It is quite impossible to convey a sound feeling for language and a right conscience about its use to a child who never hears the language properly spoken in his own home, and who hears it constantly misused by his associates and playmates outside. It ought to be understood, as Mr. Chubb points out, that good speech is not merely a matter of education; it is a point of social manners. "Why is it," he asks, "that the average English, German, or French child speaks and writes his native tongue more correctly and pleasantly than the average American child? The principal, though not the only, reason is to be found, not in a better and more laborious teaching of the school, but in a higher standard of social manners. We lack linguistic conscience and linguistic pride in this country. We do not attach to illiteracy the stigma that attaches to it abroad—a stigma that money, dress, ostentation, cannot atone for."

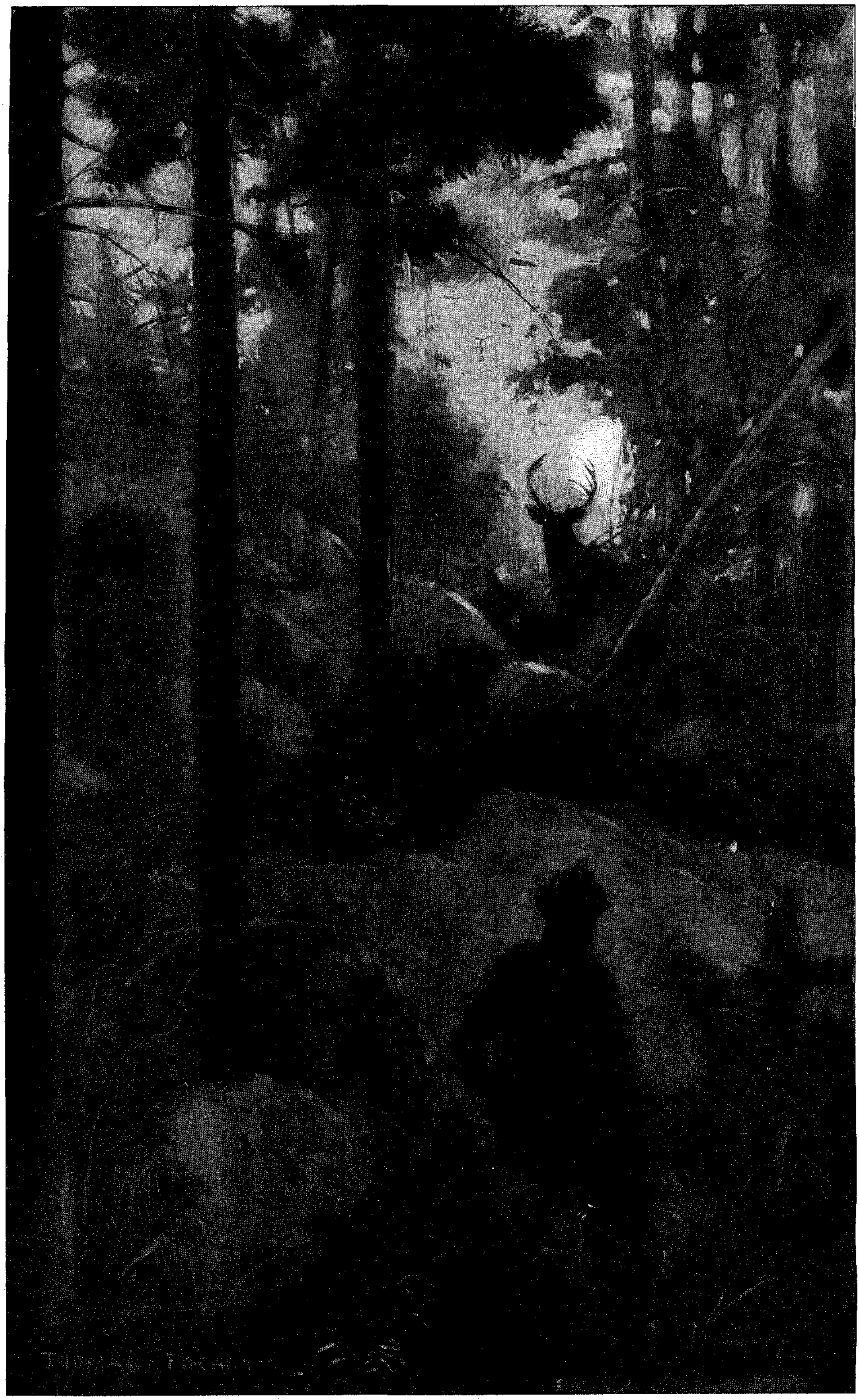
This is a new country of immense extent, and its people have been compelled to do an enormous amount of work in a very short period of time. It would have been very unjust, up to this time, to hold this country to the standards of physical order and neatness which rule in smaller countries like England and Belgium; but there is danger that slovenliness may become a national habit. Slovenliness is something more than a violation of good taste; it is indifference to the best way of doing things; it is a kind of easy-going morality in matters of method; it involves a low standard, and its influence upon children is in the last degree disastrous. Now, in nothing are Americans, as a whole, more slovenly than in their use of their own language. It is humiliating to notice how limited are the vocabularies of many children of good material surroundings, and how constantly slang, which is the evidence of poverty of speech, is substituted for the right and telling phrase or word. Everywhere—on railroad trains, in city street-cars, on ferry-boats—wherever men and women talk, one hears careless, inaccurate, and slovenly speech; speech which not only lacks shading, refinement, individuality, but which betrays the most limited knowledge, an uneducated ear, and a wholly untrained social sense. This vocal slovenliness the schools are doing what they can to correct; but it can never be thoroughly corrected until American fathers and mothers understand that they, and not the teachers in the schools, give children the language they speak. The home in which good English is spoken, by people whose voices are modulated, imparts the habit of good English speech without any didactic methods or any pedantic consciousness.

To this familiarity with good spoken English in the home must be added familiarity with the best written English; that is to say, with the best literature. Fathers and mothers of a good deal of intelligence are often at a loss to know what books to place in the hands of their children at different stages in their development. It is a matter of prime importance that that development should not be unduly hastened by the reading of books which at one period of life develop morbid emotions, and at another period foster and give expression to the most wholesome feelings. Mr. Chubb intelligently discriminates between the kinds of literature which are adapted to successive periods, and lays down principles that any intelligent father or mother can apply. He has rendered an important service, not only to the teachers of the country, but to the homes in which the Americans of the future are being trained.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers of "The Blue Flower," and with the cordial consent of Dr. van Dyke, The Outlook is able this week to present its readers with the charming poem, "Who will Walk a Mile with Me?" which prefaces the limited edition of "The Blue Flower," and which is too tender and beautiful to be confined to the readers of a single volume.

Friedrich Delitzsch

Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lectures delivered before the German Court on the Babylonian origin of much of the religion of the Old Testament have called forth wide criticism, especially on the part of the German Emperor himself, is professor of Assyriology at the University of Berlin. Until recently the name Professor Delitzsch called to mind his father, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, who died in 1890, and who was distinctly a conservative in theology. The son, however, by utterances which in the German churches have been considered extremely radical, has gained a popular fame which the father never had. Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch's eminence as a scholar has been derived from his explorations in the territory which once was occupied by the great Babylonian Empire. There he has made notable discoveries, corresponding to those made by Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania. As the result of his archæological discoveries concerning the life of these ancient Babylonians, Dr. Delitzsch has formulated, concerning the Babylonian origin of religious conceptions of the Old Testament, conclusions which he regards as subversive of belief in revealed religion as commonly held. These conclusions regarding Biblical criticism are not, however, those of an expert; and they have been controverted by Biblical critics of the radical school. Unlike his theological opinions, his archæological discoveries have been of great value. By bringing to light records of the common life and of the political institutions of the ancient Babylonians, they have made the life of that ancient people seem very human to us, not to say almost modern. Dr. Delitzsch uses the English language fluently. American students in Germany have found him especially approachable. His interests are broad. He is far from being a recluse; he is rather, as one of his American pupils has said, a citizen of the world.



NIGHT IN THE WOODS

THE FOREST[1]

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Chapter IV.—On Making Camp

> "Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
> heard the birch log burning?
> Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
> Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet
> are turning
> To the camps of proved desire and known delight."

IN the Ojibway language *wigwam* means a good spot for camping, a place cleared for a camp, a camp as an abstract proposition, and a camp in the concrete as represented by a tent, a thatched shelter, or a conical teepee. In like manner, the English word *camp* lends itself to a variety of concepts. I once slept in a four-poster bed over a polished floor in an elaborate servant-haunted structure which, mainly because it was built of logs and overlooked a lake, the owner always spoke of as his camp. Again, I once slept on a bed of prairie grass, before a fire of dried buffalo chips and mesquite, wrapped in a single light blanket, while a good vigorous rain-storm made new cold places on me and under me all night. In the morning the cowboy with whom I was traveling remarked that this was "sure a lonesome proposition as a camp."

Between these two extremes is infinite variety, grading upwards through the divers bivouacs of snow, plains, pines, or hills, to the bark shelter; past the dog-tent, the A-tent, the wall-tent, to the elaborate permanent canvas cottage of the luxurious camper, the dug-out winter retreat of the range cowboy, the trapper's cabin, the great log-built lumber-jack communities, and the last refinements of sybaritic summer homes in the Adirondacks. All these are camps. And when you talk of making camp you must know whether that process is to mean only a search for rattlesnakes and enough acrid-smoked fuel to boil tea, or a winter's consultation with an expert architect; whether your camp is to be made on the principle of Omar's one-night Sultan, or whether it is intended to accommodate the full days of an entire summer.

But to those who tread the Long Trail the making of camp resolves itself into an algebraical formula. After a man has traveled all day through the northern wilderness he wants to rest, and anything that stands between himself and his repose he must dispose of with as few notions as is consistent with reasonable thoroughness. The end in view is a hot meal and a comfortable dry place to sleep. The straighter he can draw the line to those two points the happier he is.

Early in his woods experience Dick became possessed with the desire to do everything for himself. As this was a laudable striving for self-sufficiency, I called a halt at about three o'clock one afternoon in order to give him plenty of time.

Now Dick is a good, active, able-bodied boy, possessed of average intelligence and rather more than average zeal. He even had theory of a sort, for he had read various "Boy Campers, or the Trapper's Guide," "How to Camp Out," "The Science of Woodcraft," and other able works. He certainly had ideas enough, and confidence enough. I sat down on a log.

At the end of three hours' flusteration, heat, worry, and good hard work, he had accomplished the following results. A tent, very saggy, very askew, covered a four-sided area—it was not a rectangle—of very bumpy ground. A hodge-podge bonfire, in the center of which an inaccessible coffee-pot toppled menacingly, alter-

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nately threatened to ignite the entire surrounding forest or to go out altogether through lack of fuel. Personal belongings strewed the ground near the fire, and provisions cumbered the entrance to the tent. Dick was anxiously mixing batter for the cakes, attempting to stir a pot of rice often enough to prevent it from burning, and trying to rustle sufficient dry wood to keep the fire going. This diversity of interests certainly made him sit up and pay attention. At each instant he had to desert his flour-sack to rescue the coffee-pot, or to shift the kettle, or to dab hastily at the rice, or to stamp out the small brush, or to pile on more dry twigs. His movements were not graceful. They raised a scurry of dry bark, ashes, wood dust, twigs, leaves, and pine needles, a certain proportion of which found their way into the coffee, the rice, and the sticky batter, while the smaller articles of personal belonging, hastily dumped from the duffel-bag, gradually disappeared from view in the manner of Pompeii and ancient Vesuvius. Dick burned his fingers and stumbled about and swore, and looked so comically-pathetically red-faced through the smoke that I, seated on the log, at the same time laughed and pitied. And at the last, when he needed a continuous steady fire to fry his cakes, he suddenly discovered that dry twigs do not make coals, and that his previous operations had used up all the fuel within easy circle of the camp.

So he had to drop everything for the purpose of rustling wood, while the coffee chilled, the rice cooled, the bacon congealed, and all the provisions, cooked and uncooked, gathered entomological specimens. At the last, the poor bedeviled theorist made a hasty meal of scorched food, brazenly postponed the washing of dishes until the morrow, and coiled about his hummocky couch to dream the nightmares of complete exhaustion.

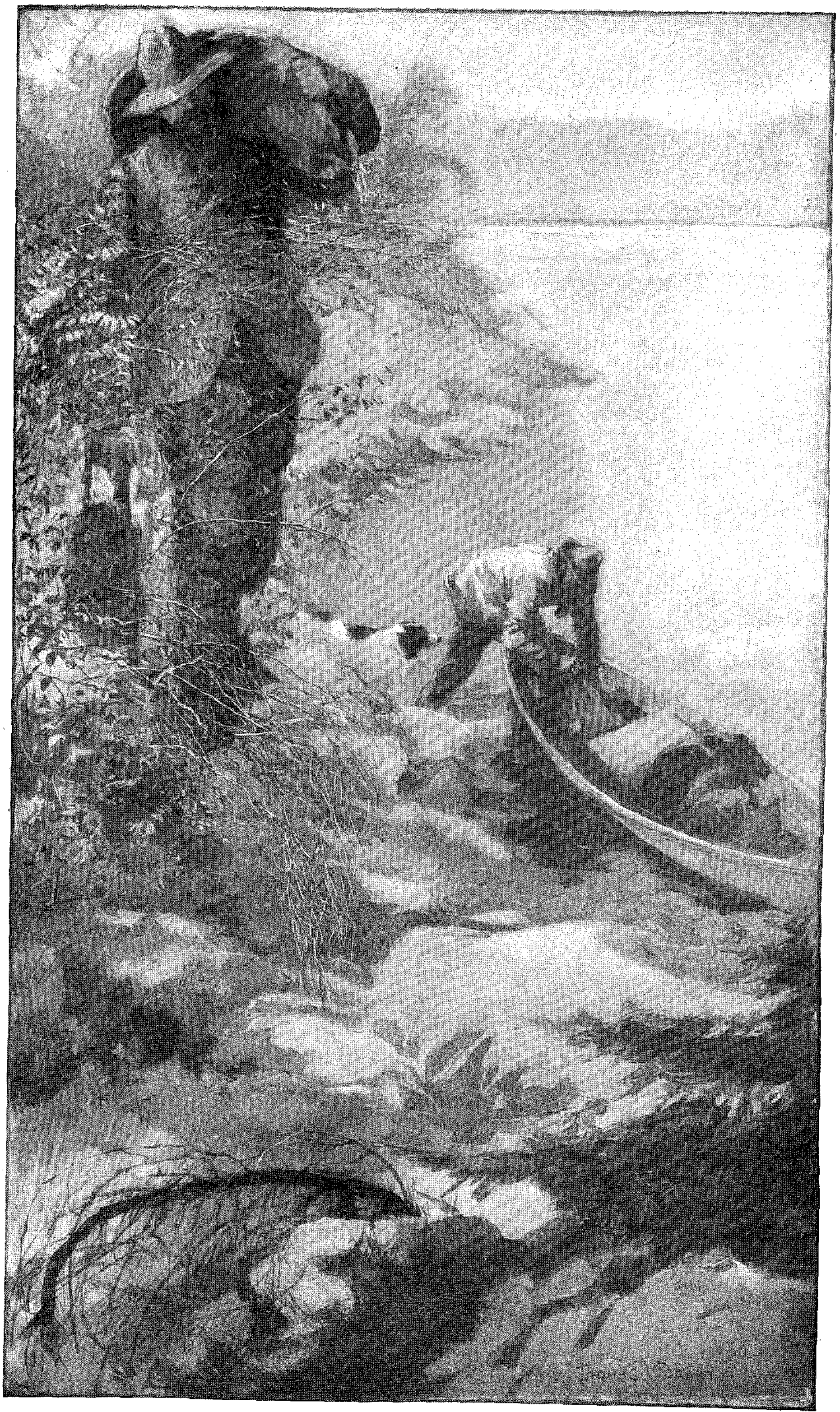
Poor Dick! I knew exactly how he felt, how the low afternoon sun scorched, how the fire darted out at unexpected places, how the smoke followed him around no matter on which side of the fire he placed himself, how the flies all took to biting when both hands were occupied and how they all miraculously disappeared when he had set down the frying-pan and knife to fight them. I could sympathize, too, with the lonely, forlorn, lost-dog feeling that clutched him after it was all over. I could remember how big and forbidding and unfriendly the forest had once looked to me in like circumstances, so that I had felt suddenly thrust outside into empty spaces. Almost was I tempted to intervene; but I liked Dick, and I wanted to do him good. This experience was harrowing, but it prepared his mind for the seeds of wisdom. By the following morning he had chastened his spirit, forgotten the assurance breathed from the windy pages of the Boy Trapper library, and was ready to learn.

Have you ever watched a competent portraitist at work? The infinite pains a skilled man spends on the preliminaries before he takes one step towards a likeness nearly always wears down the patience of the sitter. He measures with his eye, he plumbs, he sketches tentatively, he places in here a dab, there a blotch, he puts behind him apparently unproductive hours—and then all at once he is ready to begin something that will not have to be done over again. An amateur, however, is carried away by his desire for results. He dashes in a hit-or-miss early effect, which grows into an approximate likeness almost immediately, but which will require infinite labor, alteration, and anxiety to beat into finished shape.

The case of the artist in making camps is exactly similar, and the philosophical reasons for his failure are exactly the same. To the superficial mind a camp is a shelter, a bright fire, and a smell of cooking. So when a man is very tired he cuts across lots to those three results. He pitches his tent, lights his fire, puts over his food—and finds himself drowned in detail, like my friend Dick.

The following is, in brief, what during the next six weeks I told that youth, by precept, by homily, and by making the solution so obvious that he could work it out for himself.

When five or six o'clock draws near, begin to look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. Drop your pack or beach your canoe. Examine the location carefully. You will want two trees about ten feet apart, from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course the flat ground



A WET DAY. LANDING AT THE CAMPING PLACE

need not be particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover. Now return to your canoe. Do not unpack the tent.

With the little ax clear the ground thoroughly. By bending a sapling over strongly with the left hand, clipping sharply at the strained fibers, and then bending it as strongly the other way to repeat the ax stroke on the other side, you will find that treelets of even two or three inches diameter can be felled by two blows. In a very few moments you will have accomplished a hole in the forest, and your two supporting trees will stand sentinel at either end of a most respectable-looking clearing. Do not unpack the tent.

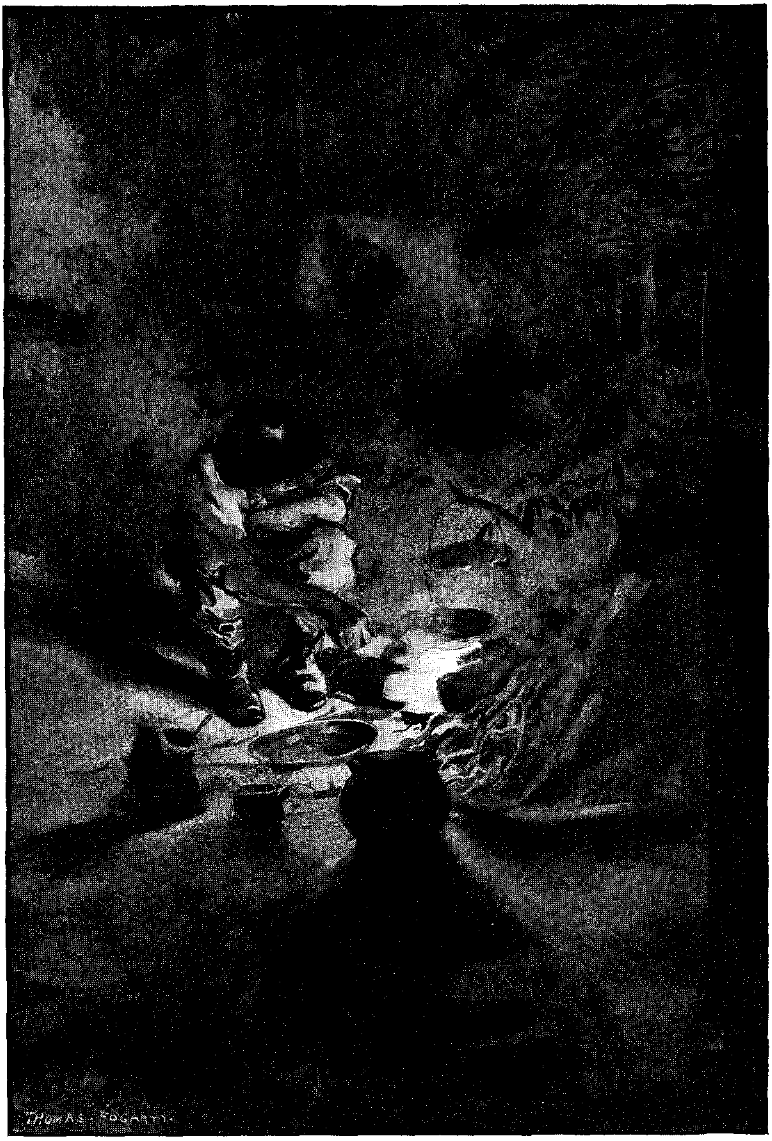
Now, although the ground seems free of all but unimportant growths, go over it thoroughly for little shrubs and leaves. They look soft and yielding, but are often possessed of unexpectedly abrasive roots. Besides, they mask the face of the ground. When you have finished pulling them up by the roots, you will find that your supposedly level plot is knobby with hummocks. Stand directly over each little mound; swing the back of your ax vigorously against it, adz-wise, between your legs. Nine times out of ten it will crumble, and the tenth time means merely a root to cut or a stone to pry out. At length you are possessed of a plot of clean, fresh earth, level and soft, free from projections. But do not unpack your tent.

Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log. Two clips will produce you a tent-peg. If you are inexperienced, and cherish memories of striped lawn markees, you will cut them about six inches long. If you are wise and old and gray in woods experience, you will multiply that length by four. Then your loops will not slip off, and you will have a real grip on mother earth, than which nothing can be more desirable in the event of a heavy rain and wind squall about midnight. If your ax is as sharp as it ought to be, you can point them more neatly by holding them suspended in front of you while you snip at their ends with the ax, rather than by resting them against a solid base. Pile them together at the edge of the clearing. Cut a crotched sapling eight or ten feet long. Now unpack your tent.

In a wooded country you will not take the time to fool with tent-poles. A stout line run through the eyelets and along the apex will string it successfully between your two trees. Draw the line as tight as possible, but do not be too unhappy if, after your best efforts, it still sags a little. That is what your long crotched stick is for. Stake out your four corners. If you get them in a good rectangle and in such relation to the apex as to form two isosceles triangles of the ends, your tent will stand smoothly. Therefore be an artist, and do it right. Once the four corners are well placed, the rest follows naturally. Occasionally in the north country it will be found that the soil is too thin, over the rocks, to grip the tent pegs. In that case drive them at a sharp angle as deep as they will go, and then lay a large flat stone across the slant of them. Thus anchored you will ride out a gale. Finally, wedge your long sapling crotch under the line—outside the tent, of course—to tighten it. Your shelter is up. If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes has sufficed to accomplish all this.

There remains the question of a bed, and you'd better attend to it now, while your mind is still occupied with the shelter problem. Fell a good thrifty young balsam and set to work pulling off the fans. Those you cannot strip off easily with your hands are too tough for your purpose. Lay them carelessly crisscross against the blade of your axe and up the handle. They will not drop off, and when you shoulder that ax you will resemble a walking haystack, and will probably experience a genuine emotion of surprise at the amount of balsam that can be thus transported. In the tent lay smoothly one layer of fans, curve side up, butts toward the foot. Now thatch the rest on top of this, thrusting the butt ends underneath the layer already placed in such a manner as to leave the fan ends curving up and down towards the foot of your bed. Your second emotion of surprise will assail you as you realize how much spring inheres in but two or three layers thus arranged. When you have spread your rubber blanket, you will be possessed of a bed as soft and a great deal more aromatic and luxurious than any you would be able to buy in town.

Your next care is to clear a living space



THE CAMP FIRE

in front of the tent. This will take you about twenty seconds, for you need not be particular as to stumps, hummocks, or small brush. All you want is room for cooking, and suitable space for spreading out your provisions. But do not unpack anything yet.

Your fireplace you will build of two green logs laid side by side. The fire is to be made between them. They should converge slightly, in order that the utensils to be rested across them may be of various sizes. If your vicinity yields flat stones, they build up even better than the logs—unless they happen to be of granite. Granite explodes most disconcertingly. Poles sharpened, driven upright in the ground, and then pressed down to slant over the fireplace, will hold your kettles a suitable height above the blaze.

Fuel should be your next thought. A roll of birch bark first of all. Then some of the small, dry, resinous branches that stick out from the trunks of medium-sized pines, living or dead. Finally, the wood itself. If you are merely cooking supper, and have no thought for a warmth-fire or a friendship-fire, I should advise you to stick to the dry pine branches, helped out, in the interest of coals for frying, by a little dry maple or birch. If you need more of a blaze, you will have to search out, fell, and split a standing dead tree. This is not at all necessary. I have traveled many weeks in the woods without using a more formidable implement than a one-pound hatchet. Pile your fuel—a complete supply, all you are going to need—by the side of your already improvised fireplace. But, as you value your peace of mind, do not fool with matches.

It will be a little difficult to turn your mind from the concept of fire, to which all these preparations have compellingly led it—especially as a fire is the one cheerful thing your weariness needs the most at this time of day—but you must do so. Leave everything just as it is, and unpack your provisions.

First of all rinse your utensils. Hang your tea-pail, with the proper quantity of water, from one slanting pole, and your kettle from the other. Salt the water in the latter receptacle. Peel your potatoes, if you have any; open your little provision sacks; puncture your tin cans, if you have any; slice your bacon; clean your fish; pluck your birds; mix your dough or batter; spread your table tinware on your tarpaulin or a sheet of birch bark; cut a kettle-lifter; see that everything you are going to need is within direct reach of your hand as you squat on your heels before the fireplace. Now light your fire.

The civilized method is to build a fire and then to touch a match to the completed structure. If well done and in a grate or stove, this works beautifully. Only in the woods you have no grate. The only sure way is as follows: Hold a piece of birch bark in your hand. Shelter your match all you know how. When the bark has caught, lay it in your fireplace, assist it with more bark, and gradually build up, twig by twig, stick by stick, from the first pin-point of flame, all the fire you are going to need. It will not be much. The little hot blaze rising between the parallel logs directly against the aluminum of your utensils will do the business in very short order. In fifteen minutes at most your meal is ready. And you have been able to attain to hot food thus quickly because you were prepared.

In case of very wet weather the affair is altered somewhat. If the rain has just commenced, do not stop to clear out very thoroughly, but get your tent up as quickly as possible, in order to preserve an area of comparatively dry ground. But if the earth is already soaked, you had best build a bonfire to dry out by, while you cook over a smaller fire a little distance removed, leaving the tent until later. Or it may be well not to pitch the tent at all, but to lay it across slanting supports at an angle to reflect the heat against the ground.

It is no joke to light a fire in the rain. An Indian can do it more easily than a white man, but even an Indian has more trouble than the story-books acknowledge. You will need a greater quantity of birch bark, a bigger pile of resinous dead limbs from the pine-trees, and perhaps the heart of a dead pine stub or stump. Then, with infinite patience, you may be able to tease the flame. Sometimes a small dead birch contains in the waterproof envelope of its bark a species of powdery dry touchwood that takes the flame readily. Still, it is easy enough to start a blaze—a very fine-looking, cheerful, healthy blaze: the difficulty is to prevent its petering out the moment your back is turned.

But the depths of woe are sounded and the limit of patience reached when you are forced to get breakfast in the dripping forest. After the chill of early dawn you are always reluctant to leave your blankets, to fumble with numbed fingers for matches, to handle cold steel and slippery fish. But when every leaf, twig, sapling, and tree contains a douche of cold water; when the wetness oozes about your moccasins from the soggy earth with every step you take; when you look about you and realize that somehow, before you can get a mouthful to banish that before-breakfast ill-humor, you must brave cold water in an attempt to find enough fuel to cook with, then your philosophy and early religious training avail you little. The first ninety-nine times you are forced to do this you will probably squirm circumspectly through the brush in a vain attempt to avoid shaking water down on yourself; you will resent each failure to do so, and at the end your rage will personify the wilderness for the purpose of one sweeping anathema. The hundredth time will bring you wisdom. You will do

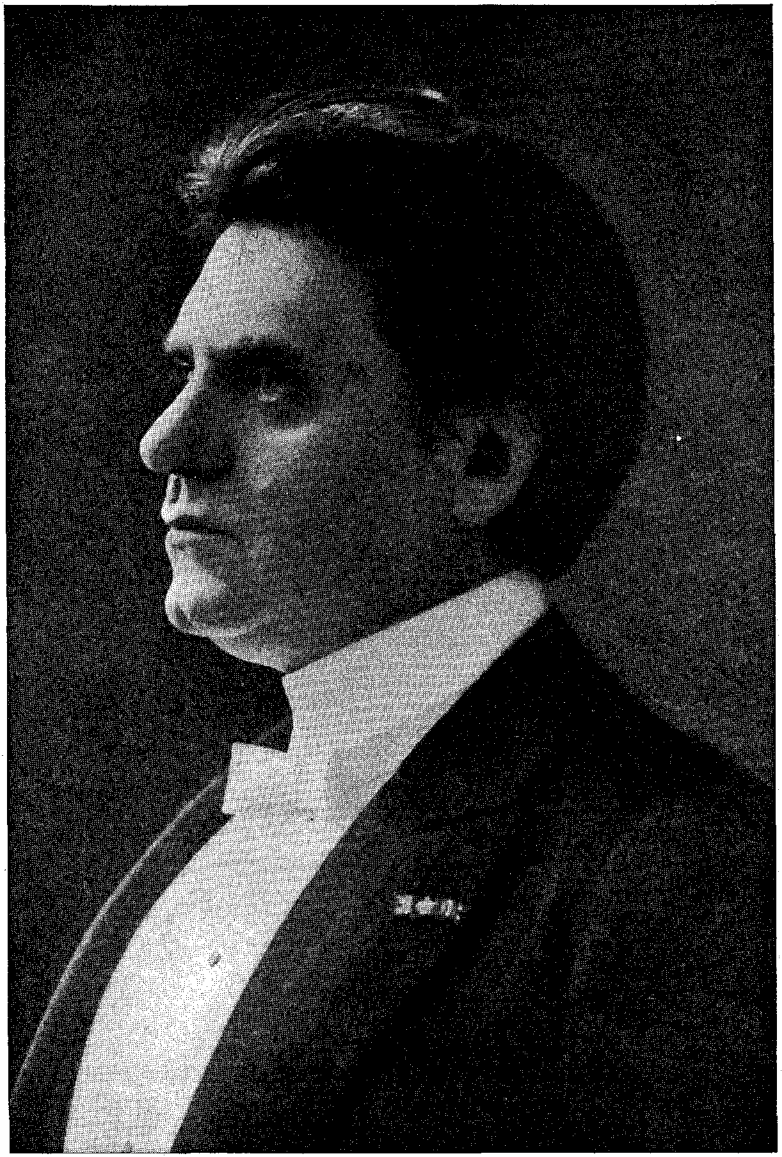
A SMUDGE IN THE TENT. DRIVING OUT THE FLIES the anathema—rueful rather than enraged—from the tent opening. Then you will plunge boldly in and get wet. It is not pleasant, but it has to be done, and you will save much temper, not to speak of time.

Dick and I earned our diplomas at this sort of work. It rained twelve of the first fourteen days we were out. Towards the end of that two weeks I doubt if even an Indian could have discovered a dry stick of wood in the entire country. The land was of Laurentian rock formation, running in parallel ridges of bare stone separated by hollows carpeted with a thin layer of earth. The ridges were naturally ill adapted to camping, and the cup hollows speedily filled up with water until they became most creditable little marshes. Often we hunted for an hour or so before we could find any sort of a spot to pitch our tent. As for a fire, it was a matter of chopping down dead trees large enough to have remained dry inside, of armfuls of birch bark, and of the patient drying out, by repeated ignition, of enough fuel to cook very simple meals. Of course we could have kept a big fire going easily enough, but we were traveling steadily and had not the time for that. In these trying circumstances Dick showed that, no matter how much of a tenderfoot he might be, he was game enough under stress.

But to return to our pleasant afternoon. While you are consuming the supper you will hang over some water to heat for the dish-washing, and the dish-washing you will attend to the moment you have finished eating. Do not commit the fallacy of sitting down for a little rest. Better finish the job completely while you are about it. You will appreciate leisure so much more later. In lack of a wash-rag you will find that a bunch of tall grass bent double makes an ideal swab.

Now brush the flies from your tent, drop the mosquito-proof lining, and enjoy yourself. The whole task, from first to last, has consumed but a little over an hour. And you are through for the day. In the woods, as nowhere else, you will earn your leisure only by forethought. Make no move until you know it follows the line of greatest economy. To putter is to wallow in endless desolation. If you cannot move directly and swiftly and certainly along the line of least resistance in everything you do, take a guide with you; you are not of the woods people. You will never enjoy doing for yourself, for your days will be crammed with unending labor.

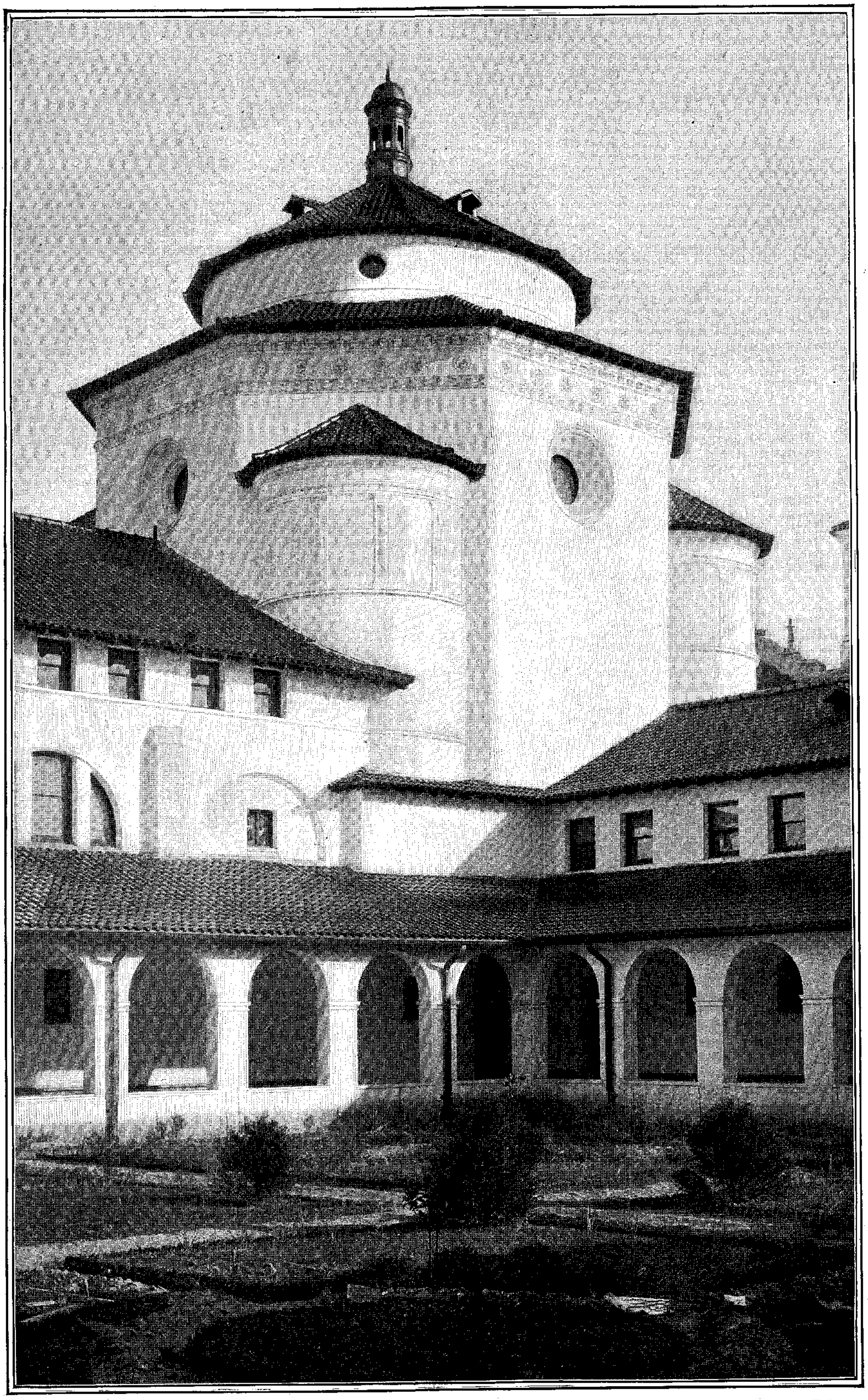
It is but a little after seven. The long crimson shadows of the north country are lifting across the aisles of the forest. You sit on a log, or lie on your back, and blow contented clouds straight up into the air. Nothing can disturb you now. The wilderness is yours, for you have taken from it the essentials of primitive civilization—shelter, warmth, and food. An hour ago a rain-storm would have been a minor catastrophe. Now you do not care. Blow high, blow low, you have made for yourself an abiding-place, so that the signs of the sky are less important to you than to the city dweller who wonders if he should take an umbrella. From your own doorstep you can look placidly out on the great unknown. The noises of the forest draw close about you their circle of mystery, but the circle cannot break upon you, for here you have conjured the homely sounds of kettle and crackling flame to keep ward. Thronging down through the twilight steal the jealous woodland shadows, awful in the sublimity of the silent places, but at the sentry outposts of your fire-lit trees they pause like wild animals, hesitating to advance. The wilderness, untamed, dreadful at night, is all about; but this one little spot you have reclaimed. Here is something before unknown to the eerie spirits of the woods. As you sleepily knock the ashes from the pipe, you look about on the familiar scene with accustomed satisfaction. You are at home.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH

The New Opera Director

Mr. Heinrich Conried, who has just been elected Director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, is one of the most prominent and picturesque personalities in the dramatic world. His genius for stage direction is so great that his own theater (the Irving Place, New York City) may be said to be the only American playhouse preserving the classic traditions of the Comédie Française at Paris or the Burg Theater at Vienna. The guiding principle of each of these three theaters is to seek for excellence in performance rather than of performer. At each, leading actors are often invited to assume minor rôles. Theater-goers thus have the comfortable assurance that every character will receive adequate representation, and that the resultant whole will be consistently artistic. The emphasis of this principle should be characteristic of next year's performances at the Metropolitan Opera-House under Mr. Conried's direction. The audience will then have an opportunity to hear, not merely singers, but operas.



PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND, AT OVERBROOK, PA.

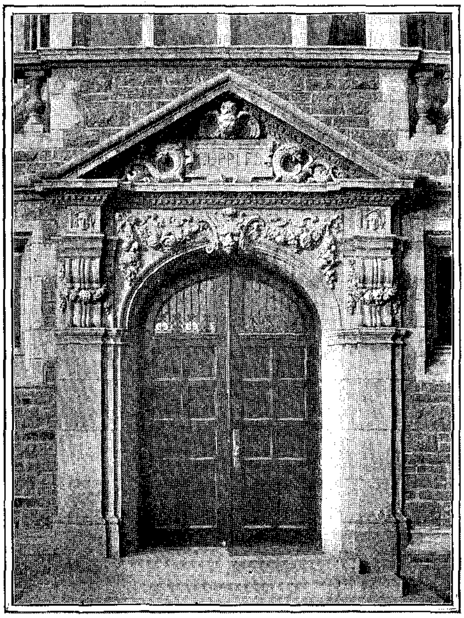
Walter Cope: Architect

By R. Clipston Sturgis

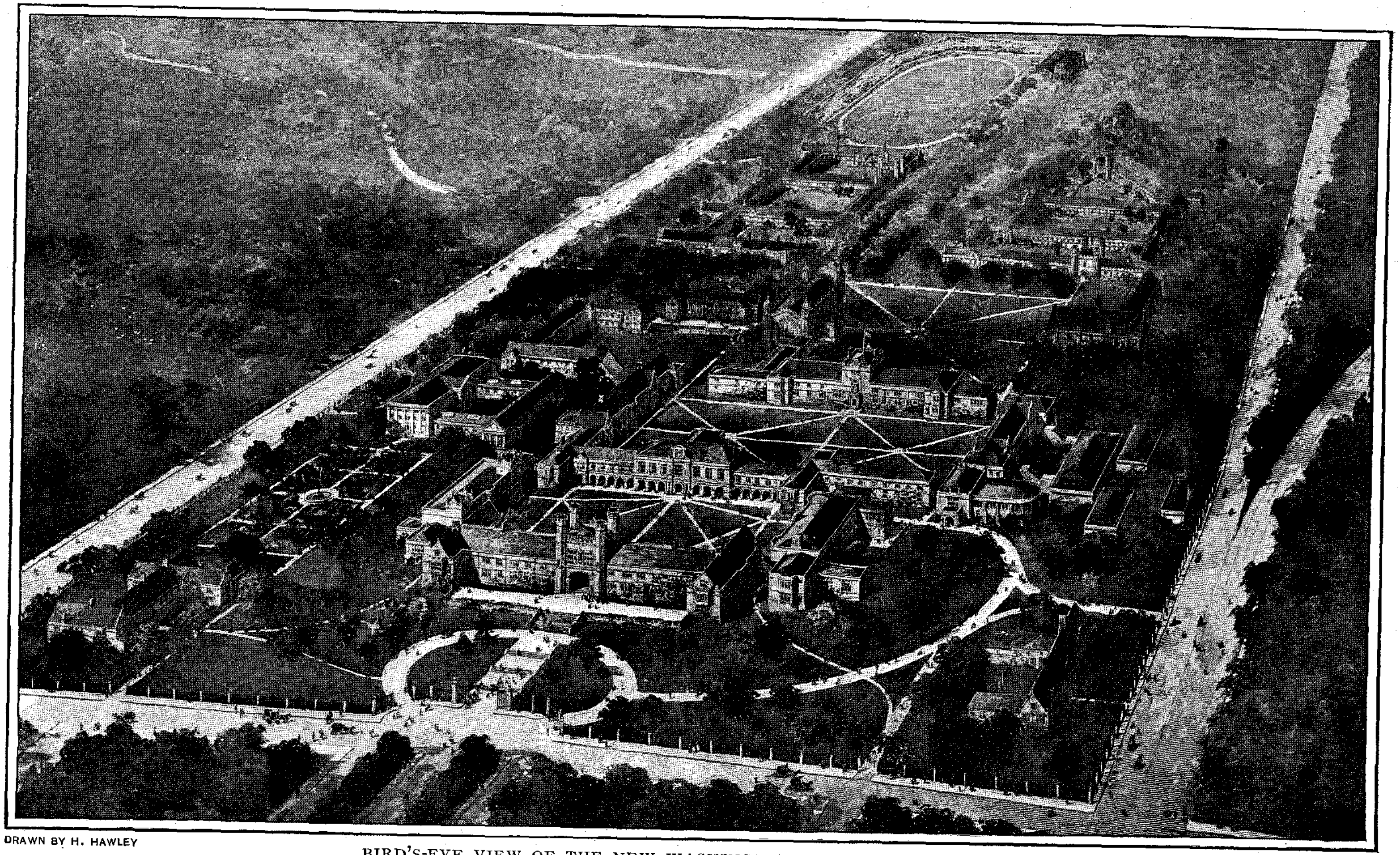
Believing that the architect has a distinct place in the development of the higher civilization through æsthetics, and that the general good of a community receives a constant if silent stimulus by reason of rational and lofty ideas in building construction and ornamentation, we are glad to print this appreciation of one distinguished architect by another. Though young in years, Walter Cope achieved a genuine fame and a permanent place in the history of American architecture. He was a Philadelphia boy; he was born there in 1860, and there he died in 1902. He was the pupil of no particular school of architecture, nor had he other training than that of his own industry and enthusiasm. The happiest hours of his early boyhood were spent in a little workshop which his father gave him. Walter Cope was the kind of boy who generally had a finger tied up with a rag, and at least one black nail, but he was not long in mastering all kinds of carpenter's tools, even doing creditable metal work. He was, however, always drawing, and more and more as he grew older his love of beauty gained on his taste for practical mechanics. At nineteen years of age he became draughtsman to a builder, and later to an architect. At twenty-four he went abroad to study; he was all alone and worked very hard, drawing a great deal of detail, especially of French Gothic, which made a lasting impression on his mind. When he returned to Philadelphia he went into partnership with the late John Stewardson, and it was not long before the now well-known firm of Cope and Stewardson achieved enviable repute.—THE EDITORS.

IT is impossible for one who knew him to write of the work of Walter Cope without having his judgment influenced by the strong individuality of the man himself. It is right that it should be so, for all his work was imbued with his own characteristic personality. At the time of his death he was a young man, but he was at the head of a large office, was engaged in large undertakings, and was necessarily debarred from doing much with his own hand. Yet, notwithstanding this, the work executed by his office was as instinct with his spirit and thought as if his own hand had put on paper and his own mind had directed the execution of the buildings erected by the firm.

No one could come in contact with him without feeling the strong influence of a master mind; yet withal he was modest and unassuming, appreciative and sympathetic. His mind was always actively at work. There were no off days; but it was not always nor only architecture. The last time I was with him we tramped the woods one late autumn day, and he opened my eyes to so many unnoticed beauties of wood and meadow that I felt as if I must have often walked before blindfold. He gathered a winter bouquet—goldenrod and various grasses gone to seed—almost as lovely in their gray and silver feathers as in their more gorgeous summer colors. He pointed out the beauty of the bare-limbed trees. Some day, he said, he wanted to make a collection of photographs of trees in winter. I had never noticed what he called the Gothic structure of the tulip-tree: when young, twelfth-century lancet lines, upspringing; when old, fourteenth-century, with the quick curves and cusps of the later work. For the snow breaks the ends of the pendent lower branches,

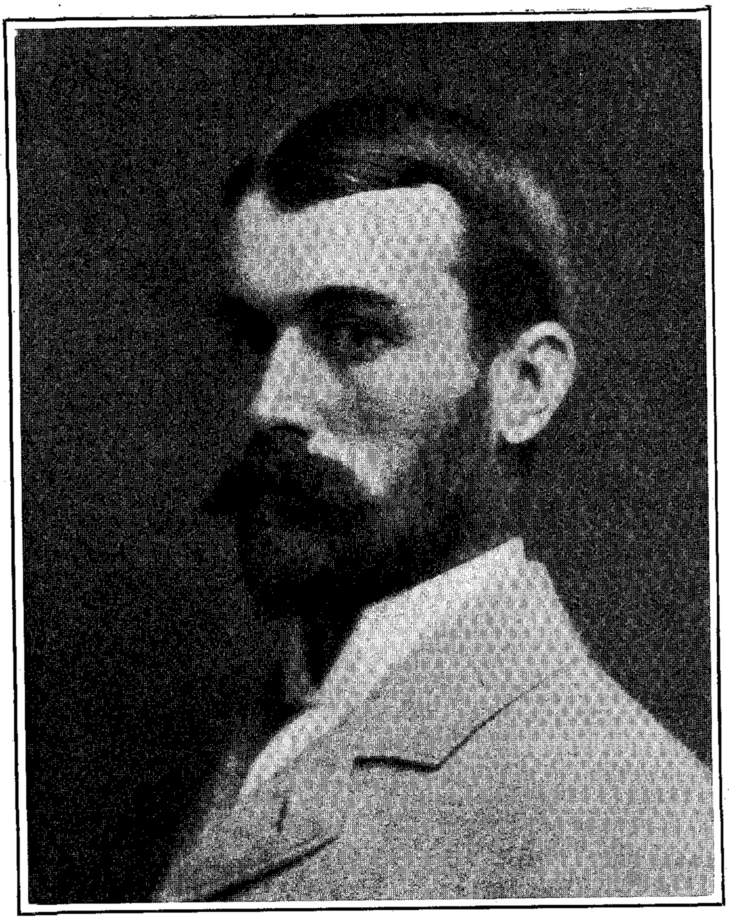


THE CUPPLES DOORWAY, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



DRAWN BY H. HAWLEY

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS



WALTER COPE

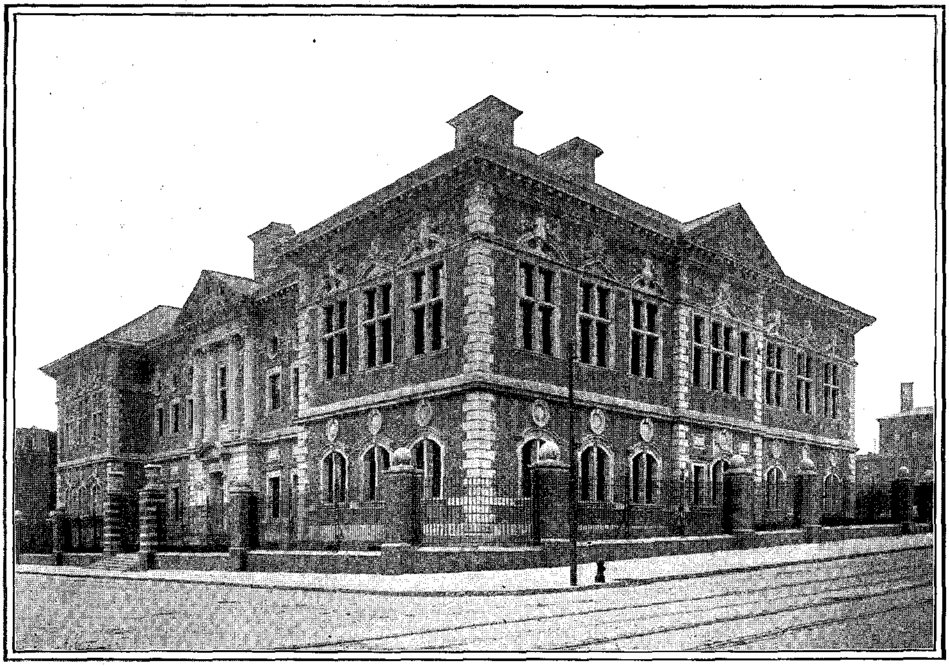
and they break out again with sharp up curves, making the line of the cusp with the main branch.

These little things, to my mind, show the thought of the man ; and that joyous, appreciative observance of all that was beautiful expressed itself in all his work. To what thing soever he put his hand he did it with his whole heart. Personality was then the keynote of his work, but he was too faithful a student and too learned to fall into the common error of striving for originality. His work was all based on good precedent, modified wisely to meet the occasion, and ever touched with his own individuality, so that none could ever say, This is Tudor and that Georgian, except with the reservation that it was neither the work of the copyist nor of the purist, but rather of the student who knew the terms of that language and used them freely to express modern ideas.

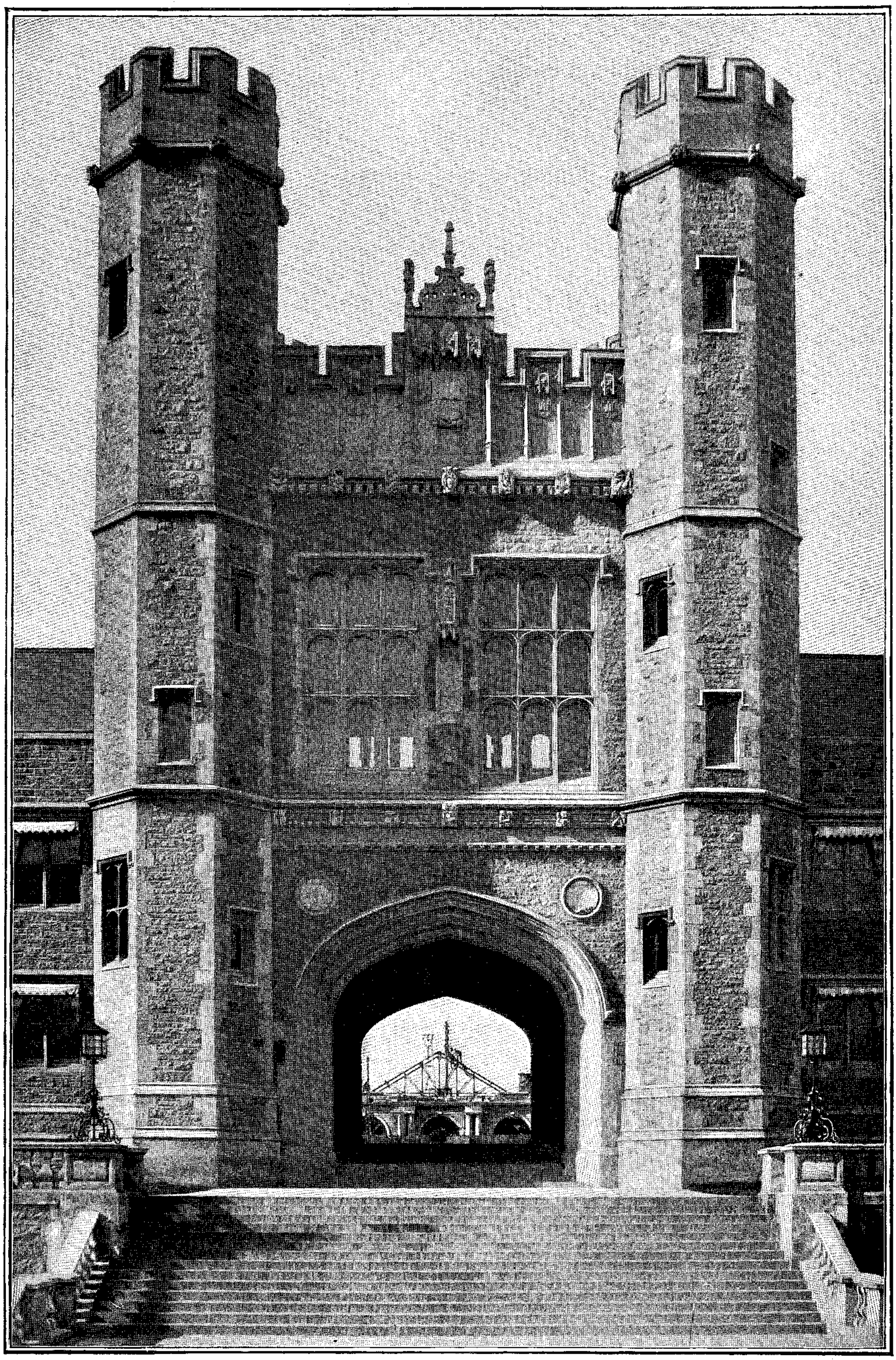
Perhaps his best-known works are his collegiate buildings—for the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, for Bryn Mawr College, for Princeton, and for Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. In all of these he has shown very clearly the qualities above referred to, and in some of them another and very valuable quality—just common sense. It appeared as if he approached a problem, large or small, with a view to reach a clear understanding of the needs, and then to present a solution of those needs, and finally to clothe them in beautiful forms. I was one of those who judged the competition for Washington University ; and if there was one thing more than another which determined the jury in favor of the design eventually selected, it was the evidence of thought and study which showed in the block plan, with its changing and yet associated axes following the marked contours of the land, and the intelligent understanding of the needs of each group of buildings; the accessible, dignified, and formal arrangement of the academic group, the domestic character of the dormitories, and, finally, the detailed study of the needs of each building. Much time and thought had been expended here, and comparatively little on the expression; but I, for one, felt convinced that a man who could approach a subject in such a spirit could certainly express it in fit terms. The event justifies this confidence.

Nor was he ever content with the solution of a general problem. Many a man works at his best in the zeal and the excitement of imaginative expression. Every faculty is alert and strained when one is studying a big scheme, and trying to make his mind-picture so vivid as to enable him to put it on paper. But when it comes to the often long-delayed execution, the keenness of the vision is past and the subject is stale—one has other irons in the fire. It was not so with Cope. One has but to examine his detail, the door to the Cupples building or any other small bit, even the contour of a molding, to see how fresh was his enthusiasm up to the last stroke of the work. This was more than faithful thoroughness, this was the devotion of the lover.

The Pennsylvania State Institution for the Blind at Overbrook, Pa., was an example of a certain versatility of temperament which showed only occasionally. I don't know what prompted this effort, but whether it was a sight of Spain, or of Spanish America, he succeeded in getting at the kernel of the matter and expressing something in Spanish which is yet his own sentiment. The building is pleasant in mass and pleasant in detail. The Law School for the University of Pennsylvania was not such a far cry from his collegiate work as this Spanish effort, but it is, at all events, of another century of English work, well removed in sentiment from the earlier; but it is equally well understood and expressed, and has virile and interesting quality. The English were never purists anyway, nor sticklers for style and period. I fancy they used such material as they had, whether mental or physical, and put it together in a way that would meet their needs and would look well; and I think Cope did somewhat the same thing. If things looked well, he let them go, whether they tallied with orders or with the twelfth century or not; and if they did not look well he would never dream of letting



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA LAW SCHOOL



A GATEWAY AT WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS them go, but would change and modify, redesign completely if necessary, and never be content until they did look right. With what is generally considered less important work—*i.e.*, domestic—Cope was equally successful, but especially with houses set in the surroundings of the country he loved. In such work he was exceptionally at home, and absolutely free from any touch of that love of ostentation which makes so many of our country houses seem merely vulgar when they wish to look grand. It is true that the larger work affects a larger number of people, but I believe the architect can do no nobler duty than to help to show people what domestic architecture in town or country should be. It may be the purely domestic side shown in the country house, together with knowledge of and love for the animals that are housed in stable and barn, and the love of flowers and green things that are fairly and in order set about the house; or it may be the grand town house, where is shown the knowledge of the lives of gentlefolk, and means and methods for entertaining friends and performing those social duties which, if worth doing at all, are worth doing well. His houses are quiet, simple, modest, unassuming, yet full of charming touches—in short, quite like himself.

Spring Song

By Charlotte Fiske Bates

Buds of the cherry and peach and plum,
Slowly to perfect blossom come!

Eden-like apple-blooms, linger long,
Where ye tint the canvas and key the song.

For when your beauties have opened wide,
Artist and poet and all have sighed

That the lovely things of the fresh young May
Have bloomed to ripeness, and touched decay.

Winds, move softly, lest ye should blow
Over this May-time the thought of snow;

Every blossom that lights the spring,
Fly away with a tardy wing!

Childhood of Nature! Why, far more,
Do I cling to thee than I clung before?

Is it because I am growing old
I count thy days with a backward hold?

Because the curfew of life has rung,
Do I joy in beauty so fresh and young?

Is it because I am nearing the night,
I crave so keenly thy precious light?

Rather, if nearing Eternal Day,
Why do I cleave to a mortal May?

Yet so I do, and I hold it fast,
Lest too soon it be overpast.

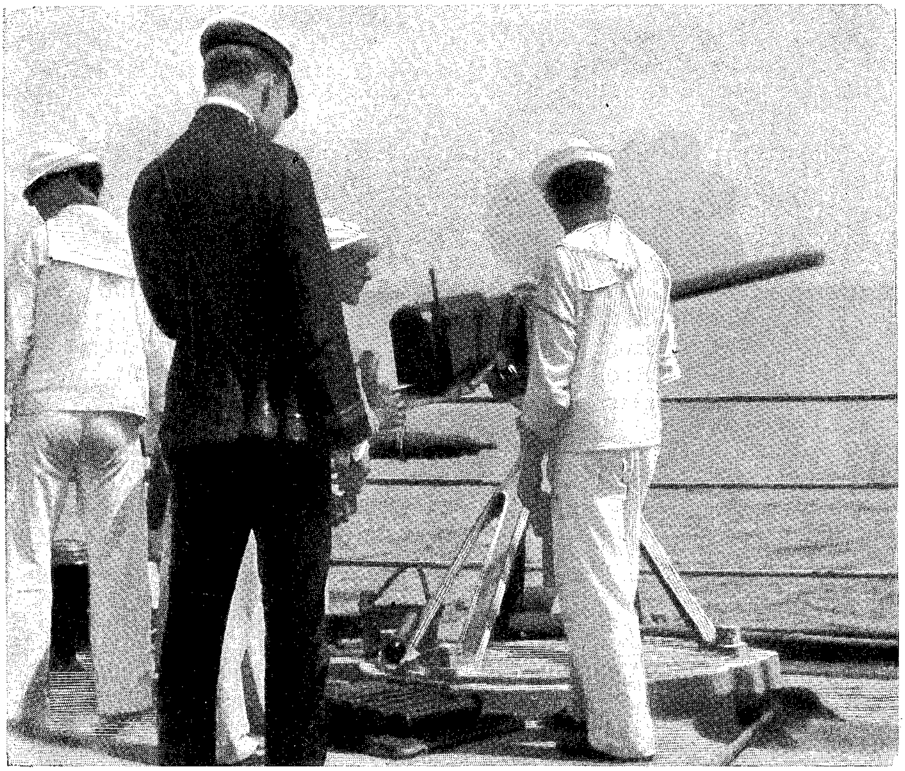
Childhood of Nature! I love thee so,
With sorest grudging I let thee go;

For I feel at my heart a subtle pain
When thy buds are a year away again!

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY[1]

OUTLYING colonies, inadequately defended, are, in time of war, sources of serious weakness to the mother country. This military axiom was never better exemplified than in the case of Spain at the time of her struggle with the United States. The naval strategist saw at a glance that her undoing lay in her possessions in the East and West Indies, and that a campaign in the Peninsula was inadvisable unless control of the sea were first obtained, and that, if attempted, it would be productive of great loss without compensating advantage. On the other hand, destruction of Spanish power in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico would force the Madrid Government to its knees, while Continental Europe, unfriendly to our action and policy, would not be disposed to regard with

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This is the sixth of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.

approval an American invasion of the territory of one of its powers, but, on the other, could not question the destruction of Spanish power in the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, although the result would be to force the Madrid Government to yield.

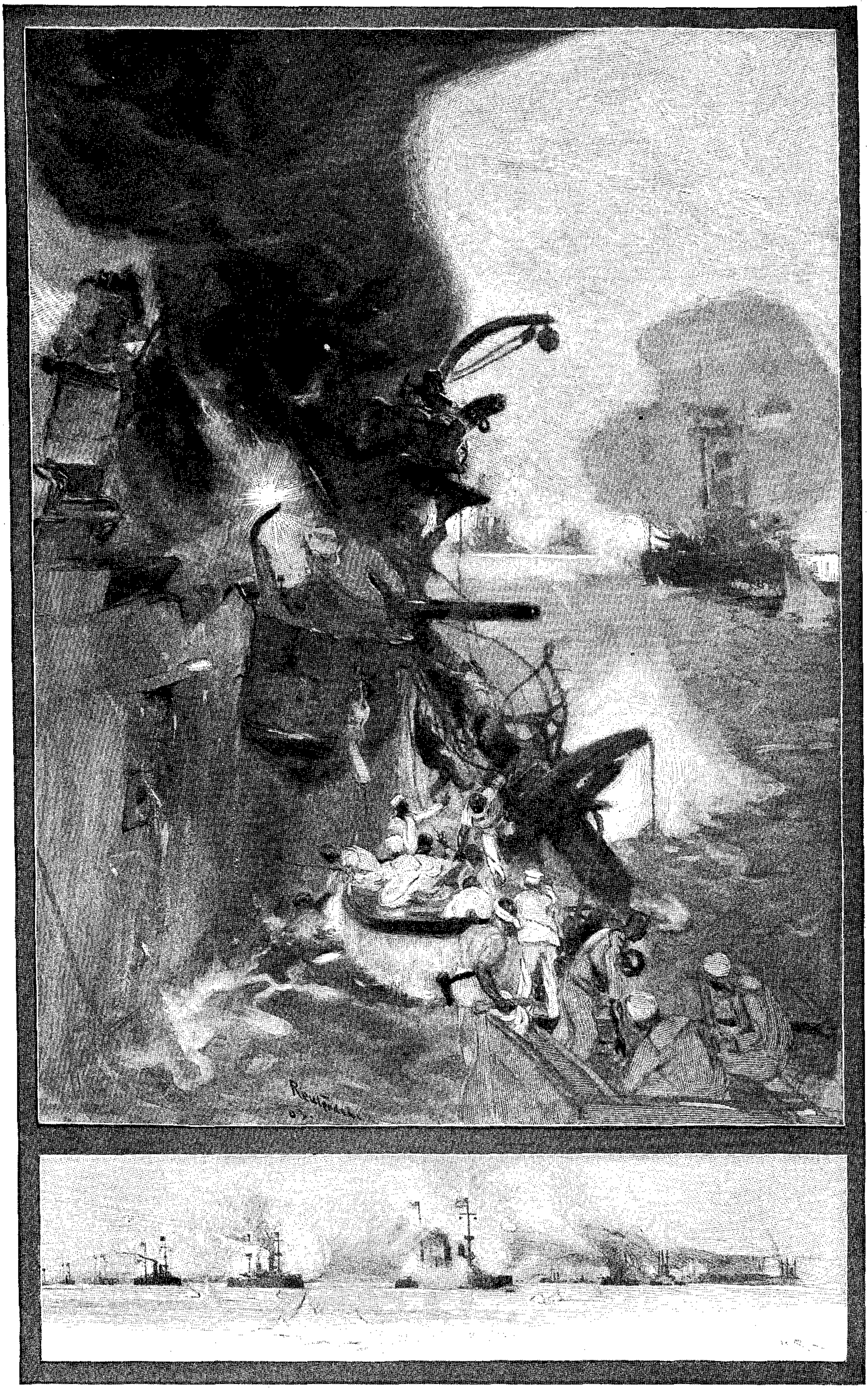
These conclusions caused the Navy Department, in preparing plans for war, to fix primarily on the East and West Indies as theaters of naval operations. Annihilation of the Spanish squadrons in those regions would require the despatch from Spain of new forces, which, deprived of support at points of destination and embarrassed by voyages far distant from their initial bases, could be met and overcome by superior commands. Observance of a policy predicated upon these deductions assured complete defeat for the enemy, protection of our own shores and commerce, and achievement of the humanitarian purposes of the war—freedom of Cuba and accordance to its people of the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thus the campaign adopted by the Navy Department had two main objectives—the absolute crushing of the Spanish squadron in Philippine waters and the control of the sea in the Atlantic Ocean. Strategical and tactical blunders by the Spanish Admiral in the Far East, the demoralized condition of his command, and the promptness, magnificent courage, and high efficiency of the officers and men who fought under the Stars and Stripes, enabled the attainment of the former object first. The victory gained in Manila Bay was important from a strategical standpoint, but, of far greater consequence, was productive of far-reaching international and territorial results. It must, therefore, take rank as one of the foremost achievements of modern wars.

Seven hours only were required by the American squadron to place the Philippine Archipelago at the mercy of the United States, and relieve this Government of anxiety for the Pacific slope and its trans-Pacific trade. More than seven years, however, had been needed to provide the ships and perfect the personnel which accomplished this result. The men-of-war participating in the actual fighting on that famous first of May, 1898, were born of the New Navy, and well they demonstrated their birthright. The flagship was the protected cruiser Olympia, of 5,800 tons displacement, which had been laid down in San Francisco in 1890. Following her lead were the protected cruiser Baltimore, of 4,600 tons, built at Philadelphia in 1887–88; the protected cruiser Raleigh, of 3,217 tons, built at the Norfolk navy-yard between 1889–92; the protected cruiser Boston, of 3,000 tons, one of the pioneers of the New Navy, the keel of which was laid at Chester, Pa., in 1883; the gunboat Concord, 1,710 tons, contracted for in 1888; and the gunboat Petrel, 892 tons, of date of 1887. Accompanying them were the modern revenue cutter McCulloch, 1,400 tons, used as a despatch-boat, the collier Nanshan, and the supply-ship Zafiro, the last two purchased at Hongkong just before the outbreak of the war.

The possibility of a rupture with Spain existed during the closing year of the administration of President Cleveland, and Secretary Herbert had taken precautionary measures to maintain an effective naval force in Asiatic waters. Examination of the list of vessels on foreign stations in 1898 shows that the fighting ships in the East were the Olympia, Boston, gunboat Machias, and gunboat Yorktown. The Machias and Yorktown required overhauling and were ordered to return to the United States, but, that there should be no diminution of the strength of the squadron, they were replaced by the Petrel and Concord.

Portentous signs of war caused the Department under Mr. Herbert's successor to give the closest study to the number and character of the fleet stationed by Spain in the Philippine Islands. Lieutenant George L. Dyer was appointed naval attaché in Madrid in the summer of 1897, and it was a comparatively easy matter to ascertain through him the exact number of Spanish ships in the East, and whether despatch of reinforcements was contemplated; but it was far more difficult to find out the condition of the vessels. As a matter of fact, the Department was unable to learn the state of their effectiveness. It knew that the Spanish force comprised the iron cruiser Reina Cristina, flagship, of 3,520 tons, built at Ferrol, Spain, in 1887; the wooden Castilla, 3,260 tons, launched at Cadiz in 1881; the iron gun-



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY. TAKING THE CREW FROM THE BURNING REINA CRISTINA

The lower panel gives a general view of the battle at its height.

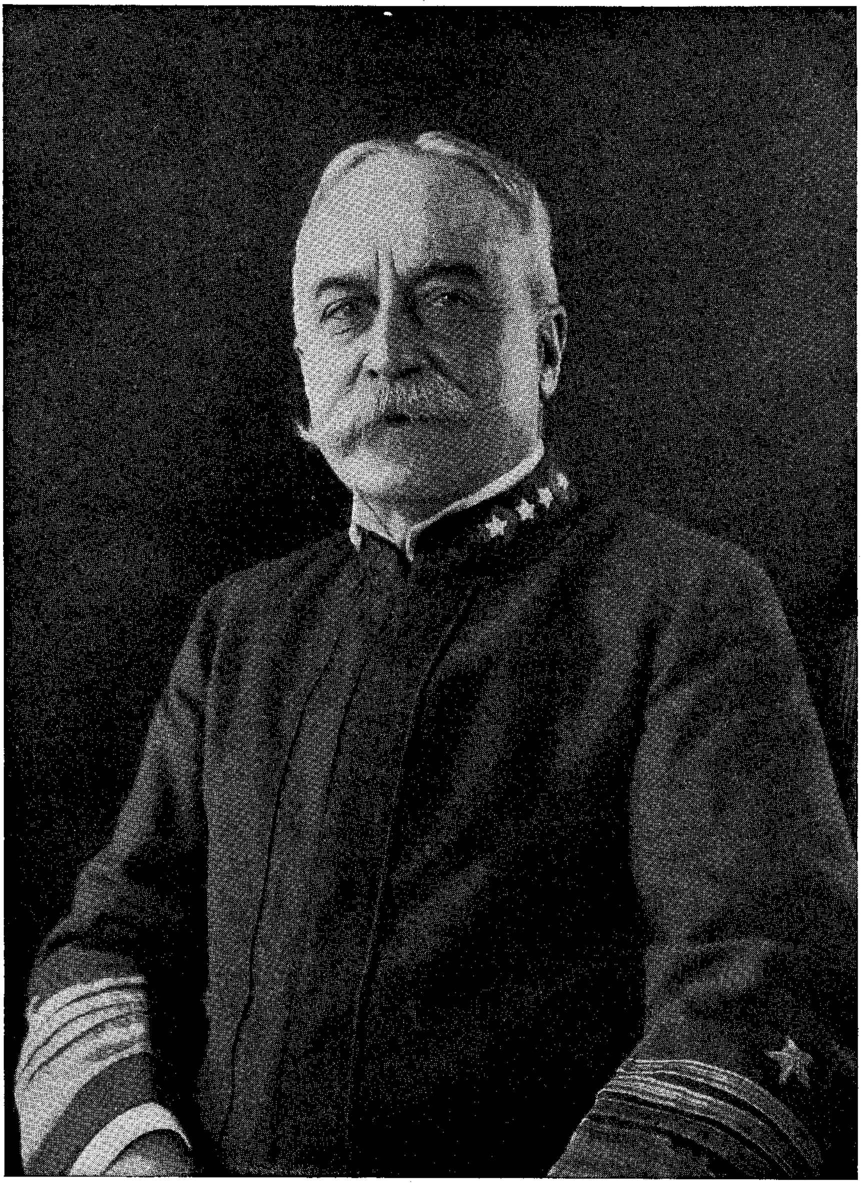
Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

boats Don Juan de Austria and Don Antonio de Ulloa, 1,159 tons each, constructed at Cartagena and Carraca respectively, in 1887; the steel gunboats Isla de Cuba and Isla de Luzon, 1,045 tons, laid down at Elswick, England, in 1886; the Velasco, 1,152 tons, constructed at Blackwall, England, in 1881; gunboats Marques del Duero, 500 tons, and General Lezo, 525 tons; surveying ship Argos, 508 tons; and a score of mosquito gunboats. The march of events pointing inevitably to war, Spain made a feeble attempt to augment her shore defenses, and sent to Manila the Isla de Mindanao, one of her large auxiliary ocean liners, heavily laden with guns and other munitions of war.

None of the Spanish vessels in the Philippines was capable of operating at a considerable distance from a well furnished and protected base, but, if in effective condition, they comprised, with the shore defenses, a formidable force for the small United States squadron to attack, especially as the latter was certain to have the ports of Asia barred by the institution of unyielding neutrality, and was seven thousand miles from a port where it could hope to obtain assistance. In estimating Spain's strength in the East Indies, therefore, it was necessary to consider the batteries placed at the points at which it was likely her fleet would take station for the battle. A dispute with Germany over the Caroline Islands had threatened war a few years before Spanish-American relations became acute; and, to defend her possessions in the Pacific from German assault, Spain installed at Manila and other important points high-powered guns capable of sinking any of the ships of our little squadron. Manila was defended in the fall of 1897 by four 9½-inch muzzle-loading rifles; four 5½-inch converted breech-loading rifles, and fifteen 6.3-inch obsolete muzzle-loading bronze rifled guns, distributed in front of and along the mediæval wall located on the bay shore of the city. A casemated earthwork of entirely modern character, over which poked the muzzles of two 15-centimeter Ordonez rifled guns, was built at Sangley Point. A stone redoubt at Cavite and the antiquated Fort San Felipe adjacent were the sites of three 6.3-inch Armstrong muzzle-loading rifles. The entrance to the Bay of Manila is divided by the island of Corregidor into two channels, one known as the Boca Grande and the other as the Boca Chica. Boca Grande was covered by three 6-inch Armstrong breech-loading rifles, three 12-centimeter breech-loading rifles, and three 16-centimeter Palliser muzzle-loading rifles, and Boca Chica by three 8-inch muzzle-loading Armstrong rifles, three 18-centimeter Palliser muzzle-loading rifles, and two 16-centimeter Hontoria breech-loading rifles. Within twenty-four days the defenses of the entrance of Manila Bay were put in condition for action, and just before the declaration of war the battery at Sangley Point was reinforced by one 14-centimeter breech-loading rifle. Several hulks were sunk in the northwest channel of Subig Bay; but four 15-centimeter guns sent to defend this harbor lay unmounted when the American squadron arrived.

Every effort was made by our Navy Department to learn the number and caliber of the guns comprising the batteries defending Manila and Subig Bay, and while some information was obtained through our naval attaché and confidential sources in Madrid and through United States Consul O. F. Williams, who remained in Manila until forced to leave, it was not sufficiently accurate to be of much value. The condition of the defenses in 1897 was reasonably well known. As war approached, additional guns were placed, but in what numbers and at what positions could not be ascertained. Mines were also reported to have been laid.

The mistake of underrating the strength of the enemy was not made. It was advisable that our squadron should be superior to that of Spain in order to offset the advantage lent to the latter by the shore batteries. The Olympia completed her tour of duty on the Asiatic Station in the winter of 1897–98, and was ordered to San Francisco for repairs and alterations. Ten days after the destruction of the Maine, these orders were revoked and she was directed to remain in the East. The Raleigh was attached in 1897 to the European Station, which was certain to be abandoned in case of war, and instructions were sent to her in December of that year to join the Asiatic Squadron. The Baltimore was placed in commission



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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

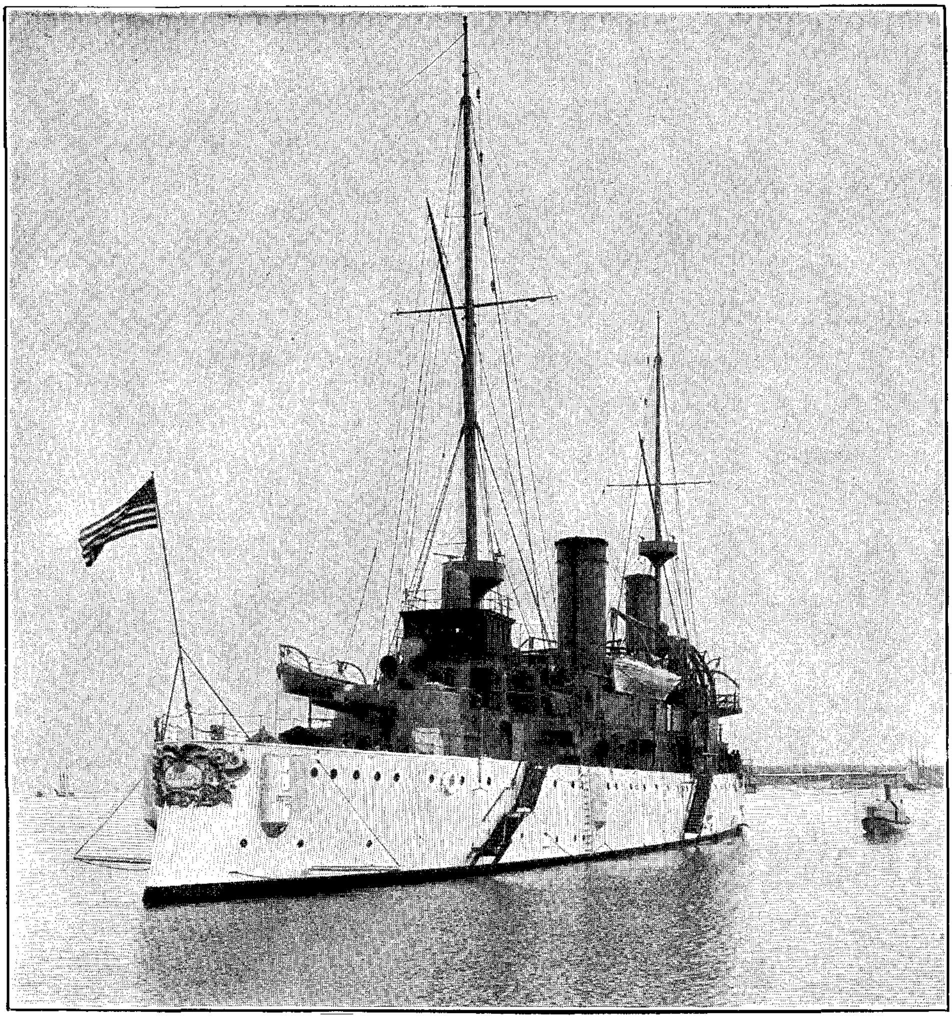
in October of 1897, and relieved the Philadelphia as flagship of the Pacific Station. She was destined to remain but a short time on this duty. The Department had selected her to replace the Olympia on the Asiatic Station, but in March of 1898 she was ordered to reinforce that vessel. Besides the additional strength she gave the Asiatic Squadron, her assignment to it was important for another reason. While all of the ships were provided with ammunition sufficient for battle, their magazines contained the allowances of peace. Hostile operations require abundant supplies. The wooden cruiser Mohican, at Mare Island, California, was loaded with powder and projectiles and was hurried to Honolulu, where the Baltimore was anchored. The transfer of her precious cargo to the Baltimore was promptly effected, and on March 25 the Baltimore sailed for Hongkong via Yokohama. By utilizing the Baltimore instead of a merchant ship for the transportation of the munitions, there was less chance of their capture in case the Spaniards should enterprisingly seek to gain possession of them; but it was within the bounds of possibility that a bold plan to intercept the cruiser would be attempted, and a feeling of intense anxiety pervaded the White House and Navy Department until news of her safe arrival at Hongkong on April 22 reached the Bureau of Navigation. After the war with Spain, a report gained credence that, in order to provide the Asiatic Squadron with sufficient ammunition to engage the Spanish force, the Department had found it necessary to send a special train carrying supplies across the continent to San Francisco, where the freight was transferred to the Mohican. As a matter of fact, with the ammunition brought by the Baltimore the Asiatic Squadron was amply supplied, and did not expend a third of its ammunition at the battle of Manila. As to the railroad train, the only one sent across the continent consisted of fourteen cars, and was assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., on June 30, 1898, almost two months after the battle. The munitions it carried were intended to form a large reserve supply for the Pacific and Asiatic Squadrons, there existing at the time some apprehension that Spain might send a fleet from Europe to the Philippines and that Germany might provoke us to war. At no time, however, was any American squadron so short of ammunition that it would have been unable to engage an enemy's fleet.

The last reinforcement given to the Asiatic Squadron comprised the auxiliaries McCulloch, Nanshan, and Zafiro. The McCulloch had been built on the Atlantic coast and was ordered to San Francisco via the Suez Canal to perform revenue cutter service. Under the law authorizing the transfer of revenue cutters to the control of the navy in time of war, she was attached to the Asiatic Squadron, and on April 8 was caught by cable at Singapore and directed to proceed to Hongkong, avoiding Spanish ports and vessels *en route*. As the Asiatic Squadron had no base nearer than San Francisco, though supplies could have been obtained at Honolulu, then the capital of an independent republic, it was necessary to provide it with a collier and a supply ship, and the British steamers Nanshan and Zafiro were purchased at Hongkong and loaded with coal and other necessary supplies. On the eve of war the Navy Department was able to make the following comparison of the strength of the naval forces of the United States and Spain in the East:

	United States.	Spain.
Vessels: Cruisers	4	2
Gunboats	3	11
Mosquito craft	0	25
Armed tonnage	20,619	20,693
Guns in main battery	53	44
Guns in secondary battery	84	81
Broadside discharge main battery guns	3,700	3,000

Afloat, the United States was superior, but Spain was stronger so far as *matériel* was concerned, taking her land and naval forces together. The batteries defending Manila Bay were capable of firing at a single discharge 3,750 pounds of metal. It is the testimony of experts that guns ashore are, by reason of steadiness of platform and protection afforded to the gunners, capable of more effective results than guns installed on men-of-war.

Personnel is largely the deciding factor in naval engagements, and this fact was to be demonstrated in the battle of Manila Bay. The commander-in-chief of the American force was Commodore George Dewey. The selection of Commodore Dewey to command the Asiatic Squadron was made during the fall of 1897. Rear-Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, called the attention of the Secretary to the fact that the tours of duty of Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., in command of the European Squadron, and Rear-Admiral Frederick V. McNair, in command of the Asiatic Squadron, would expire within a few months, and that it was advisable to relieve them. The Secretary examined the Naval Register, and found that there were three officers whose turn for sea had come: Commodore E. O. Matthews, Commodore John A. Howell, and Commodore George Dewey. Commodore Matthews was Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, from which place it was not thought desirable to take him; Commodore Howell was Commandant of the League Island Navy-Yard, and Commodore Dewey was President of the Board of Inspection and Survey. Both had had long service and valuable experience; Howell had reputa-



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THE OLYMPIA

tion as an ordnance expert of marked ability; Dewey had served as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment of the Navy Department, and subsequently as a member of the Examining and Retiring Boards, receiving in 1895 his orders to the Board of Inspection and Survey. The Asiatic Squadron, in case of war with Spain, offered the larger probable opportunity for distinction, although the European Squadron was a choice flag command of the navy and included the Spanish waters. I decided to give Dewey the Asiatic and Howell the European station, and this arrangement, on my submitting it to President McKinley, who had made no suggestion in the matter, and who always left such matters to the Secretary, was approved by him. I remember his simply saying to me, in his characteristically pleasant way, "Are you satisfied that Dewey is a good man for the place and that his head is level?" to which I affirmatively answered. Political or personal influence had nothing to do with his selection. Indeed, war was not then—in the fall of 1897—so imminent that there was reason for departing from the usual routine of making in the usual regular sequence the selection of the two or three officers whose turn to go to sea had come. A month before war was declared Commodore Howell was withdrawn from Europe, the European Squadron having been broken up, and placed in command of the Northern Patrol Squadron, organized to defend the North Atlantic coast; he was subsequently ordered to Cuban waters as Commander of the First North Atlantic Squadron.

The orders to Dewey were signed on October 21, and he was directed to sail for Nagasaki, Japan, and there relieve Rear-Admiral McNair. He gave immediate evidence of the fact that the Department was warranted in placing faith in him. As soon as it was definitely decided that he should assume command of the Asiatic Station, he began collecting data in regard to the Spanish forces in the Philippines, and the Department assisted him in every possible way. Moreover, before and during the war the Department made it a first duty to advise him of every development which would be of interest or importance in the conduct of military operations. Before he sailed, the policy of the Administration toward Spain was outlined to him, and he received specific instructions as to the course to pursue in the contingency of war.

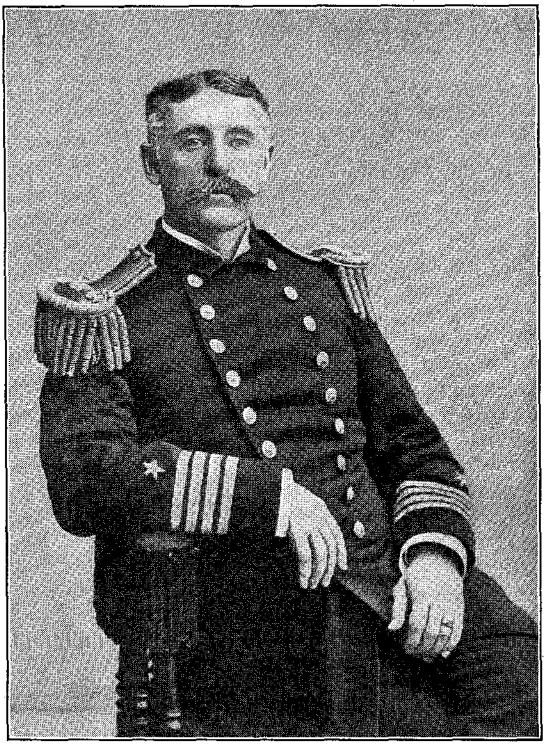
When Dewey assumed command of the Asiatic Station on January 3, he found a thoroughly efficient and well-trained force, and the credit for this condition is due to Rear-Admiral McNair. When the latter arrived in Washington, he stated that he had turned over to Dewey plans for an attack upon the Spanish forces, similar in many respects to those afterwards followed.

Protection of American interests had required the scattering of the ships of the Asiatic Squadron along the Chinese and Korean coast. Believing the time for action not far distant, orders were cabled to Dewey on February 25 directing him to mobilize his squadron, with the exception of the unseaworthy Monocacy, at Hongkong, and to keep his ships filled with coal. "In the event of declaration of war with Spain," he was advised, "your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands." Other preliminary orders were issued, including an instruction, cabled on April 7, to land all woodwork and stores not considered necessary for operations, and on April 21 the Commander-in-Chief was informed that the naval force on the North Atlantic Station was blockading Cuba and that war might be declared at any moment. Commodore Dewey had been active in carrying out his instructions to prepare for war. Everything had been done that promised increase of the effectiveness of his command. Machinery was examined and repairs made where needed; guns were overhauled; magazines, magazine hoists, signal apparatus, in fact, every little detail which made up the complex engines so soon to be put to test, underwent careful and conscientious scrutiny. Arrangements were made with the British authorities to dock the Baltimore immediately upon her appearance in the harbor, and two days after her arrival she was cleaned and coaled and reported ready for war. White is the peace garb of American naval vessels, and so decorated they form splendid targets. To make the ships as inconspicuous as possible, the Department ordered that they be painted slate color. Thus clad, they awaited instructions to advance on the Spanish force. Great Britain did not, however, permit them to remain in the harbor. She gave recognition of a state of war by issuing on April 24 her proclamation of neutrality. Dewey at once ordered the Boston, Concord, Petrel, McCulloch, Nanshan, and Zafiro to Mirs Bay, an inlet on the Chinese coast, distant thirty miles from Hongkong, which he had selected as a rendezvous. The Olympia, Baltimore, and Raleigh took advantage of the twenty-four hours' grace allowed by the proclamation to remain until the expiration of that time. The purpose of their stay was twofold: Commodore Dewey desired to confer with the United States Consul at Manila, who was *en route* to Hongkong on an overdue steamer, and certain parts of the machinery of the Raleigh were undergoing repairs in a machine-shop ashore. Neither the Consul nor the machinery came within the time-limit, as the Commodore received from the Department the instruction which moved him at once to action.

This instruction was not striking in its originality; in fact, it was simply in line with the programme of procedure which Dewey knew so well. As soon as war was declared, it was the unanimous opinion of the Department, agreed on by the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, and the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, indeed by all who expressed an opinion, that we should strike at once at the Spanish fleet in the Philippines. On Thursday, April 21, I urged this action on President McKinley. He thought it not quite time. But early Sunday forenoon, the 24th, I conferred with him at the White House. So vivid is the picture he presented on that memorable occasion that it has remained in my memory with the distinctness of a first impression. It was a lovely, sunny spring day, a bright contrast to the grim business in hand. We sat on a sofa, he thoughtful, his face showing a deep sense of the responsibility of the hour. My memory is that I took to him for approval the now famous despatch, and that it had been prepared by the Bureau of Navigation before I went to the White House. I am advised, however, by officers of that Bureau that it was not prepared till after my return. At any rate, the President gave me that morning the desired authority, and the despatch, whether drafted by Rear-Admiral Crowninshield before or after I went to the White House, was put in cipher and cabled. It was as follows:

> Washington, April 24, 1898.
>
> *Dewey, Hongkong:*
>
> War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors.
>
> LONG.

It was sent none too soon. Just after it had gone, word was received from Dewey that the Governor of Hongkong had issued a proclamation of neutrality, which required the departure of the American ships. With this famous despatch ceased all immediate control by the Department of Dewey's conduct. He was left unfettered, and to him and to his subordinates was confided the responsibility of achieving his task. Accompanied by the Raleigh and Baltimore, the Olympia left Hongkong, and, with the bands playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and followed by the ringing cheers of British sailors and soldiers, steamed for Mirs



THE LATE CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY

Who commanded the Olympia at Manila.

Bay. Consul Williams and the completed parts of the Raleigh's machinery arrived twenty-four hours later, and on April 27 Commodore Dewey signaled his command to get under way. Shortly after leaving Mirs Bay the crews were assembled, and to them was read the bombastic and abusive proclamation issued at Manila on April 23 by the Captain-General of the Philippines. This proclamation is worthy of examination because it shows the contemptuous view of us entertained at the time by the officials of Spain:

> Spaniards! Between Spain and the United States of North America hostilities have broken out.
>
> The moment has arrived to prove to the world that we possess the spirit to conquer those who, pretending to be loyal friends, take advantage of our misfortunes and abuse our hospitality, using means which civilized nations count unworthy and disreputable.
>
> The North American people, constituted of all the social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war with their perfidious machinations, with their acts of treachery, with their outrages against the law of nations and international conventions.
>
> The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of Victories will give us one as brilliant and complete as the righteousness and justice of our cause demand. Spain, which counts upon the sympathy of all the nations, will emerge triumphantly from this new test, humiliating and blasting the adventurers from those States that, without cohesion and without a history, offer to humanity only infamous traditions and the ungrateful spectacle of Chambers in which appear united insolence and defamation, cowardice and cynicism.
>
> A squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to this archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor, and liberty. Pretending to be inspired by a courage of which they are incapable, the North American seamen undertake, as an enterprise capable of realization, the substitution of Protestantism for the Catholic religion you profess, to treat you as tribes refractory to civilization, to take possession of your riches as if they were unacquainted with the rights of property, and to kidnap those persons whom they consider useful to man their ships or to be exploited in agricultural or industrial labor.
>
> Vain designs! Ridiculous boastings!
>
> Your indomitable bravery will suffice to frustrate the attempt to carry them into realization. You will not allow the faith you profess to be made a mock of; impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God; the images you adore to be thrown down by unbelief. The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, or appropriate the property your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. No, they shall not perpetrate any of these crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness, because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish and abase the people that, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated the natives of North America, instead of bringing to them the life of civilization and of progress.
>
> Filipinos, prepare for the struggle, and, united under the glorious Spanish flag, which is ever covered with laurels, let us fight with the conviction that victory will crown our efforts, and to the calls of our enemies let us oppose, with the decision of the Christian and the patriot, the cry of "Viva España."
>
> Your General,
> BASILIO AUGUSTIN DAVILA.
>
> Manila, 23d April, 1898.

"Mr. Dooley" could have written nothing funnier.

Following the reading of this proclamation, the crews were informed that the squadron was bound to Manila, there to "capture or destroy the Spanish fleet." The cheers that resounded and the delight manifested constituted a patriotic reply to the vainglorious utterances of the Spanish officer. It was a spontaneous declaration by the men who served the guns that they would courageously and enthusiastically execute the orders which had been given to their commander-in-chief.

The important problem Dewey was set to solve was the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet. Consul Williams had advised him that it was assembled in Manila Bay, which was defended by additional batteries and was also mined. The obvious strategical course for the Spanish Admiral to follow was either to establish his squadron at Subig Bay, from which point he could threaten the communications of the American commander and make well-calculated dashes upon his ships blockading Manila, or evade him, and force his men-of-war to burn up their coal in fruitless pursuit. Both plans would have required the concentration of the invading force, and would have prevented the despatch of troops for land operations. Admiral Montojo, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish squadron, seems to have had some notion regarding the advisability of establishing his base at Subig Bay. That arm of the sea had for thirteen years been subjected to exhaustive examination by a number of special commissions, and at Olongapo, situated on its eastern shore, the construction of a naval station had begun. It was hardly to be believed that this point had not undergone some measure of effective defense. Dewey had been informed that the Spanish squadron proposed to take position at Subig Bay; and, in fact, that had been the intention of its commander-in chief. He sailed for Subig Bay on April 24, but on arrival found that the modern guns provided for its shore defense had not been placed. The Castilla started to leak, and it became necessary to pack her shaft alley with cement; the Velasco was not in condition for offensive work either at Subig or Manila; and the Ulloa was anchored by her infirmities at Cavite. The council of Spanish commanders convened at Subig advocated return to Manila because the water was shallow, and there was more chance of saving life there in case of disaster. This last conclusion shows the demoralization of the Spanish force. Montojo returned to Manila Bay with such speed as could be made by the inefficient ships of his command, and upon arrival placed them under the guns of the battery, where he awaited events.

Possessing little knowledge of the deplorable condition of the Spanish fleet, Dewey intrepidly steamed toward Luzon. The green hills of this island of Spain rose out of the water as dawn was breaking, on April 30. There was no enemy in sight, but the invisible Spanish signalman at Cape Belinao telegraphed that the Americans had come. Toward Subig Bay Dewey turned the prows of his squadron, and the Boston and Concord, when a short distance from their destination, were sent ahead to reconnoiter that arm of the sea. Twenty-four hours earlier and the Battle of Manila Bay would have been in history the Battle of Subig Bay. But no trace of the Spanish ships was found. When Dewey learned of the fruitlessness of his search, he stopped his squadron and signaled his captains to repair aboard the flagship. At this conference final plans were adopted for running past the batteries defending the entrance to Manila Bay and attacking the enemy if he had been guilty of the strategical mistake of selecting that harbor as the battle scene.

Crossing the China Sea little attempt was made to screen the movements of the squadron. Forcing the channel into Manila Bay, which was doubtless mined, and certainly defended by heavy guns, demanded the exercise of extraordinary precaution. When tropical night fell, the gleam of a single white light at the stern of each ship, by which the following vessel steered her course, was the only illumination allowed the squadron. Fortune smiled on the boldness of the assailant and aided his enterprise by giving him a night well suited to its achievement. A young moon furnished the little light needed to outline the Boca Grande, as the squadron, its guns loaded and ready for discharge, approached that channel. Across the face of the heavens sped black, thunderous clouds; the lightning flashing from them brought into sharp relief the headlands which nature had constructed as her defenses of the bay. Near the center of the wide entrance loomed the island of Corregidor, and within half a mile stood the rock El Fraile, a frowning sentinel.

Onward Dewey's vessels steamed, spurning danger, and heedless of mines or guns, which Spanish reports asserted would be potent for defense. With good British charts and relying solely upon American seamanship to navigate the ships, and with the Olympia in the lead, he moved toward El Fraile, ignorant that a formidable battery had been placed there. As the flagship turned in its direction, a Spaniard sighted the white light shining in her stern. Almost at the same instant a sheet of flame shot from the smokestack of the McCulloch. Signal lights communicating the news of the presence of the enemy were at once displayed at Mariveles Bay, and a rocket burst on the south shore near Punta Restinga. From the battery at the latter point came the first shot of the war in the East. El Fraile, too, opened fire. The Raleigh, Boston, and McCulloch returned the hostile greeting with more effect, one of their projectiles exploding among the gunners of the Restinga battery and silencing it after it had been in action only three minutes. There was no pause for this exchange, but the squadron moved on, and in half an hour entered Manila Bay, absolutely unharmed and encouraged by the wretched gunnery of the Spanish marksmen and the loss by its antagonist of a part of the strength upon which he had relied to do it injury.

Manila lay twenty miles away, the

lights illuminating it casting a bright glare upon the horizon. Desiring to attack by daylight, Commodore Dewey signaled that the speed should be four knots. When the lights twinkling this order and the bright replies made thereto by all the ships had died away, the men were permitted to lie down beside their guns. Few slept, for none knew what an hour might develop. The silvery sheen of dawn disclosed a fleet of merchantmen before the city of Manila, but they were not the craft that Dewey sought, and, paying little attention to the batteries which were wildly firing in his direction, he headed the Olympia toward a line of gray objects lying in front of a group of white buildings comprising the naval arsenal of Cavite. Following the Olympia in the order named were the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, and Boston. Action impending, the McCulloch and the colliers were sent to the middle of the Bay, there to give assistance to any of the ships, should assistance be needed.

Thus the opposing squadrons came face to face. Montojo had been informed on April 28 by the Spanish Consul at Hongkong: "Enemy's squadron sailed at 2 P.M. from the Bay of Mirs, and according to reliable accounts they sailed for Subig Bay, there to destroy our squadron, and will then go to Manila." He was apprised of Dewey's appearance off Cape Bolinao on April 30, and of his arrival off Subig Bay twelve hours later. He learned of the search made in Subig, but, despite the grim persistency which this procedure betokened, he seemed to think that Dewey would hesitate to force Manila Bay. If so, he underestimated his man and paid the penalty of his mistake. Officers and men of the Spanish force were in Manila, some in bed, when the news that the American squadron was in the Boca Grande reached the city. They were hastily summoned, and for several hours were compelled to suffer that nervous mood which oppresses most men prior to battle, before they sighted the ships destined to deal death and destruction among them.

Such little preparation as could be made in the short time remaining before the battle Montojo attempted. Yet the first gun had not been fired when the Spaniards knew that they were beaten. Montojo directed that every disposition be made to burn the coal and stores at Cavite arsenal, to prevent them from falling into Dewey's hands. He distributed his ships in a long, curved line, one end of which, protected by batteries and iron lighters loaded with sand, rested on Sangley Point. They were in such position that the batteries of Fort San Felipe and Cavite could fire over them. In the Spanish line of battle were the Don Antonio de Ulloa, Castilla, Reina Cristina (flagship), Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, and Marques del Duero. Lying at the arsenal were the Velasco, Lezo, and Argos, and the Manila took refuge in the roads of Bacoor, not far distant. None of these last-named vessels joined in the action. Admiral Montojo, in his comparison of the relative strength of the two squadrons, counted himself greatly inferior, as shown by this table, which he prepared:

	Tons.	Horse-Power.	Guns.	Men.
American...	21,410	49,290	163	1,750
Spanish.....	10,111	11,200	76	1,875

Approaching the Spanish line, the momentous signal, "Prepare for general action," was flown from the signal-mast of the Olympia, and following it the inspiring flag of our country was broken out on every ship. What a thrilling moment! Answering the challenge, the Spaniards hoisted their red and yellow colors, and a deafening roar announced that the batteries of Cavite and Manila were endeavoring to cripple or destroy their audacious enemy. At twenty minutes after five the Spanish vessels joined in the thunder of battle. Save for two shells fired by the Concord at the Manila battery, our squadron proceeded silently, relentlessly, toward its naval antagonist. Fifty-six hundred yards distant, the Commander-in-Chief, without the smallest trace of excitement, turned to Captain Charles V. Gridley, commanding the Olympia, and authorized him to open fire. It was the now famous legend: "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley." Immediately one of the 8-inch guns of the forward turret sent its steel messenger of a nation's wrath toward the Spanish line. As each vessel got within range, it, too, discharged all available guns. Regardless of mines—two of which Dewey reported as exploding just ahead of the Olympia—the flagship, followed by her supporting ships, ran parallel to the Spanish vessels, smothering some and demoralizing all by a deadly hail of projectiles. At the beginning of the action, a lead-colored launch steamed toward the flagship. Seemingly a dangerous torpedo-boat was coming to perform its deadly mission. The secondary batteries of the Olympia and Baltimore quickly picked up the range, and disabled the launch, which turned toward the shore, where she was beached. Another torpedo launch which Dewey discovered was equally unfortunate, being sunk in the shallow water near Cavite. The Spaniards claimed that no torpedo-boats participated in the action, and that the craft which was beached was really a market-boat performing its daily duty. These distracting incidents of the battle did not, however, divert the attention of the American gunners from the one important fighting ship of the Spanish force—the Reina Cristina. She was the target of all the marksmen of our squadron, and only when she was out of range did the Castilla and other Spanish vessels undergo a fire as murderous as that to which the flagship had been subjected. Believing that closer quarters might turn the tide of battle, Montojo, in the Reina Cristina, put out from the Spanish line. The maneuver promised nothing, but it created an opportunity to show to Spain and to the world how bravely a Spaniard could die. An exploding shell set the cruiser on fire forward, a 6-inch projectile pierced her stern, and through the hole thus made an 8-inch shell, with terrible energy, forced its way. Flames burst from the hull; white steam mingling with the black smoke showed that the steam-pipes had been penetrated. Uncontrollable, her decks filled with dead and wounded and slippery with blood, the Cristina retreated from the fire she had precipitated and sought refuge at Cavite. The Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon were signaled to aid the Marques del Duero and men from the Cavite arsenal in rescuing such of the crew as were alive, and this was accomplished under a fire as terrifying as that which had destroyed the Spanish flagship. The execution done by the American squadron is shown by the fact that when the Cristina went into action her complement comprised 493 men. The men able to respond to muster at Cavite Arsenal numbered 160, of whom 90 were wounded. The loss of the vessel in killed and wounded was thus 423 men.

Dewey passed up and down parallel to the enemy's line three times, the range decreasing from 5,600 yards to 2,600 yards as confidence grew in the charts and in the marks of the leadsmen, and contempt developed for the Spanish gunners afloat and ashore. Spanish shell churned the water along the path of the squadron, passed between the smoke-stacks of the ships, and, shrieking, flew high above their mastheads. Erroneously informed that the 5-inch battery was short of ammunition, the Olympia signaled at 7:35 A.M. to "withdraw from action," and, when out of reach of Spanish range, Dewey ordered: "Let the people go to breakfast." Except for a little coffee given on some of the ships in the early morning, the men had been without food for sixteen hours; yet they served their guns with the energy, alacrity, and courage which have so often been the characteristics of American seamen.

Distant from the Spanish squadron, the terrible effects of the American fire could be seen; the Reina Cristina lay under the north wall of Cavite, her bulwarks awash. The Castilla still floated, but she was on fire, and at ten o'clock her flag came down, and flames sprang from her hull, and, with fantastic leaps, licked her spars. The Don Juan de Austria, which had received almost the concentrated fire of the American squadron, when the destruction of the Cristina was complete, was badly damaged, and the Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon had been repeatedly struck. The Spanish ships, which had hastened in disorder behind Cavite Arsenal, were, with the exception of the Antonio de Ulloa, abandoned, and their sea-valves were broken. The commander of the Don Antonio de Ulloa disregarded Montojo's instruction to sink his ship, and gallantly remained to resume battle on odds promising certain disaster.

While the men were at breakfast Commodore Dewey consulted his captains in regard to conditions aboard their vessels and the next move in the programme. During the conference a strange vessel was sighted, and the captains returned to their posts prepared to do battle in case reinforcements for the enemy had arrived. The stranger was found to be a merchantman. Dewey sent word to the Governor-General of the Philippines to order the batteries defending Manila to cease fire instantly or he would shell the city. This warning was effective, and then the Admiral returned to Cavite to complete the work of destruction. The Baltimore, leading the column in place of the Olympia, was granted permission to attack the enemy's earthworks. A duel of ship and shore occurred, described as one of the most picturesque events of that eventful day. The battery at Canacao was the first to withdraw from the contest, its flag hauled down and the men flying from their defenses. Fort Sangley was the next to undergo the American fire, the entire squadron joining in the attack. Bursting shell silenced the guns thrice, and finally a white flag succeeded the Spanish ensign, showing that the enemy had surrendered. As the Baltimore neared Sangley Point, the Don Antonio del Ullao opened fire. Upon that brave little craft were turned the guns of the Baltimore, Olympia, and Raleigh. Soon her crew swarmed over her side and swam ashore, and she listed and sank. At twenty minutes after twelve the cheering signal flew from the signal-arm of the Petrel, which gallantly stood in to the Cavite arsenal: "The enemy has surrendered." The battle was won. Dewey took station in front of Manila, and subsequently ordered the Baltimore and Raleigh to destroy the batteries on Corregidor Island. The McCulloch was sent post-haste to Hongkong to notify the anxious country of the victory, and a few days later the President and Navy Department were informed that the Commander-in-Chief could take Manila at any time, but he had not sufficient men to hold it.

The despatch sent by the McCulloch reached Washington early on the morning of May 6. It was in cipher, and it was not until almost nine o'clock that its translation was completed. A cheering mob of men and women crowded the anteroom of the Secretary's office. General R. A. Alger, then Secretary of War, came to offer his congratulations. I recall saying to him, referring to the military operations in the Orient, as he was preparing to return to his department:

"The navy has completed its work, General. The army's labor has begun."

Stupendous were the results of this brilliant victory. The Philippine archipelago, comprising 1,700 islands and inhabited by 8,000,000 people, belonged by conquest to the United States to hold permanently as indemnity for the war or as a means for exerting pressure upon Spain to sue for peace. Victory for American arms at the outset of the war produced a moral effect of incalculable advantage, and demonstrated to the world the powerlessness of our enemy. From this time the Pacific coast was entirely free of apprehension. Commerce was free alike from peril of the foe and from the high rates of friendly insurance. How great the lesson that could be drawn from the battle! Seven men slightly wounded, and no damage of any account to our vessels, made up the American casualties. Ten ships destroyed, three batteries silenced, and 381 killed are the gruesome totals of Spanish defeat. American valor had again won the victory. President McKinley at once appointed Dewey an acting Rear-Admiral, and recommended his promotion to the grade of Admiral, and that the thanks of Congress be conferred upon him. Each of the captains and many of the subordinate officers received advancement for gallantry in action. In this way only could substantial compensation be given, but it was given spontaneously, and the officers who received it knew that their greater reward would lie in the fact that they had gloriously observed the traditions which have made the American navy historically famous.

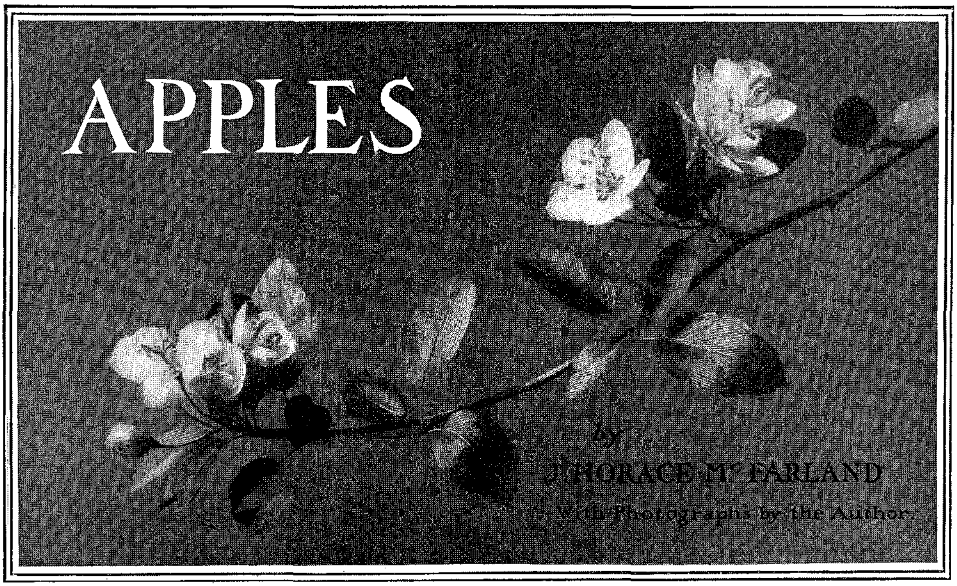
A Mile with Me

By Henry van Dyke

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!



APPLES

by

J. HORACE McFARLAND

With Photographs by the Author

WELL do I remember one of the admonitions of my youth, brought upon me by an attempt to take apple-blossoms from a tree in bloom because they were beautiful. I was told that it was wrong to pluck for any purpose the flowers of fruit-trees, because the possible fruitage might thereby be reduced. That is, feeding the eye was improper, but it was always in order to conserve the possibilities for another organ of the body. In those days we had not learned that nature provides against contingencies, and that not one-tenth of all the blossoms would be needed to "set" as much fruit as the tree could possibly mature.

The apple, well called the king of fruits, is worthy of all admiration as a fruit, but I do not see why that need interfere in the least with its consideration as an object of beauty. On the contrary, such consideration is all the better for the apple, which is not only most desirable and pleasing in its relation to the dessert, the truly great American pie, the luscious dumpling of the housewife, and the Italian's fruit-stand of our cities, but at the same time a benefaction to the eye and the sense of beauty, in tree, in blossom, and in fruit.

It is of the æsthetic value of the apple I would write, leaving its supreme place in pomology unassailed. Look at the young apple-tree in the "nursery row," where it has been growing a year since it was "budded"—that is, mysteriously changed from the wild and untamed fruit of nature to the special variety designed—by the nurseryman. It is a straight, shapely wand, in most varieties, though it is curious to find that some apples, notably the favorite "Rhode Island Greening," start in promptly to be picturesquely crooked and twisty. As it grows and branches under the cultivation and guidance of the orchardist, it maintains a lusty, hearty aspect, its yellowish, reddish, or brownish twigs—again according to variety—spreading out to the sun and the air freely. A decade passes, and the sparse showing of bloom that has decorated it each spring gradually gives place to a great glory of flowers. The tree is about to bear, and it assumes the character of maturity, for while it grows on soberly for many years, there is now a spreading, a sort of relaxation, very different from the vigorous upshooting of its early youth. After a crop or two, the tree has become, to the eye, the familiar orchard member, and it leans a little from the blasts of winter, twists aside from the perpendicular, spreads comfortably over a great expanse of ground, and settles down to its long, useful, and truly beautiful life.

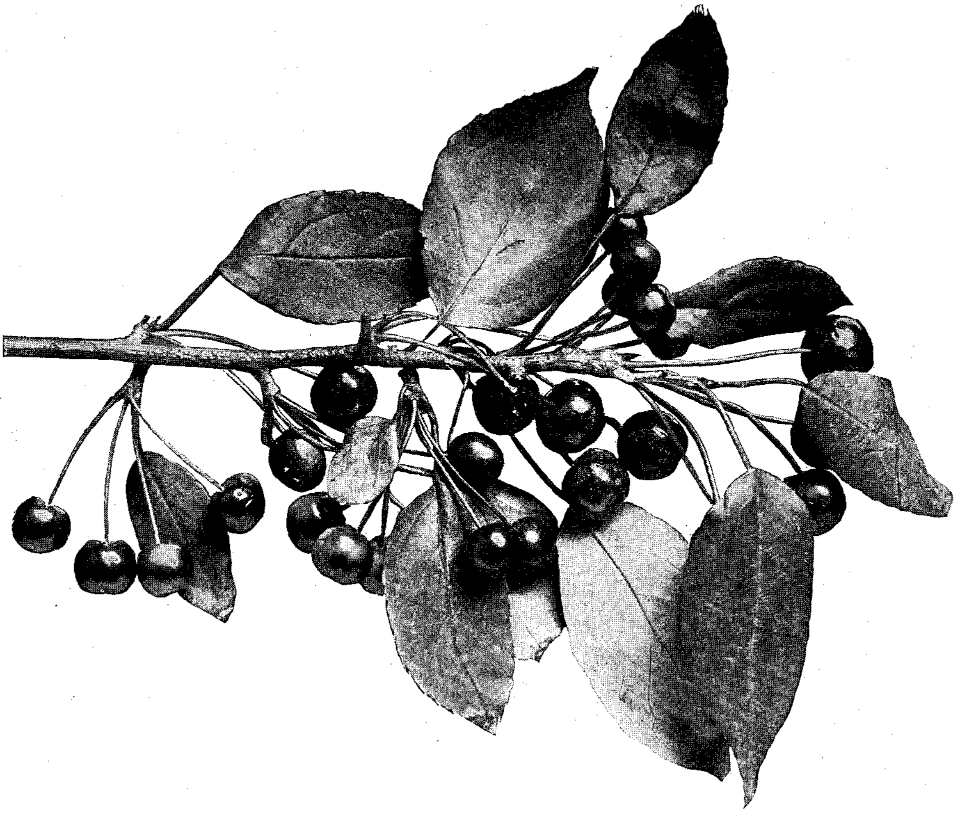
While the young orchard is trim and handsome, I confess to a greater liking for the rugged old trees that have followed blossom with fruit in unstinted profusion for a generation. There is a certain character of sturdy good will about these substantial stems that the clinging snows only accentuate in winter. The framework of limb and twig is very different from that of the other trees, and the twisty lines seem to mean warmth and cheer even against a frosty sky. And these old veterans are house trees, too—they do not suggest the forest or the broad expanse of nature, but instead the proximity of man and the home, the comfortable summer afternoon under their copious leafage, the great piles of ruddy-cheeked fruit in autumn.

I need hardly say anything of the apple-blossoms, for those who read these words are almost certain to have long appreciated their delicately fragrant blush and white loveliness. The apricot and the cherry are the first of the fruit trees to sing the spring song, and they cover themselves with white, in advance of any sign of green leaves on their twigs. The apple has an advantage; coming more deliberately, the little pink buds are set amidst the soft greens of the opening foliage, and the leaves and flowers expand together in their symphony of color and fragrance. The grass has grown lush by this time, the dandelions are punctuating it with gold, and everything is in the full riot of exuberant springtime.

But there are apples and apples and apples. Even the plain orchard gives us a difference in flowers, as well as in tree aspect. Notice the trees this coming May; mark the flat, white flowers on one tree, the cup-shaped, pink-veined blooms on another. Follow both through the fruiting, and see whether the sweeter flower brings the more sugary fruit.

Perhaps there is a "crab" in the old orchard, ready to give the greatest burst of bloom—for the crab-apple flower is usually finer and more fragrant than any other of the cultivated forms. It is an especial refuge of the birds and the bees, you will find, and it invites them with its

A FULL-BLOSSOMED APPLE BRANCH



THE BRILLIANT FRUIT OF THE NATIVE CRAB-APPLE

rare fragrance and deeper blush, so that they may work all the more earnestly at the pollination without which all this richness of bloom would be ineffective in nature's reproductive scheme.

This same crab-apple is soon to be, as its brilliant fruit matures, a notable object of beauty, for few ornamental trees can vie with its display of shining color. There was a great old crab right in the flower garden of my boyhood's home, amid quaint box-trees, snowballs, and lilacs. Lilies-of-the-valley flourished in its shadow, the delicate bleeding-heart mingled with old-fashioned irises and peonies at its feet. From early spring until mid-August the crab-apple held court of beauty there—and an always hungry boy often found something in addition to beauty in the red and yellow fruits that were acid but aromatic!

Why do we not plant more fruit trees for beauty? Not one of our familiar fruits will fail us in this respect, if so considered. The apricot will often have its white flowers open to match the purity of the last snow, the cherry will follow with a burst of bloom, the apples and crab-apples will continue the show, aided by plum and pear and peach, and the quince—ah, there's a flower in a green enamel setting!—will close the blooming-time. But the cherry fruits now redden in shining roundness, the earlier apples throw rich gleams of color to the eye, and there is chromatic beauty until frost bids the last russets leave their stems, leaving bare the framework of the trees to teach us in lines of symmetry and efficiency how strength and elegance are combined in nature's handiwork. Do you fear that some of the fruit may be taken? What of it? Plant for beauty, and the fruit is all extra—give it away freely, and pass on some of God's good gifts, to your own true happiness!

There is another crab-apple that is distinctive in its elegance, color, and fragrance. It is the true "wild crab" of eastern North America, and one who makes its acquaintance in blooming-time will never forget it. The tree is not large, and it is likely to be set with crooked, thorny branches; but the flowers! Deep pink or rosy red chalices, rather longer than the commonplace apple-blossom, and

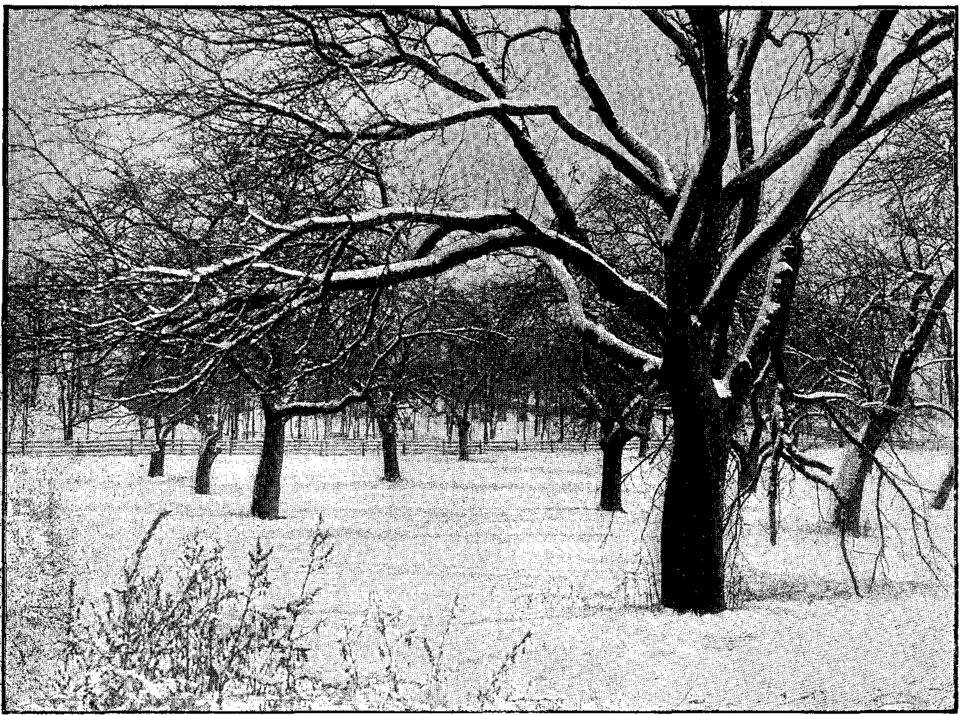
THE SHOWY WILD-APPLE TREE

hanging on long and slender stems in a certain picturesquely stiff disposition, they are a joy for the senses of sight and fragrance. This notable native may be found on rich side-hills and in dry glades—it is not fond of swamps. It is grown by some enlightened nurserymen, too, and can well be planted in the home grounds to their true adornment. The blossoms give way to form handsome yellow fruits, about an inch in diameter, which are themselves much more ornamental than edible, for even the small boy will not investigate a second time the bitter flesh. I have heard that a cider of peculiar "hardness" and potency, guaranteed to unsettle the firmest head, is made from these acid fruits, but I have not found it necessary to extend my tree studies in that direction.

The States west of Kansas do not know this lovely wild crab, to which the botanists give a really euphonious designation as *Pyrus coronaria*. There is a prairie-States crab-apple, which I have never seen, but which, I am told, has nothing like the beauty of our exquisite Eastern native. This Western species lacks the long stem and the bright color of the flowers of our favorite, and its fruits, while quite as viciously sour, are a dull and greasy green. The great West has many other things, but we have the wild crab-apple.

Rather between, as to beauty, is the native crab-apple of the Southland, which is known as the Soulard crab. It is not as attractive as our own Eastern gem, a pure native possession.

Curiously enough, our own fruiting apple is not a native of America. It was at a meeting of a New England pomological association that I heard, several years ago, an old man of marvelous memory and power of observation tell of his recollections of seventy years, notable among which was his account of seeing the first good apples, as a boy, during a visit in the State of New York. We owe the apples we eat to Europe, for the start, the species being probably of Himalayan origin. America has greatly developed the apple, however, as one who has looked over the fruit tables at any great exposition will promptly testify, and nearly all our really good varieties are of American origin. The curious story of "Johnny Appleseed" is given us by historians, who tell us of this semi-religious enthusiast who roamed barefoot over the wilds of



AN APPLE ORCHARD IN WINTER

A "DOUBLE" APPLE-BLOSSOM

Ohio and Indiana a century ago, sowing apple-seeds in the scattered clearings, and living to see the trees bearing fruit, selections from which probably are interwoven among the varieties of to-day.

It is not only for the fruit that we are indebted to the Old World, but also for some distinctively beautiful and most ornamental varieties of the apple, not by any means as well known among us as they ought to be. The nurserymen sell as an ornamental small tree a form known as "Parkman's Double-flowering Crab," which produces blooms of much beauty, like delicate little roses. Few of them, however, know of the glorious show that the spring brings where there is a proper planting of the Chinese and Japanese crab-apples, with some other hybrids and varieties. The Outlook has many readers, I am sure, in New England, and to these a pilgrimage to Boston is always in order. In the Public Gardens of Boston are superb specimens of these crab-apples from the Orient, and for several weeks in May they may be enjoyed.

It is at the wonderful Arnold Arboretum, that Mecca of tree-lovers just outside of Boston and really within its magnificent park system, that the greatest show of the "pyrus family," as the apples and pears are botanically called, may be found. Here have been gathered the lovely blooming trees of all the hardy world, to the delight of the eye and the nose, and the education of the mind. To me the most impressive of all was a wonderful Siberian crab (one must look for *Pyrus baccata* on the label, as the Arboretum folks are not in love with "common" names) close by the little greenhouses. Its round head was purely white, with no hint of pink,

THE BEAUTY OF A FULL APPLE BRANCH

and the mass of bloom that covered it was only punctuated by the green of the expanding leaves. The especial elegance of this crab was in its whiteness, and that elegance was not diminished by the later masses of little yellow and red, almost translucent, fruits.

A somewhat smaller tree is commonly called the Chinese flowering apple, and its early flowers remind one strongly of the beauty of our own wild crab, as they are deeper in color than most of the crabs, being almost coral-red in bud. This "spectabilis," as it is familiarly called, is a gem, as it opens the season of the apple-blooms with its burst of pink richness.

The beauty-loving Japanese have a festival at the time of the cherry-blooming—and it is altogether a festival of beauty, not connected with the food that follows the flowers. They actually dare to cut the blossoms, too, for adornment, and all the populace take time to drink in the message of the spring. Will we workaday Americans ever dare to "waste" so much time, and go afield to absorb God's provision of soul and sense refreshment in the spring, forgetting for the time our shops and desks, our stores and marts?

Professor Sargent, that deep student of trees who has built himself a monument, which is also a beneficence to all mankind, in the great volumes of his "Silva of North America," lives not far from Boston, and he loves especially that jewel of the apple family which, for want of a common name, I must designate scientifically as *Pyrus floribunda*. On his own magnificent estate, as well as at the Arboretum, this superb shrub or small tree riots in rosy beauty in early spring. While the leaves do come with these flowers, they are actually crowded back out of apparent sight by the straight wands of rose-red blooms, held by the twisty little tree at every angle and in indescribable beauty. If the visitor saw nothing but this Floribunda apple—"abundant flowering" sure enough—on his pilgrimage, he might well be satisfied, especially if he then and there resolved to see it again, either as he planted it at home or journeyed hither another spring for the enlargement of his soul.

There are other of these delightful crabs or apples to be enjoyed—Ringo, Kaido, Toringo—nearly all of Japanese origin, all of distinct beauty, and all continuing that beauty in handsome but inedible fruits that hang most of the summer. My tree-loving friends can well study these, and, I hope, plant them instead of repeating continually the monotonously familiar shrubs and trees of ordinary commerce.

But I have not spoken enough of one notable feature of the every-day apple-tree that we may see without a journey to the East. The fully set fruiting branch of an apple-tree in health and vigor, properly nurtured and protected against fungous disease by modern "spraying," is a thing of beauty in its form and color. See those deep-red Baldwins shine overhead in the frosty air of early fall; note the elegance of form and striping on the leathery-skinned Ben Davis; appreciate true apples of gold set in green enamel on a tree of the sunny Bellefleur! These in the fall; but it is hardly full summer before the closely set branches of Early Harvest are as beautiful as any orange-tree, or the more upright Red Astrachan is ablaze with fruit of red and yellow. Truly, an apple orchard might be arranged to give a new picture of changing beauty of color and growth from early spring until fall frost, and then to follow with a daily panorama of form and line against snow and sky until the blossoms peeped forth again. Let us learn, if we do not already love the apple-tree, to love it for its beauty all the year!

Questionings

By Val Ormond

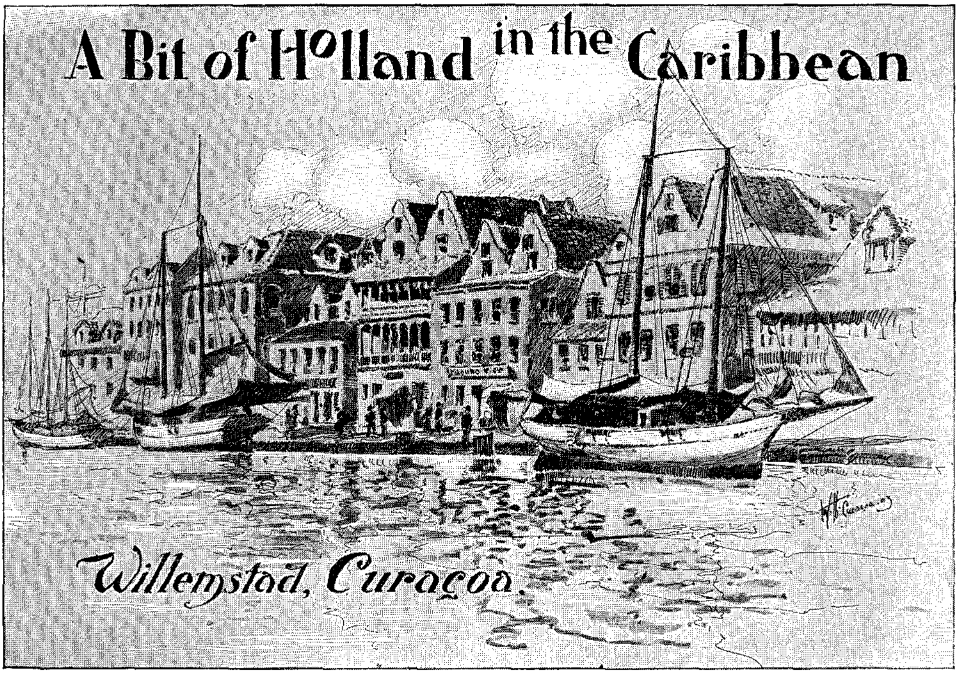
Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the night,
When moon-forsaken;
When stars refuse their light
Joy to awaken?
When Earth, from hill and dale,
Peers through a misty veil—
Dark, cold, and dimly pale,
And spirit-shaken:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the gale,
When Boreas scolds it;
When shivering Earth turns pale
As snow enfolds it?
When trees are leaf-destroyed,
And all things storm-annoyed,
E'en Nature song-devoid
While she beholds it:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the sea,
When winds are lashing;
When ships in misery
Are shoreward dashing?
The shrieking in the gloom;
The wailing o'er their doom,
When to their ocean-tomb
The ships go crashing:
Have ye heard?

Have ye heard, unstirred,
The sobbing of the soul
When frenzy-driven;
When faith—the Master's dole—
Has vainly striven?
When Love's extinguished fires
Leave naught but cold desires,
When every Hope expires
That man was given:
Have ye heard?
Have ye heard?

A Bit of Holland in the Caribbean


Willemstad, Curaçoa.

BY WALTER HALE

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

DEPENDING upon Venezuela for most of the necessaries of life, the little Dutch town of Willemstad, or more commonly Curaçoa, since it is the only important place on the island of that name, really suffered more through the recent blockade by the allies than did the cities on the mainland, against which it was directed. Fresh beef, vegetables, fruit, to say nothing of coffee and sugar, all come from ports on the Venezuelan coast, but with these harbors guarded by a cordon of gunboats and cruisers, the source of supply was cut off entirely, and the fleet of coasting schooners engaged in the trade lay moored along the quay, their flags flapping idly in the breeze, while the crews slept beneath the awnings stretched over the decks.

Lying at anchor in the Schottegat, when I was in Curaçoa a few weeks ago, were the war-ships of many nations—English, German, American, Dutch—sometimes as many as a dozen, seldom less than four or five, their white hulls glistening in the sunlight, their masts rising above the low hills that separate the harbor from the town. Add to these the merchant vessels along the wharves in the bay of Santa Anna, from the big steamships of the Dutch and Spanish lines—transatlantic flyers in their day, renamed and reconstructed, and now filling a humble mission in the nomadic trade of the historic Spanish Main—to the vagrant Russian and English "wind-jammers" waiting till the blockade was raised to deliver their cargoes of coal to the Venezuelan railways, and one can form some idea of the traffic centered in this busy West Indian port.

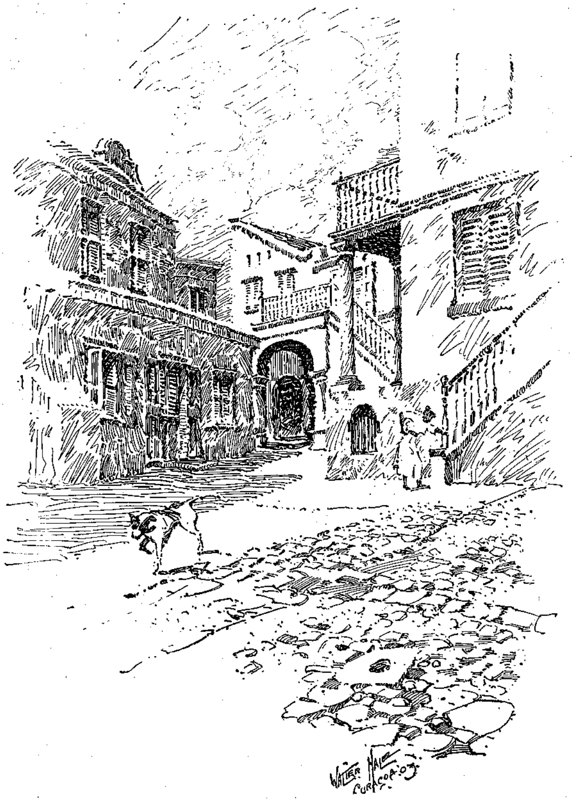
And these hundreds of Jackies and sailormen must be fed, in addition to the town people, who under the blockade found prices higher and food scarcer every week. Go to the quaint market that stretches along the Waaj Gaat, and go early in the morning, when the snub-nosed punts are creeping beneath the bridge, with their deck-loads of fresh fish, and long pack-trains of donkeys are coming in from the country, their panniers filled with charcoal or bundles of fodder, sometimes with vegetables from the insufficient crop raised on the plantations.

Such a jumble of nationalities would surprise even cosmopolitan New York;

here the Chinese steward of the Marietta is counting out coppers into the dusky hand of a native muleteer, while his assistants hurry off to the launch with well-filled baskets. Beneath an awning are a group of German mess-stewards from the Falke and Vineta, their spotless white uniforms set off by funny little straw hats like inverted soup-plates. Japanese servants from the English ships, and stolid-faced Dutchmen from the De Ruyter and the Surinam, bargain with inky, wrinkled dames who squat about their stores of shining fish. Other dusky mothers are selling cheap prints in all the shades of the rainbow, while their chocolate-colored babies, quite naked, play about in the sun.

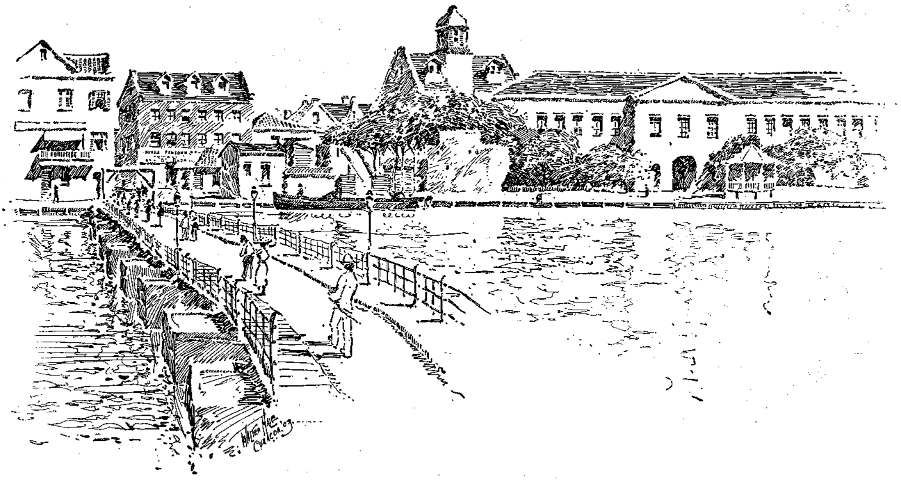
Then there are dock laborers scantily clad in flimsy duck trousers and shirts, and tall native women with the erect carriage and graceful swinging step that seem to come from balancing the week's washing or the day's marketing in long tray-like baskets on their heads. Dodging in and out of the crowd is the ever-present small dog, while hucksters, venders of lottery tickets, and braying burros add to the noise and confusion.

The navy stewards are early on the scene, and they make a clean sweep of the market; when they have finished, it looks as though a cyclone had passed by. Small wonder that there was great rejoicing among the Curaçoan housewives when news came from Washington that Mr. Bowen had come to terms with the allies and the blockade was to be lifted.

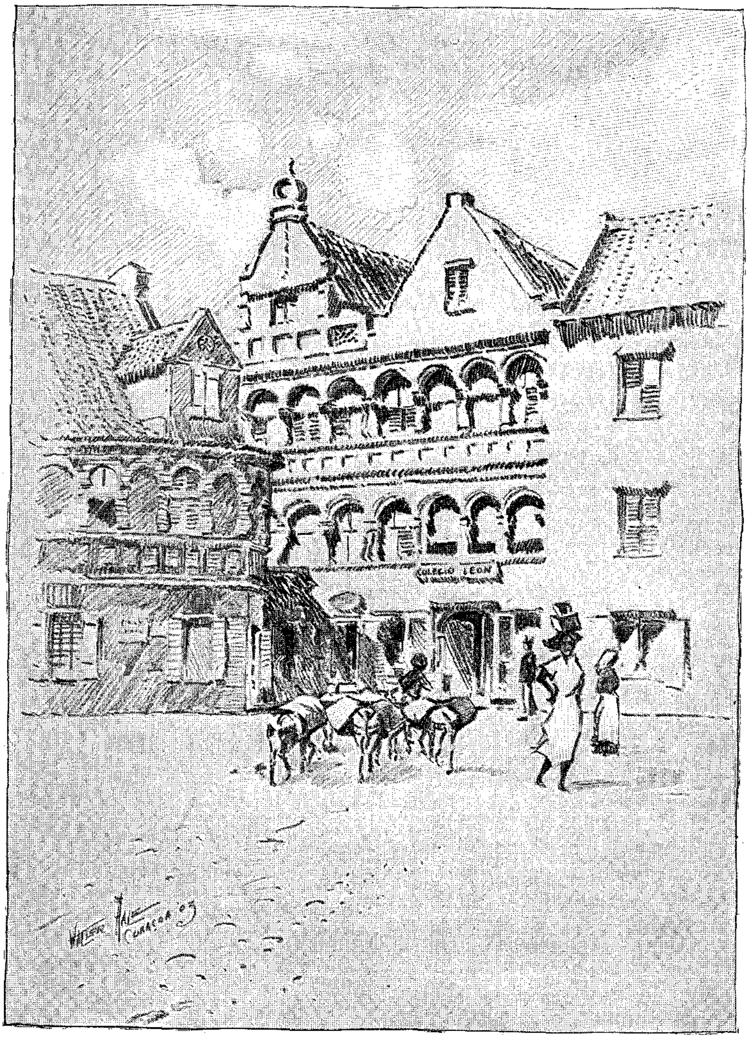


OLD HOUSES IN OTRABANDA

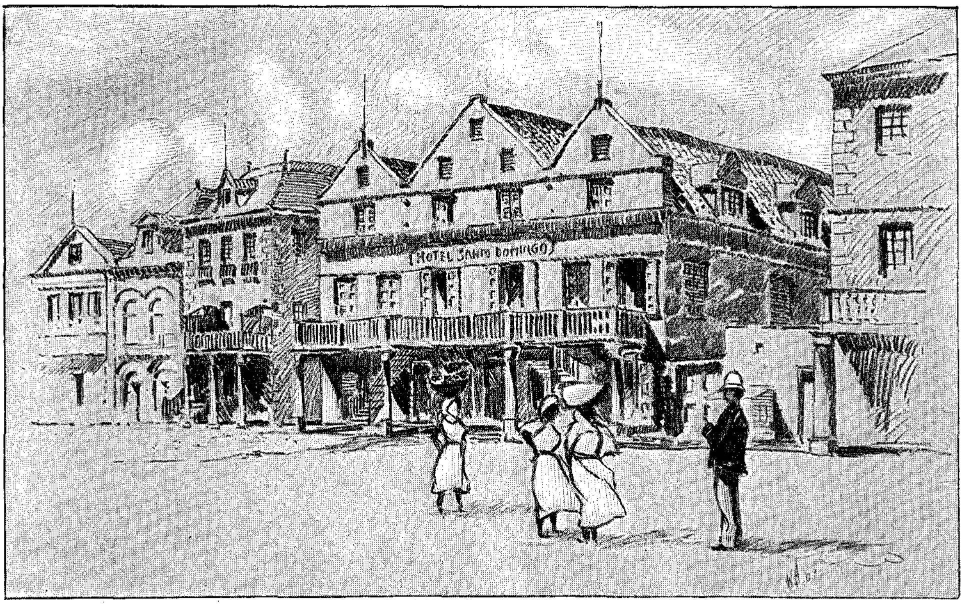
As a matter of fact, all this shipping is the life and soul of Willemstad; the town could never exist without it, for the surrounding country is as barren as the Desert of Sahara. To the west three large peaks rear their gaunt, scraggy outlines



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND PONTOON BRIDGE, CURAÇOA against the sky. Near the coast is a long, low line of so-called salt-water foliage, dingy green in color, relieved now and then by the red-tiled roof and white pillars of some plantation house. East of the city are two more big hills. The plain between Goat Mountain and Santa Barbara is historic ground, for here the Dutch soundly thrashed the invading English army a few years before the Treaty of Amiens was concluded in 1802. In this vicinity is the quarantine station, and further to the eastward are the phosphate works, now almost abandoned since the discovery of the mineral in Algiers. Almost at the foot of Goat Mountain is an old Spanish citadel guarding a secluded harbor; and here one's boyhood recollections of Captain Kidd and Lafitte, with other bold mariners of their ilk, are revived; that for years was a favorite haunt with the ancient buccaneers who held sway over the Spanish Main. "The entrance is narrow, but once inside there is plenty of water, and a ship can lie here in safety, completely hidden from the sea by the hills." This description, which has a familiar ring, applies on a larger scale to the harbor of Willemstad itself. There are legends on every hand of those bloodthirsty days in the Caribbean; stories of pirates and filibustering expeditions are a part of the stock in trade of the oldest citizens, and no one could do full justice to the history of Curaçoa without dipping one's pen occasionally in crimson ink.



VANDENBRANDHOF PLAIN, WILLEMSTAD



PLAZA AGUASAL, OTRABANDA, CURAÇOA

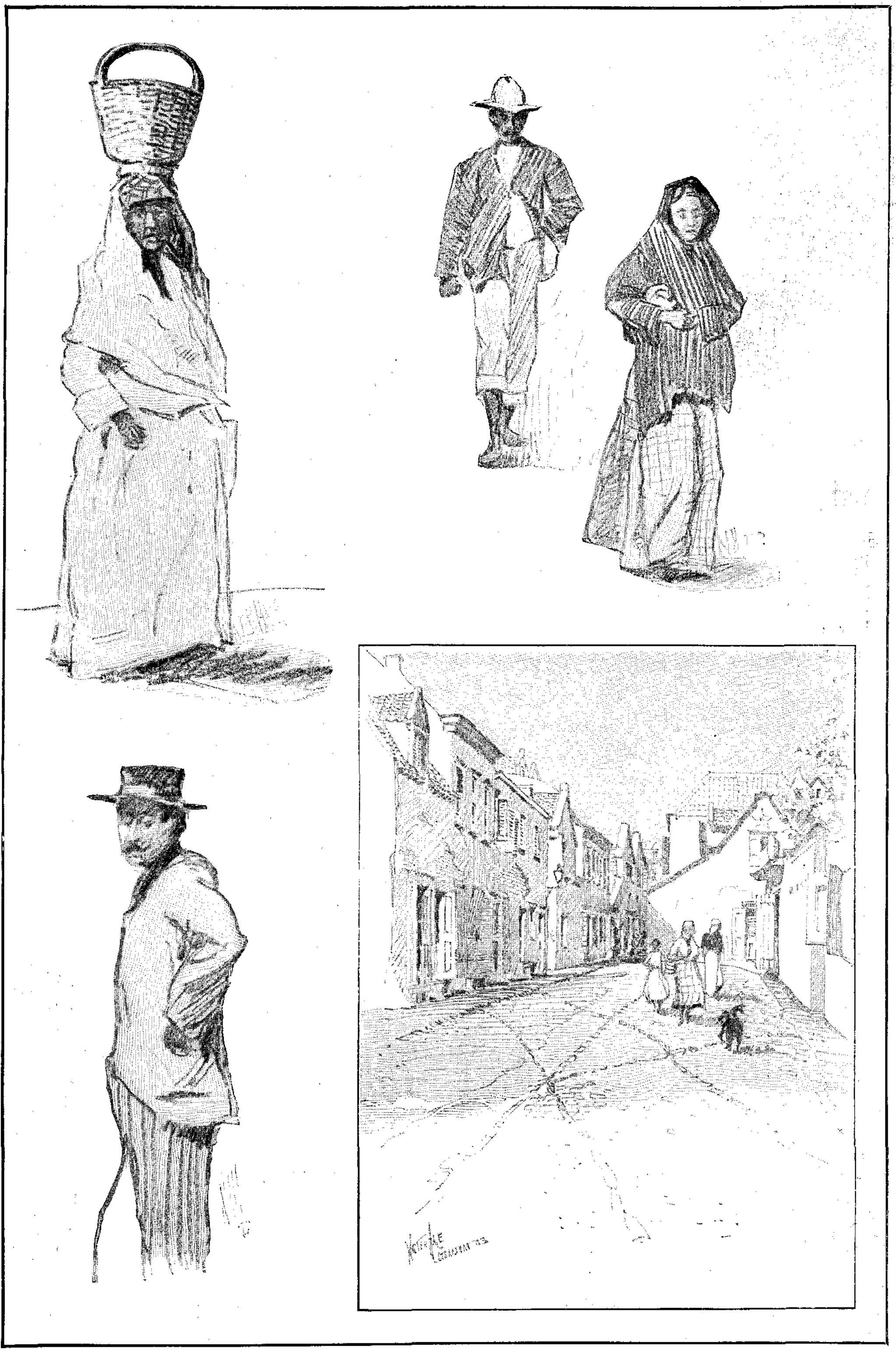
From the sea the town affords a riot of light and color glittering beneath the blazing sun. A white city it is, stretching away on either side of the two grim forts that mark the narrow channel leading into the harbor. It looks as though some picturesque section of old Dordrecht or Utrecht or Zaandam had been transported to the West Indies, given a clear blue sky instead of the moving masses of dark gray clouds, and then whitewashed pink and yellow, blue and green, in place of the somberer, richer hues of Holland.

In the foreground the waves spend themselves against the porous rocks and solid masonry on the shore. Tiled roofs, queer Dutch gables, dormer-windows, stand out against the dead background of the hills, while here and there a church tower or the masts and spars of the ships in the inner harbor rise above the housetops.

Just inside the pontoon bridge—opened and shut with the aid of a puffing tugboat—is the harbor of Santa Anna, a narrow strip of water connecting the Schottegat with the sea. Along the wharves on either side are moored lighters, tugs, steamers, brigs, and sloops—a motley collection. Back of the quay, on the right bank, are the shipping houses, wholesale merchants, and steamship agencies, occupying queer old Dutch buildings with the inevitable tiled roofs and curved white gables. In the first of these houses is the Club de Gezelligheid, where most of the masculine social life of Willemstad begins and ends. They are generally three-bottle men, these Curaçoans, and their favorite pastime is to spend the hot hours of the tropical noontide on the overhanging balcony, where they can follow the busy life along the quay and indulge a craving for liquid refreshment that would put to shame many of our more pretentious organizations in the north.

The Governor lives in a big, plain building on the same side, facing the harbor and the sea, guarded by two or three rusty cannon and a lot of soldiers in short blue jackets, white trousers, and policemen's helmets. The place has all of the license permitted in other seaport towns. By night the narrow streets echo with the shouts and laughter of drunken sailors and discordant music from cheap dance-halls; the disorderly element has things its own way till early morning; but, fortunately, the Curaçoan Tenderloin is confined to a limited area.

If the men of the better class find the life uneventful and monotonous, it must be immeasurably more stupid for the women. There are no theaters or amusements, except when a military band plays in the fort on Sundays and in the little kiosk at Otrabanda on Wednesday nights.



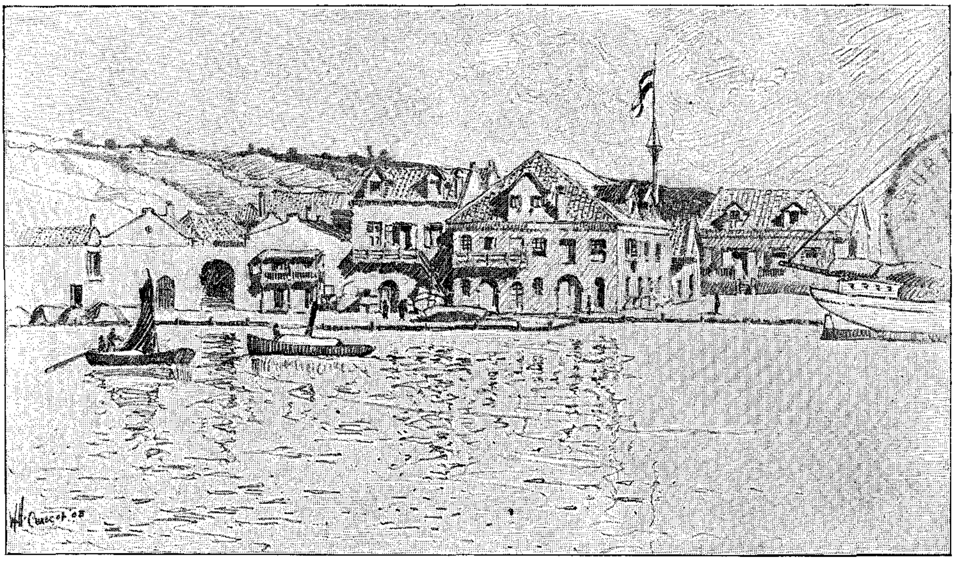
A STREET IN OTRABANDA, CURAÇOA, AND FAMILIAR STREET TYPES

They are seldom seen on the streets, and there is practically no social intercourse between the prominent families. The great event of the year is the Governor's Ball on New Year's Eve, and there are two or three smaller entertainments and an occasional dinner at the Palace.

It is not surprising to find that the larger business interests in Curaçoa are in the hands of Jews. Their Portuguese ancestors were banished, and fled to Holland, whence they were transported by the State, with orders on the Governor of the island for land and mules. There are two synagogues, a Roman Catholic cathedral and a church, St. Mary of the Rosary, which holds a commanding position on the east bank of the Waaj Gaat. The only Protestant church in the place has three cannon-balls in its tower, a memento of frequent bombardments by the British fleet.

The liqueur which takes its name from Curaçoa is made from the dried skins of a peculiarly sour and distasteful orange, but droughts have destroyed the trees, and the fruit is now sent to Holland from other points in the West Indies. A system of windmills, wells, and irrigating pipes has been adopted on the plantations where they raise mangoes, nisperos, tamarines, and long grass for fodder. Water is naturally very scarce in the town, and the hotel proprietor looks offended when you ask for a bath. One can have a good swim in the ocean, in a sort of basin cut out of the porous rock, though it is an enervating exercise, the water is so oppressively hot. A fresh tub is a luxury, and it requires a lot of entreaty in English, Spanish, and Papiamento, the local dialect, before the black "boots" can be induced, for a consideration, to climb over the roof to the cistern and down again on the rickety ladder. The bath is really more like a game. The black boy, armed with a tomato-can on the end of a stick, throws the contents of a bucket of water on the back and shoulders of the bather, who has been standing in a sculptured marble tub that promised better things.

Perhaps the last vestige of the old buccaneering days is found in the fleet engaged in the smuggling trade with Colombia and Venezuela. There is enormous profit in the business with the closed ports on the coast; and of the innocent-looking white schooners tied up along the quay, with the flags of Holland and Venezuela at their mast-heads, one in every five is probably loaded with salt or some valuable miscellaneous cargo, waiting for orders before slipping out and trying to land her contraband, under the shadow of night, in some harbor on the mainland. All of these small craft are not necessarily engaged in smuggling; many are sent on more dangerous errands, with messages or more substantial aid to the Venezuelan



ALONG THE HARBOR OF SANTA ANNA, CURAÇOA

insurgents; for General Matos, since his flight from Chichirivichi after the rout by Castro's army, has made Willemstad his headquarters, and directed many of his operations from this safe vantage-point. With Guzman Blanco's sons, who also find refuge here, and General Hernandez, who was released from prison when a war blockade was declared by the allies, he represents the most powerful opposition to the present head of the Venezuelan Government. The people firmly believe that Matos is receiving aid from the Germans, and that the recent expedition which landed arms and ammunition for the insurgents at Corro was organized in Curaçoa not long after the reported interview between him and Commodore Scheder, when the flagship Vineta was last in port. The revolutionists will have to look elsewhere for a capital, however, for the Dutch authorities have ordered Matos and his friends to leave the island at once.

For years Curaçoa has been the refuge for political exiles and conspirators from Colombia, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, and Hayti. Its strategic advantage as a base from which operations could be directed against the towns of the Spanish Main—which really meant the coast from Trinidad on the east to Colon on the west to distinguish it from the islands—was not only recognized by pirates and filibusters of the early days, but by England, Spain, Holland, and Portugal, all of which fought and negotiated in turn for its possession. Battles between navies of the Old World were fought within view of its harbors, invading armies were beaten off on the low plains about the city, there were attacks at night by freebooters and outlaws, and first the flag of one nation, then of another, flew above the two citadels that guard the entrance to the bay.

During the crisis just over it was of the utmost importance as a coaling station. The allies in general, and Germany in particular, looked with envious eyes in its direction, and if wiser counsels had not prevailed and the difficulty been adjusted by arbitration, the tight little Dutch colony might have had a few more interesting pages added to a history already over-rich in romance and adventure.

* * *

Palm Sunday

By Mabel Earle

Lord, when they lifted up their songs,
  And laid their garments at Thy feet,
Thine eyes looked on beyond the throngs
  Unto that Shadow Thou must meet.
Lord, when the laughing children pressed
  Close to Thy side with anthems clear,
Thy heart foreseeing saw the rest—
  The scourge, the thorns, the cross, the spear.

Lord, by that long foresight of pain,
  Show mercy unto us who see
How soon the night must fall again,
  How short our day of song shall be.
Lord, by the gloom Thy spirit met
  Beyond the praise, the palms, the light,
Be near us when our sun is set;
  Go down with us to meet the night!

Our Age

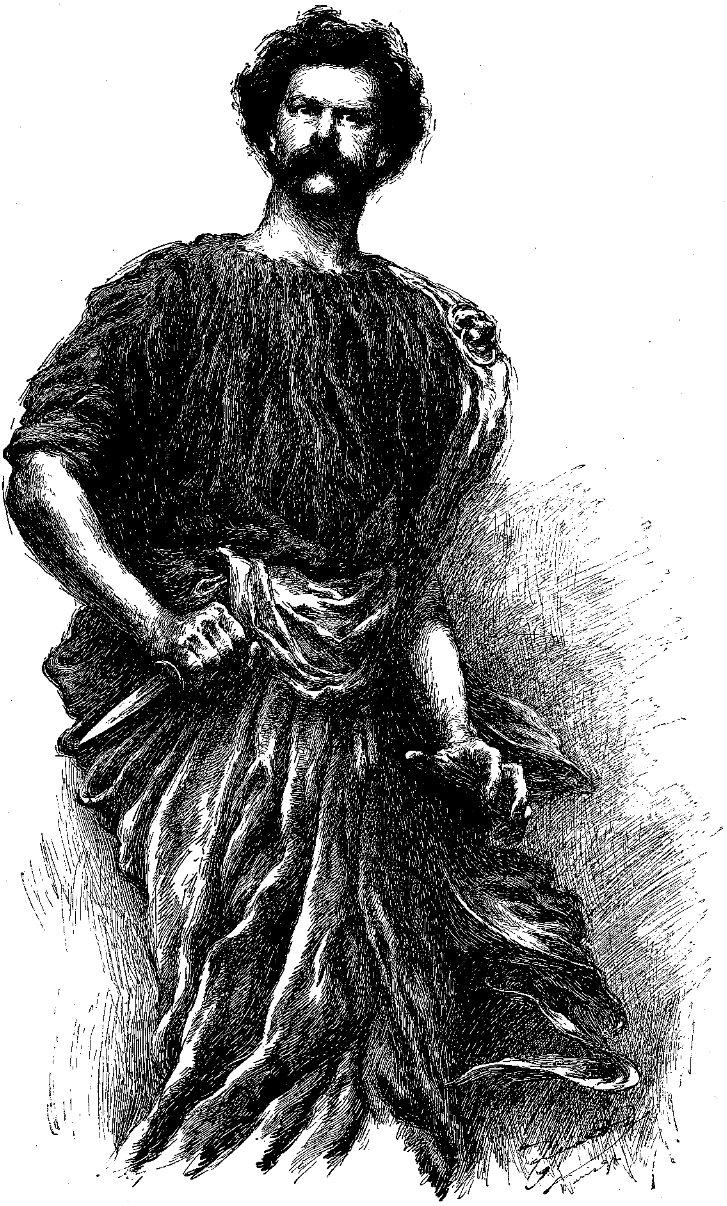
By John G. Whittier

(Not heretofore published)

NOTHING is clearer to my mind than the fact that the world is growing better. It is sweeter, tenderer; there is more love in it. A worthy deacon of the old time in New England once described a brother in the church as a very pious man God-ward but a rather hard one man-ward. It cannot be denied that very satisfactory steps in the latter direction had been taken in the century now drawing to its close. Our age is tolerant as regards creed and dogma, and practically recognizing the brotherhood of the race; it is quick and generous in its sympathies whenever and wherever a cry of suffering is heard. It cannot look on poverty or pain without seeking to diminish their evil. It has abolished slavery; it is lifting woman to an equality with man before the law.

Our criminal codes no longer embody the maxim of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but have regard not only to the safety of the community but also to the well-being of the criminal. All the more for this amiable tenderness do we need the counterpoise of a strong sense of justice. All the more for the sweet humanities and Christian liberalism which are drawing men nearer to each other and increasing the sum of social influence, we need the bracing atmosphere of the old moralities.

It is well for us that we have learned to listen to the persuasions of the Beatitudes; but there are crises in all lives which require the emphatic "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue.



SALVINI AS ICILIO IN THE "VIRGINIE" OF ALFIERI

Drawn by Frederick S. M. Pape

Tommaso Salvini

By John S. Crellin

The author of this article, as probably many of our readers know, is an actor of long experience and of the old school of training. For some fifteen years he has not been actively connected with the stage, except as a teacher of elocution, oratory, and dramatic art, but prior to that time he was identified with the companies of such renowned actors as Edwin Booth and Ristori, while he played in leading parts with Salvini for several seasons, and had, therefore, unusual and intimate opportunities for studying the great actor professionally and for becoming acquainted with his personal traits and character.—The Editors.

"IT was not that I was to the manner born," said Salvini to me, "but that I was to the manner forced. Whatever name and fame I may have achieved in dramatic art I owe to tireless and conscientious effort. The school in which I was coached was a rigorous one. My conception of the parts that I have undertaken is due to the most careful study and observation, and their embodiment and outer covering are the result of patient, almost laborious, endeavor. While it is true that 'the labor we delight in physics pain,' some little weariness must attend the ceaseless work I have done to attain as near perfection as in me was possible."

Salvini was an indefatigable worker. When not traveling he always devoted from one to two hours daily in his room to the rehearsal of the part he was to assume in the evening; and his inviolable rule was to be in his dressing-room at the theater and made up for the part not later than four o'clock.

Owing to the training I received at the hands of the celebrated stage manager, playwright, and actor, the late Mr. John W. Murray, and to his insistence upon the minutest detail of dramatic work, I was enabled, in a measure, to observe and appreciate the almost invisible touches that Salvini gave to his work, which made up the perfect whole—the blending, as it were, of fine shades of color into one magnificent harmony. It was his infinite variety and conception of minute as well as gigantic utterance that gave to Salvini his immense and charming witchery of power. He was noted for his careful attention to every detail in the dress, racial and facial characteristics of each part he assumed. He even used waxen candles as "make-up" lights, claiming that gas as well as electricity produces an unnatural pallor—an undesirable accentuation of physiognomical effects.

While I had never seen Salvini, either on or off the stage, his reputation had excited in me great curiosity, and the fact that his name was to be found in the biographical portion of Webster's Dictionary caused me more awe than my first glimpse of the man himself. It was not that I was unaccustomed to the sight of greatness, for I had been one of the company supporting the great Ristori, and at the close of the season of 1884–5 I was engaged by her manager to support the distinguished Italian in his forthcoming tour. However, I waited anxiously at rehearsal for my first introduction to Salvini as an actor and as a man. I had received the impression—an erroneous one—quite early, that bad actors always act at rehearsals, and that good actors merely mumble their parts, walking through the lines and business relating to them; but at my first experience with this unassuming Italian, whom I found as a man to be so modest, so gentle, and almost diffident, this preconceived impression entirely vanished; and, to my astonishment and gratification, I learned that the greatest actor of our day, if not of all recorded time, at least in the parts he played, was as intense and earnest at rehearsal as I imagined he could possibly be at a performance.

"In order to know what you are to do," he said, "it is necessary that you should know what I shall do before and not after the fall of the curtain;" and while he adhered strictly to the "business" of the play as prearranged by him, so far as that business concerned any member of the cast, I have wondered at his seemingly inexhaustible resource that enabled him to avoid the constant repetition of action, gesticulation, and even intonation which might have tended to make him unconsciously mechanical. In this manifestation of acquired resource Salvini was not alone; all actors who have attained pre-eminence in their profession have manifested it. It is a part of Joe Jefferson's inimitable art; and was inherent in the late Edwin Booth, in whose company I played and whom I studied, admired, and loved. This quality of resource is possessed by many others who are now writing their names upon the eastern horizon of their art, and was possessed by many more who have left their names emblazoned upon its western extremity as they made their final earthly exit. But this infinite variety of acting, born of the pregnant matrix of emotion, I have never seen displayed in so broad a measure as in Tommaso Salvini.

What most impressed me at my first meeting with Salvini was the idea that he was an understudy for the real Salvini who was to appear later on. He looked more like a well-to-do merchant or member of the bar than an actor. He had none of the airs or manner of the great tragedian as I had pictured him. Somewhat disappointed, I said to myself, "Surely this man cannot be the great Salvini about whom I have heard so much. He looks so little like an actor." But the first movement he made as he began to rehearse, before he had spoken a word, convinced me that I was in the presence of a genius—one absolute master of his art.

Salvini was tall and handsome, slightly inclined to baldness, and had a powerful physique. Although he weighed, I should say, about two hundred and fifty pounds, his actions were lithe—almost pantherlike in their perfect grace. His facial expression was phenomenal, inspiring, and—those eyes! I have never seen an actor who could do so much with every member of his body as Salvini could do with his eyes. I have seen him play whole scenes where his body was almost motionless and where the wonderful play and by-play of his eyes was more forceful than the gesticulated action of any other actor I have ever seen. His absolute repose was tremendous action in itself.

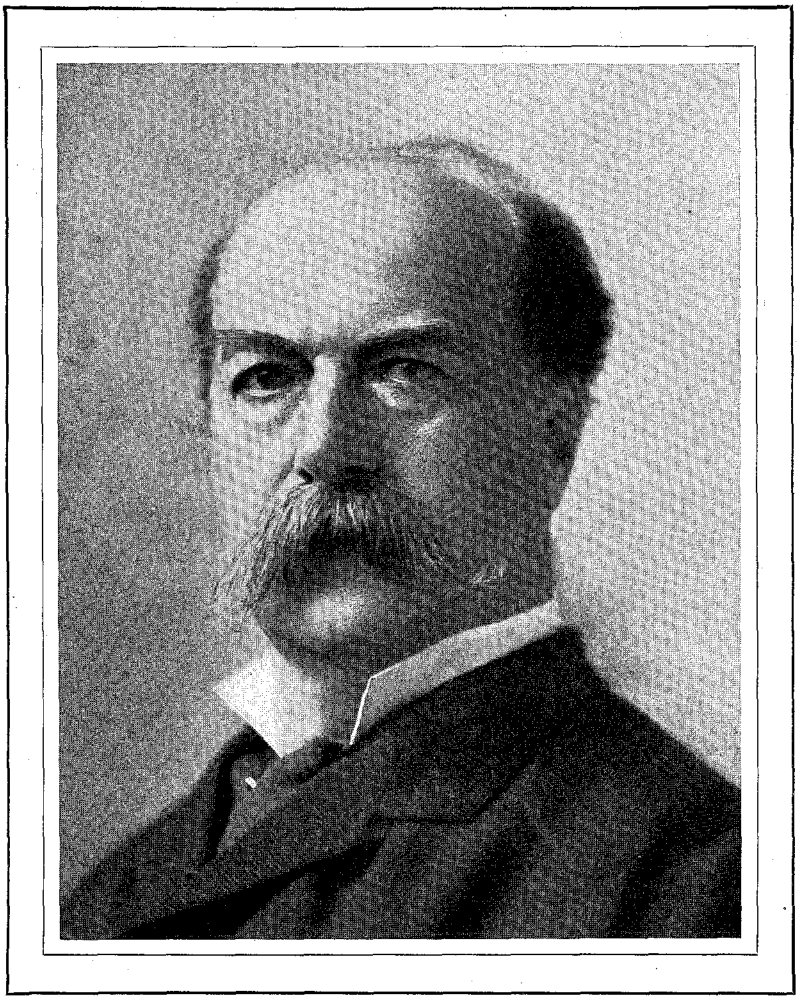
"All our teachers of elocution, oratory, or dramatic art," said he, "overlook or are ignorant of the one indisputable fact that the force of all gesticulation whatsoever lies in the human eye. Dramatic art should follow subserviently like a trained animal and not be ever before one to impede and clog both thought and action, reducing one's work to a condition of automatism."

The question has often been asked, "How did Salvini arrive at his wonderful effects—such telling results from the apparent nothings which many artists have passed over as unworthy of painstaking effort?"

I believe Salvini himself would have found it difficult to answer this question. He possessed that subtle something called personal magnetism which an impartial analysis would doubtless show to be an utter temporary annihilation of self; an absorption of personality in the character assumed; a dual mentality or consciousness; a psychological and indefinable dominance of self by diametrically opposite characteristics. Salvini knew that the constantly changing picture held before the eye, the rhythmic harmony of that wonderfully modulated voice, ever rising and falling like the tones of a perfect instrument upon the grateful ear, together with the conviction of reality from which one had no desire to escape, must not be marred by an inartistic movement.

"The actor," said Salvini, "the moment he enters upon his scene is like a spider in that he spins an infinite number of delicate magnetic threads which attach themselves to his auditors; delicate, yet so perfect in its temperament and strength that each thread binds a member of the actor's audience as with hooks of steel, while he himself is wrapped within the power of his art. But his strength, like that of a shorn Samson, becomes weakness if these threads are broken by the least inartistic motion."

Salvini's husbanding of force, his great reserve of dramatic power, was characteristic of his whole life, and manifested itself in his every-day affairs, becoming a thrift which approached at times too narrow a line, in the opinion of those who did not understand the generous nature of the man, to be called economy. He was not grasping. He was only just, according to others what was due them. But if he



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

TOMMASO SALVINI

did exact the last penny that was due him, certainly his disposal of it precluded the idea of parsimony. As an illustration of this trait of the man's character, I might cite an incident of our Western tour, which was not attempted until the latter part of the season. Our manager was congratulating himself upon the tragedian's very sparing use of candles. He had not used more than a dozen up to our arrival in San Francisco, yet his contract called for two of the largest and best at each performance. However, the next day the manager came to me in great consternation.

"What do you think!" said he. "Salvini has seen some wax candles on Kearny Street and insists upon the full performance of our contract, and now we must carry East with us several boxes of candles among our surplus baggage."

"What will you do with so many candles between now and the time we close?" I asked the Signor.

"They will light my palace at Florence," he replied.

At the opening of our three weeks' engagement in San Francisco Salvini was taken with a severe throat difficulty which prevented his public appearance for a time. While thus suffering he received a cablegram from Italy apprising him of the sudden and unlooked-for death of a beloved brother. Our manager *pro tem.*, who was less reflective than excitable, gave to the public as a reason for Salvini's failure to appear, not that he was ill, but that his grief over the death of his brother was so deep as to prevent his playing. This was placarded before the theater, and the shrewd local manager, taking advantage of the error, insisted upon having every cent of the receipts which were realized during the remainder of the engagement to compensate him for the non-appearance of the star. In this position he was upheld by the courts, which assumed that while a sore throat or other physical disability was a sufficient excuse for an actor's failure to appear, grief, in and of itself, was no bar to a performance, though illness superinduced by such grief would be.

I met the manager one day during this halt in our affairs, and, noticing that he was excited, asked him the reason for it.

"I have just received a terrible shock from Salvini," he said. "I went," he continued, "to the Signor's room to inquire after his health. I prayed all the way upstairs that a decided change for the better had taken place. But as I approached his door, I heard him groaning most awfully, as he paced to and fro like an elephant, yes, like a menagerie. I stopped outside, overcome with despair and fright. But the situation was desperate. Salvini's contract called for a thousand dollars a night and a third of the gross receipts. It had taken thus far all the surplus money realized from Madame Nevada's concert tour, under the same management, to keep us on our feet, and if Salvini should fail to appear during at least the last week of the engagement, it would be a problem how to get the company home. Two-thirds of the subscriptions for seats have been withdrawn. The world at large might recover even from the death of the maestro, but the company not so easy, three thousand miles from home—as well a million. Well, I waited at the door, trembling, but as the groans seemed to increase rather than to diminish, I took the liberty of entering the room without knocking. Salvini ceased his pacing—he was at bay. 'Alas!' I stammered, 'what is it? I know you are worse. You will not be able to play. What shall we do?'

"'No,' said Salvini, 'you are wrong. I shall play, must play for you, the company, the public, myself.'

"'Ah, then you will play!' I exclaimed, rubbing my hands together, for I dared not applaud, as I felt prompted to do, so great was my relief.

"'What shall hinder?' growled Salvini, as he eyed me dubiously.

"'But you are in pain!' I hesitated, as I thought, not of the pain, but of a way to escape from him and vent my gratitude outside.

"'Pain,' he responded, 'yes, here,' and slapped his hand, not on his anatomy, but his purse. 'The doctor has just been here and has ordered me more medicine.'

"'But that is no great calamity,' I ventured.

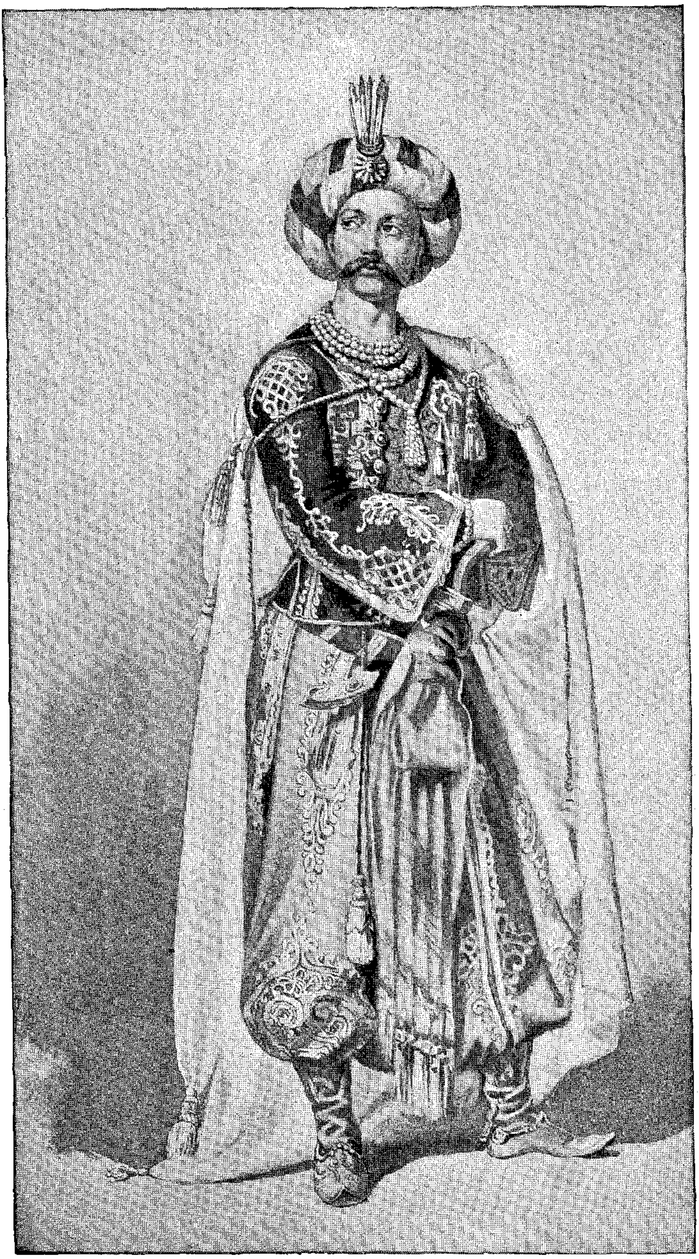
"'No,' he grumbled, 'the medicine is no calamity, but the price is; it's a dollar a bottle.'"

I have often seen Salvini, while traveling in the smoking-car, take from his pocket a penny cigar, brought over from Italy, and mend its cracked or broken end by wrapping it with cigarette paper; and have watched him with interest as he carefully saved the bits of tobacco that flaked off and put them on the window-sill that his manager might smoke them later on in his pipe. I have seen him in apparent, yes, real concern over the loss of a tawdry trinket from his costume, and have noted the smile of genuine gladness that overspread his features when a cheap bone collar-button which he had lost was returned to him. Yet the genuine adornments he wore, the gifts of cities, kings, and peoples, were of immense value. However, these were securely fastened.

As to the other side of the character of this remarkable man, who was not only gifted by nature in every direction of dramatic excellence, but had urged each gift to the limit of its power by unceasing and exhaustive study, it is as striking as the one just described. He always refused to give two consecutive performances of Othello, preferring to play it on Monday and not again until Saturday or Friday.

"It is a mystery to me," he said, "that one can ever hope to reach excellence in his art who repeats his performance of a certain character night after night without intermission until he becomes a machine. Instant advantage of spontaneous thought can never be taken by such an artist, because the thought ceases to flow with any degree of spontaneity."

On our way east from the Pacific Coast



SALVINI AS OROSMANE IN THE "ZAÏRE" OF VOLTAIRE

Salvini played "Othello" at Sacramento, the "Gladiator" at Salt Lake City, and was to have opened with "La Morte Civile" or "The Outlaw" at Denver. When we reached that city, however, its inhabitants, having heard of this plan, were up in arms against it. Any one who has ever witnessed Salvini's rendition of the character of Othello can appreciate the refusal of the people of Denver to tolerate the substitution of "The Outlaw" for the jealous Moor.

Salvini was waited upon by the local manager with the request that the bill be changed to Othello.

"What!" said Salvini. "I played Othello only three nights ago. It is a character which I cannot repeat more than once weekly, and in which I do not dare to become mechanical."

"But the citizens are anxious to see your performance of the part; have looked forward to it for months; must have it."

"Yes, but it is the established rule of my career. I have never departed from it."

"But the people insist; will hold me responsible. Besides, they have made up a purse, and have deputized me to offer you fifteen hundred dollars in cash, in addition to the night's receipts."

Salvini drew himself up to his full height, fire flashed from his eyes, and he gave the manager a look of supreme contempt, replying, as he walked away, "My art cannot be bought."

Before the time for the evening performance had arrived, something most unusual, and, so far as I know, unique in the history of the drama, had taken place. An engrossed petition, signed by the leading citizens of Denver, men and women, beseeching Salvini to alter his resolution and play Othello, was presented to him. While the petition was being translated to the Signor his eyes filled with tears.

"Yes," he replied, "tell the citizens of Denver that they shall see Othello to-night—and without their bonus."

Every one in the caste, even the supernumeraries, was imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and a greater rendition of the sooty Venetian Salvini had never given.

"Othello," said Salvini, in answer to the question, "Which of your creations do you consider greatest?" "Othello is the most familiar and most popular of the characters assumed by me, and must, of necessity, be ranked as first in my repertoire, though not requiring more analytical effort than do many others, notably that psychological masterpiece, Macbeth. Each one of these characters, from Conrad to King Lear, requires the play of an entirely different class of emotions. As to which part is most adapted to the range of my mentality I cannot say. The public is the best judge as to that."

It was the late Marie Prescott who said to a certain noted star, in reply to his assertion, "You cannot act," "Acting is merely a matter of opinion, depending only upon who is the judge."

The unanimous verdict of the public in regard to Salvini's characters was that Othello was the greatest, on account of the tremendous situations and intense dramatic possibilities.

An amusing incident comes to my mind in connection with the Denver engagement. The late Alessandro Salvini, son of Tommaso Salvini, who passed away on the very threshold of his career, was playing Romeo at the afternoon performance with a Denver novice as the Juliet. Fired by the honor the citizens had done his father, the young man gave an effective and manly personation of the character. But in the cell scene with Friar Lawrence, in the vehemence of his disappointment at Juliet's supposed disdain, he rendered the well-known lines, "Tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of my anatomy lies my name?" thus, "Tell me, Friar, tell me, in what vile part of my body lies my anatomy?"

Although Salvini was a law unto himself, imbibing deeply and alone the spirit of the character he assumed, yet he depended for effect largely upon the energetic and sympathetic action of those who were supporting him.

"In order to respond with force," he said, "we must be questioned with energy and accused with vehemence."

He was impatient of any delinquency in this respect. Once he found fault with the lady who played the part of Parthenia's mother in 'Ingomar' for not using enough force in her accusation in the last act where she says, "I tell thee to thy face, thou art a spy and a traitor." She was annoyed, and said, *sotto voce*, "He'll not find any more fault with me. I'll give him the lines strong enough next time to take away his breath."

When she reached the lines that night, we waited for the terrific outburst she had hinted at. It came: "I tell thee to thy face, thou art a tray and a spider!"

Salvini's realism was proverbial. The test of it was its effect upon his audience. But a superior test, perhaps, was its effect upon his support—a supreme measure of his dramatic powers. Men and women who were accustomed to all the chicanery of stagecraft and the witchery of high artistic work—who could, as it were, like the soldier, sleep calmly under the belching cannon—were spellbound by the intense realism of this new luminary.

The lady who was engaged for the part

of Amelia, Iago's wife, which she had played for many consecutive seasons with the late John McCullough, said before the performance, "I have heard that Salvini, when he steals out from behind the curtains after the murder of Desdemona, always frightens the lines out of the Amelia's head. He'll not frighten them out of my head. I could say them in my sleep. If he does scare me out of my wits, I'll repeat them unconsciously, like an automaton."

The performance came off on schedule time. It was at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and, by the way, it was during the only dramatic engagement ever played at that theater. During his three weeks' stay at the Opera-House Salvini gave but four performances a week.

On the night of the opening performance of Othello the "Amelia" braced herself for the shock of the human tiger stealing forth from his jungle, licking his chops still dripping with the life-blood of the murdered Desdemona. But when he issued forth, she saw him, staggered horror-stricken down the stage till an opposing table halted her, and there she stood, speechless, spellbound, absolutely *Medusa-ized.*

"Speak!" fairly hissed the quivering tragedian under his breath. He might as well have said fly. The prompt entrance of Iago saved the situation.

We cannot wonder at the temporary paralysis of "Amelia" when it is known that the great Iago, Edwin Booth, usually so alert and confident, never came on in the final scene with Othello during the notable joint engagement of these two artists that he did not caution those who were to restrain the Moor in his mad rush at his treacherous lieutenant, to "Hold him fast! He'll kill me, I know it."

One night during this engagement, Booth, as Iago, was so completely carried away by the masterful performance of his colleague that, as Othello in his frenzy approached to seize him, throw him to the stage, and stand threateningly above his prostrate body, he backed unconsciously so far down toward the footlights that he fell over into the orchestra and landed on the bass drum with a resounding thump. Salvini reached over, took him by the hand, and, with no more effort than if he were a toy balloon, lifted him up and placed him on his feet on the stage. Ludicrous as the situation was, not one of the audience laughed or even seemed to notice that falling into the bass drum was not a part of Iago's nightly performance, so great was the naturalness and dignity of the "Othello" as he made his exit.

The Signor's strength was enormous, and one special feature of his performance of Othello in his native land was his novel and forceful action during the denunciation of Iago, when, goaded to a jealous rage by the crafty wretch, he picked him up bodily and, holding him horizontally above his head, recited the lines beginning, "Be sure thou prove my love a wanton," then, releasing him in mid-air, stepped quickly back from under him, and as Iago struck the stage he towered over him with extended arms like the very genius of vengeance. The American Iago who played the part during Salvini's first tour of the United States endured the realistic treatment but one rehearsal, and refused to risk head and limb to aid a dramatic holiday or fill a managerial coffer.

A certain member of the cast of "Coriolanus" had cause to remember Salvini's strength for some time, for with one blow of his broadsword the Noble Roman knocked his heavy papier-maché helmet from his head and up into the flies, where it lodged between two pieces of scenery, hid for two acts as completely as though it had evaporated, and there remained until dislodged by the shifting of the scenery. Fortunately for the apprehensive actor, Coriolanus strained the muscles of his hip in delivering the blow, and cut the combat out of future performances, to the actor's great relief.

One of the cast in a minor part of the same play always shouted while he, as one of the conspirators, bore down with drawn sword upon the stricken Roman, "Kill him pleasantly," a no doubt amiable intention if possible to carry out, though the line was written, "Kill him presently."

Salvini was a man of the people, and the lofty dramatic eminence upon which his feet were so firmly planted never separated him from the most humble member of his company. He had served in the Italian Revolution, in which he rose to the rank of General. Hence his title *Il Commanditore.* He graduated from the mimic warfare of the old Italian tragedies into the reality of death and carnage. He was commanding in physique, and possessed that subtle something which the world calls animal magnetism, but which is only a manifestation of powerfully individualized mentality, never reckless, but courageous to the point of prudence. His enormous strength and his voice, like his emotions and his actions, were ever under control. I never saw him even partially lose control of himself but once, and that was when we were playing the "Gladiator." There was reason for it, because if there is any one point about which an actor is supersensitive, it is the preservation of a climax or of some delicate bit of artistic work for which he has striven conscientiously through the entire play. Salvini's death scenes were marvels of realism, and he could forgive the overturning, by accident or otherwise, of any but his mortuary effects. We were playing at New Haven, and many college students had requested to be allowed to act as "supers" that they might in after years recall the fact that they had at one time played in the cast of Tomaso Salvini—a request which was granted.

The last act was almost over. Salvini had not yet stabbed himself upon the still writhing bodies of his enemies. The assistant stage manager, who should have been at the curtain with his finger upon the bell, but, instead, was up at the back of the stage discussing a climax, suddenly realizing that the act was over, rushed down to the first entrance, saw one of the company who was nearly as big, in his make-up, as the Gladiator himself, fall as Salvini drew his reeking blade out of his back, and, mistaking him for the star, rang down the curtain. I could hear the suppressed growling as of an enraged beast, his louder manifestation of lung as he issued from his den, his tremendous and terrifying roar as he sprang upon his prey. It was the great Salvini, who for the moment had lost control of himself.

The Gladiator was one of the most trying parts of his repertoire. In it he embodied all the virility of the Roman with the athletic grace of the Thracian athlete. He had carried his audience with him through the five long acts of the play with seemingly but one climactic point in view—his mighty death-throes. Yet here the curtain had fallen before he had time to "play the Roman fool and die upon his own sword."

I had often wondered if there were any truth in what I had heard of the tremendous lung power that had been ascribed to Salvini by those who fought under him in the noise and carnage of battle. I had often said to myself, "Oh, if he would only let himself out a little!" And this reserve of power, by the way, is one of the great secrets of an actor's strength—that of apparently never quite reaching to the limit; never gesticulating quite so far as the arms will reach; never meeting or moving quite to the point or boundary of absolute expression. Of this Salvini was, more than any actor I have ever seen, the perfect master.

I rose to my feet and stood aside in awe, for surely sound like that never issued from the throat of any beast. It culminated in a roar that seemed to start the trembling rafters as the enraged Gladiator, his face almost demoniac with fury, strode toward the now thoroughly frightened stage manager. He seemed such a little man to me as this giant of the arena raised his arms threateningly above him. Those who have seen Salvini as Othello in his denunciation of Iago, where Othello stands above his prostrate body with one foot raised, as if to blot him out of existence, can partly grasp the force of the picture before me. But in a moment Salvini regained control of himself, realizing his own enormous bulk, accentuated by his wrath. He dropped his arms, looked at the stage manager with contempt, and marched off to his dressing-room. Then I was sure I had heard a voice that would have filled Rome's Coliseum.

The greatness of the man was made still more apparent when, the following day, he made ample apology for his temporary forgetfulness. This incident brings to mind one similar in some respects.

While we were in San Francisco, Salvini was accosted one day on the street by a fellow-countryman. Notwithstanding the reiterated claim of the stranger to Salvini's recognition, the tragedian was unable to recall him.

"You must remember me," insisted the

stranger, "because I played with you in Florence."

"I feel that you are telling the truth," said Salvini, eying him in a puzzled manner, "but your face is strange. I should like so much to recall you. It would give me great pleasure, here, so far from our native home. Did you play a juvenile, a heavy part, or were you one of the priests of Jupiter?"

"I was neither," said the man, looking up at him eagerly. "I was of more importance. I sustained my character in the arena."

"Strange," said Salvini; "surely I cannot recall you. What part did you play? Aufidius?"

"No, Signor, I was one of the lions—had on a lion's skin and growled through the gratings of the arena. You commended me for my voice."

Salvini is said to have loved money. Doubtless he was thrifty, but I am inclined to the conviction that he was thrifty only in the sense that he hated waste. It was a national trait with him, and must not be construed as greed, or in any sense as precluding generosity. Above all else he loved his art. No money consideration could tempt him to sacrifice or even jeopardize his art or his idea of its royal dignity. The saving of tobacco clippings and the eager searching for an indifferent trifle might be accounted an eccentricity—one of the many idiosyncrasies of genius. But sacrifice his art? Never. Not for the mines of Ophir. Had there been avaricious traits in the make-up of the man, would he have refused Sarony one single sitting as Othello, when the price Sarony offered him was fifty thousand dollars? He was averse to a vulgar display of polychromatic posters, which he called "circusing the art." "My art is not for sale," said he. "If the public wishes to see me as Othello, let it come to the theater."

Salvini loved and was in perfect sympathy with those who wanted, he knew, to see him for the sake of his art. He often worried because, owing to the indifferent acoustic arrangement of some of the theaters he played in, those who paid the least were apt to see the least. None knew better than he that the most appreciative portion of the audience is often the most impecunious. This sense, and this alone, prompted him to violate some of his dearest stage traditions. An incident which occurred while we were playing "The Outlaw" will serve to illustrate this.

"The Outlaw" is the story of a man who is supposed to be dying, through five long but intensely interesting acts, of a broken heart. I have known the audience to sit for several minutes after the curtain fell on the last act, under the hypnotic spell of Salvini's realistic death scene. And he was always anxious that every one who witnessed his performance should miss no coign of vantage from which to take in all the subtleties of his art.

One night at the Boston Theater, during a performance of this play, I saw Salvini do what no other would have dared attempt. The apron of the stage, or that part of it which projects beyond the proscenium arch or curtain line, is very deep in that theater. This forms a sort of separating wall which keeps the actor, most of the time, far away from his audience. Towards the end of the act, and just before his great death scene, I saw Salvini do a thing that it is impossible for any but the most accomplished artist to do without being detected by his audience. During one of his most intense speeches he began slowly pushing the furniture of the scene gradually down on to the apron beyond the curtain line. I was astonished. I knew that the audience was so absorbed in watching the facial expressions of the Italian, their attention was so riveted to his personality, particularly that portion of it about his shoulders, that they did not see that he was rearranging the stage before their very eyes without detection. I watched him closely, for I knew that he was attempting one of the cleverest tricks known to his profession—that of distracting the attention of an audience from an object while apparently riveting its attention to it. To succeed in this is an accomplishment indissolubly linked with the cunning of the prestidigitateur, but seldom resorted to by a dramatic artist on account of its seemingly impossible execution.

I knew how averse Salvini was to being called before the curtain after a death scene, as he claimed that it destroyed completely the illusion of the whole performance. "Yet," thought I, "here he is moving the chair in which he dies, and out of which he pitches on to his face after death, so far out that the curtain must fall behind him. Is the man mad?" I thought. "What can have prompted him to break over all the traditions of his career as to die solitary and alone on the stage where the curtain must fall at his back? If he dies there—falls from the chair on his face—surely he must lie there until the audience has departed. And will they depart? Will they not remain standing on tiptoe to gaze upon his prostrate body? Wonderful stage tactician as he is, how will he summon the forces of his thought to lift him out of this dilemma? But no, he will not die there. No one but an insane person would attempt it. He will leave the chairs and tables there, perform some clever stage maneuver, and fall back, too far up stage to be trapped by the descending curtain."

I waited and watched, because every movement of this master was an inspiration. But see, he sinks into the chair as the hiccoughs come bubbling from his throat—the unmistakable symptoms of near-approaching dissolution in those who are supposed to die of heart disease. Many of the audience have half risen, leaning, drawn toward him by that subtle force, those invisible chains, with which he binds them to him. As they watch, horrified, the workings of his features while the pallor of death steals over them, he lurches forward, grasps at the table by his side, half rises as he tries to resume his feet, then pitches forward prone upon his face.

An absolute silence, unbroken even by the orchestra with its departing strains, follows. Then rises this great master of the intricacies of dramatic art before his spellbound audience, as there breaks forth an acclamation which in the Coliseum of ancient Rome would have been heard beyond the Tiber. He bows his acknowledgments, and passes behind the curtain.

I have known many repetitions of that prolonged silence which preceded acclamation and followed some powerfully delivered climax to an act. Salvini was never in doubt as to his effects. His assurance was wonderful. When we opened in Philadelphia, the curtain did not rise until nine o'clock, owing to a delay which we had experienced on the road between that city and Boston. We were playing "The Outlaw," and I thought, when the curtain descended in dead silence at the close of the second act, wherein Conrad describes his escape from prison, that the audience was manifesting a little pique at our tardy appearance, and so expressed myself to Conrad.

"Not at all," he replied, smiling.

"But they are unappreciative, or why this absolute silence? It is more than a minute since the curtain fell."

"Wait," he said, as he raised his finger. For a moment more the stillness that had hung like a pall over the audience seemed to deepen, then a hand-clap broke the spell, and the audience broke into salvos of applause that swept and deepened and spread and thundered until long after the Star had gone before the curtain, acknowledged the ovation, and reached his dressing-room to prepare for another act.

Being and Living

By Emerson G. Taylor

Mine the shadowy wood-way dim:
  Here, in tune with the summer peace,
Stainless I walk, my joy at the brim;
  Thrilled by each moment's mysteries,
My heart poured out, my life a hymn,
  Faring to God and His sweet surcease.

Mine the dusty highway, friend!
  Crowded with men who fight for place,
Sweating and lame. Where I must lend,
  Just as I think to win the race,
A hand to my brother; nor look for an end,
  Glad for a moment's wind in my face.

A PREACHER'S STORY OF HIS WORK[1]

BY W. S. RAINSFORD

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City

I.

I WAS born in Dublin, the 30th of October, 1850. My father was the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, at that time chaplain of the Hospital for the Blind in Dublin. The chaplain attached to a hospital like that was often the center of quite an important ministry; the hospital was almost subordinate. My father was a preacher from the very beginning; he had drawn about him quite a large congregation in Dublin. He was a man of remarkable power then; he was about thirty years old when I was born. My mother was the daughter of a clergyman who was appointed to the living of Dungarvan, in the South of Ireland, by his father, who was, I believe, Bishop of Meath. This is interesting because my great-grandfather was Fox's one episcopal appointment. He was at Eton with Fox, and Fox died in his house in Mayfair. He stuck to Fox through thick and thin; and there has always been a tradition that my great-grandfather had a great deal to do with bringing out what was best in Fox. I noticed in Trevelyan's "Life of Fox" the pleasantest sort of a letter about him.

An ancestor of my father's had been one of Cromwell's right-hand men in Ireland, and in the rearrangement of things had come in possession of a large estate, the last remnant of which had become heavily encumbered when my father was a young man, and he had volunteered to pay his father's debts, which, as you understand, under English law he need not have done. Therefore, during the early years of my life, my father and mother struggled with very real poverty.

Later he left his work in Dublin to become Vicar of Dundalk, a town in the northeast of Ireland, and to become chaplain to the Earl of Roden, a great friend of my father's; and there, in the old red brick vicarage, we children grew up—eight of us. My father and mother at that time had certainly not $1,500 a year to bring us all up on—to school us and everything else. I remember my dear mother, who was a very strong little woman, used to get up at six o'clock every morning to look after her flowers in the garden; a large part of our clothes she made with her own hand; anything very nice we had to eat she cooked herself; she was the soul of brightness; and everything I am I owe largely to her. She suddenly broke down when she was about forty-eight with rheumatic gout—from over-straining—and the last years of her life were spent in blinding torture. She died at sixty-seven, worn out with agony—nearly twenty years of intense suffering. I have never seen in all my ministry pain so persistent and so agonizing.

In Dundalk all my brothers and sisters were born. In England we could not have lived as refined a life as we did in Ireland, on the small amount my father had. Very nice people would come and stay with us. We did not entertain many visitors, but still we did entertain some charming people; and there was in those days a very high tone in the best society in Ireland. There were no country gentry to speak of in the town of Dundalk, and so our house—very simple and plain as it was—was the place where any one of note stayed. Then there were two or three big houses always open to us, and that is a great help to a boy. Lord Roden was well known in England—one of the few good men who still maintained a place in court under George IV., a man of very stern Christian character, though an Irishman, and he was always very kind to me. I remember my first dinner party, in a made-up evening coat at Tullymore Park, a beautiful place (a well-known show place in Ireland to-day) where some of the most distinguished people of the time came. You will see that the life of a poor vicar in Ireland, if he came of a good family, lacked entirely the sordid element. That condition was a good

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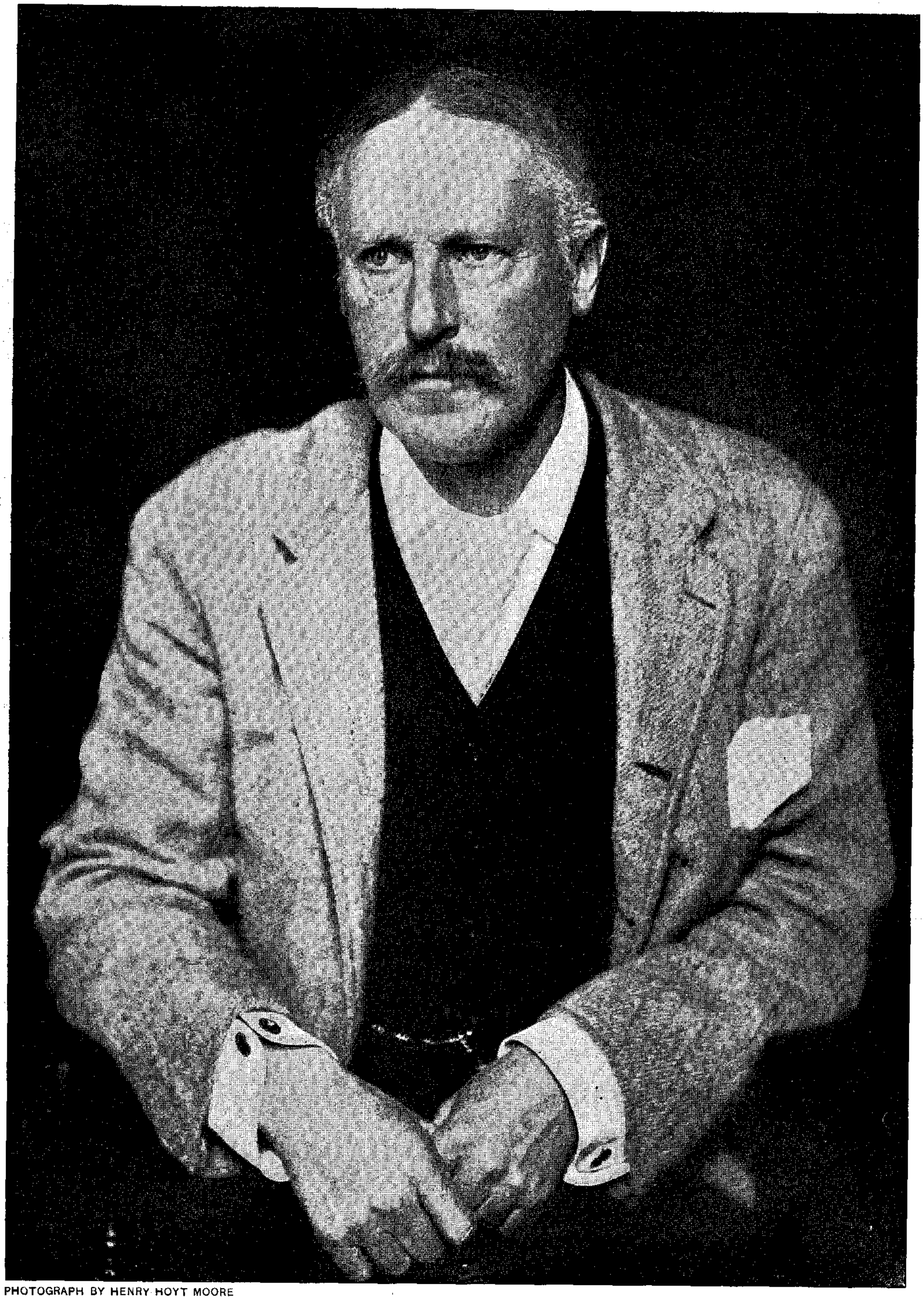


PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

deal because of my mother; an ordinary woman would have sunk under the burden; she did not; for twenty years she accomplished miracles.

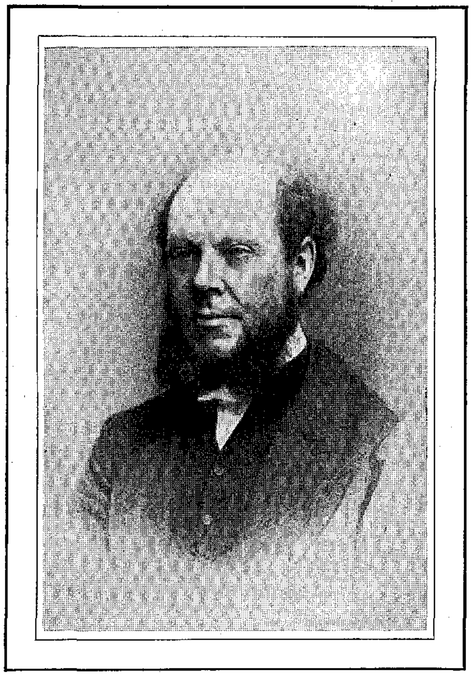
My early life was spent in Dundalk. The old grammar school was the only place where I could go to school; my parents could not afford to send me away. The master of the school, as is often found in Ireland, was a first-rate man—a college man—Trinity College, Dublin; but the other masters did not amount to much. I was a great, overgrown boy, terribly tall for my age and unspeakably thin. Our school hours were long and hard. We had to be there at seven o'clock on a winter morning and do two hours' work on an empty stomach before we could go home to breakfast; then we went back and stayed from ten until two; then a recess from two until four; then returned at four to stay until six.

It was a beautiful place; and one of the blessed things in my life—my love of nature—I got right there. The old vicarage stood facing the bay into which a river emptied itself. There was an ancient quay, and considerable shipping—fishing, coaling, and landing of steamers—mountains 2,000 feet high running down to the sea; and, jutting into the bay, a beautiful mountainous promontory. I can see as clearly as if it were only yesterday the yellow patches of golden grain, the purple heather, the light on the mountains. They were treeless mountains, except along the base.

Whenever I got a holiday, I was off to the mountains. When I was only about twelve years old, I had an almost crazy desire for sport; and I shall never forget one of my first gifts, a small fishing-rod which my father gave me. The only time I had to fish was on Saturday afternoons, and I had to walk three or four miles to a stream where occasionally a trout was caught. I remember when I caught my first trout I ran home wild with delight, and my father gave me half a crown. When I was thirteen years old, he gave me a gun; and after that, for several summers, I arose every morning at four. I had leave from the Earl of Roden to shoot rabbits on his domain, and my mother gave me sixpence for every rabbit I got. Each one was a real addition to the larder. So I used to get up at four and poke around looking for rabbits; sometimes I got two or three, and then off to school at seven. As I look back I wonder how I managed to get up so early, morning after morning, and stick it out on an empty stomach until nine. I think my intense love of the open air, my delight in the open country, and the fascination of pursuing rare game (for it was very rare—if a man shot a snipe or a wild duck he would mark that day with a red letter) kept me up. All such things have much to do with giving a lad certain freedom and certain power to see and find himself, and are of immense value in after life.

My school life in Dundalk was not happy. I was stupid, very dull at Latin and Greek, very shy; I was only really happy when off by myself in the country. I was very much bullied by the bigger boys because I was so tall and thin and shy. I cannot think of any master at that time who understood me. School life was brutal then. The boys did not like my father; I never could quite make out why; he was generally most popular; but I think the boys were obliged to go to church and listen to his long sermon, and they took out their spite on me. I remember often in the morning they would shut me in between the inside and outside doors of the school, and pour a bucket of cold, dirty water down my back; that was not exactly a pleasant thing to begin the day on. Schools have changed much; boys now have delightful memories; I have never had any but unpleasant ones. The master wore very heavy boots, and when I made a mistake in class he would kick me violently in the shins. A mistake in Virgil was announced by a fearful kick on thin, boyish shins with his heavy boots; and if through self-consciousness we did not answer quickly enough to suit him, we got a slashing box on the ear. I did the best I could, too. I always worked hard, saving the two or three hours in the morning which I kept for the open air.

I shall never forget the home training I got on the Bible. My mother made me repeat to her five or six verses every day. However hard my school work might be, I always learned those verses for Mother. It was an invaluable thing to me. So, by the time I left home, I knew a vast



THE REV. MARCUS RAINSFORD

MRS. MARCUS RAINSFORD

DR. W. S. RAINSFORD'S FATHER AND MOTHER

part of the Scripture by heart; that is one thing I never have forgotten—those verses I learned every day. My memory was never even second-class. I remember the boys were required to learn by heart forty lines of Virgil every day, but the master found out after a time that the task, for me, was simply impossible, and he let me off with ten or twenty. I never had a memory. For years and years I have tried to commit to memory a few lines while dressing; but though conscientiously always doing the best I knew in that direction, I have never had a memory; I have had to supplement that lack with a thorough system of memoranda; it has been a great drawback.

At that time there was quite a strong movement in the religious world both in England and Ireland. The great revival in Ireland in '59 made a great impression; the revival swept all over the country and produced some remarkable phenomena. The Revivalist Hymn-Book was one of the results. Before that time, as I remember, there was no such thing as hymnology in the Church. The wave was something more than the Moody and Sankey movement in this country. It was distinctly evangelical. You will find a number of the hymns that came to life then in the Moody and Sankey book; they were ultra-evangelical, as we understand the term. It was a new presentation of the doctrine which my father was really preaching with all his might. By this time he was quite a noted preacher. His pulpit in Dundalk had become quite remarked. He did not know anything but his Bible; he did not know even his Greek Testament; but he was eloquent—one of the first exponents of the early evangelical movement in Ireland. Of course that movement slopped over into hysteria of all kinds. They had the phenomenon of a man falling down in a sort of fit, or trance, and all that sort of thing. Spiritual conversion was supposed to express itself in that form. The best people in the country were swept along in that wave. Laymen went to preaching; my father was in correspondence with scores of people all over the country; it was emotionalism; it moved profoundly the North of Ireland. It did not get among Roman Catholics to any extent; they were divided by a Chinese wall from Protestantism; but it profoundly affected the life of Ireland. I fancy it was similar to the movement which swept over Scotland ten years earlier; but the sober Scotch character was partially saved from the emotional manifestations of the Celtic temperament which belonged to the Irish experiences.

When I was fifteen, my father got the idea that the school in Dundalk was not the place for me. He determined to send me to a boarding-school in Shropshire, England, which was eminent throughout the country for its religious position. My father was profoundly impressed by the religious opportunities this school presented, and I and a brother were sent there. It was a boarding-school, but because of my father's position we did not pay full fee. It was in a most beautiful part of England, but it was a regular hell—a horrible place, although there was a good man at the head. I missed immensely the freedom I had enjoyed in Ireland, and I felt I was learning nothing. We were forced to unnatural religious expression; the boys who professed religious experience were favored and pampered, and the whole atmosphere was unreal, unscholarly, and stultifying to the last degree. It was the unhappiest time of my life. I look back to it with the keenest possible dissatisfaction; it was physical, moral, and intellectual death. But it gave me, perhaps unconsciously, the deepest sympathy with multitudes of young people whose school environment has been unhappy; and it helped me afterwards, I think, to do something, by voice and otherwise, towards helping forward education.

In 1866 my father was called to take charge of St. John's, Halkin Street, Belgrave Square, London. I left this abominable school and went to my father and mother. I cannot exaggerate the extraordinary change that came to me—a slow, raw Irish boy who had spent every spare minute on the mountains and by the streams in Ireland and then had been entirely suppressed in this horrible school; I do not think I was aware myself at first of the momentous nature of this change.

It is only fair to say that my father took the West End of London by storm. He was a holy man, a very eloquent man, he was tremendously in earnest; and he very quickly gathered around him what, as I look back, seems to me to have been one of the strongest congregations in London, from a social point of view. The chapel was soon jammed, not even standing room; and, until the High Church movement took practical shape in the West End of London some years later, he exercised more influence in that section of the city than any other man, I do believe.

I began to get interested in my school life at Kensington, and did a pretty good year's work, until in '67, when I attended the Oxford-Cambridge race at six o'clock and got wet through. A cold settled on my lungs, and I was in bad health for several months. The doctors said I must have change of air, and I went to stay for three months with one of the dearest, kindest friends a man ever had, the late Lord Farnham. He had always been kind to me; and there, in his beautiful estate in the North of Ireland, I got back to the free life of the country—fishing, hunting, and climbing. I did not get worse, but at the end of three months I came back to see the doctor. He was one of the best medical men of the day on pulmonary troubles. He looked me over carefully, and then said to my father, who was present, with almost brutal frankness, "This boy has six months to live." I did not believe him. My father asked what was to be done, and he said, "His only chance is to go to the South of France." The pinch of poverty had gone from our household by that time, but we were not rich. Again kind friends came to the rescue (one of the fortunate things in my life has been my kind friends). They immediately put money at my father's disposal and I went off to the South of France—my second real home-leaving. The first time off to school in England and now to the South of France, an absolutely green boy. I was in most delightful society; the late Duke of Westminster and his wife were very kind to me, and many others, too; I was getting well and strong. I really had a glorious time. I felt that I was not going to die, but that there was something for me to do in the world. I think the time spent in the South of France was of incalculable value.

By this time I was casting about in my mind as to what I should be, and all my hopes and aims tended towards the army, where I had many friends, and where my ancestors had been for many years; both on my father's and mother's side my ancestors had been field officers. I loved the army and made up my mind to go into it. With that intention I returned to England, and was confronted with the question, what to do? I awoke to the fact that I had no proper education, and I worked very hard for six months with an excellent tutor.

During that time something very remarkable happened; I began to be interested in the problem of East London. It was in '67 that the people of London first became alive to the problem of the poverty on the East Side. The East Side Committee was formed, with Lord Ripon, who was afterwards Governor-General of India, Lady Ripon, a type of the high-class Englishwoman, Lady Hobart, a very dear personal friend of my parents, and others. They made about the first effort to grapple with the East Side problem. One of the pathetic things in London about this time was that no one knew what any one else was doing in this way; and yet the tremendous problem was being attacked from many points of view. I suppose the ladies on this committee would be considered emotional to-day, but they sacrificed time and money in trying to get at the difficulty, and in giving help the best way they knew how.

My first visit to the East Side of London was, I believe, the turning-point in my life. I was a gawky boy, but through my father's influence I had *entrée* to some of the best houses in London, so, when this committee was formed, I knew personally half of the members. One day Admiral Fishbourne came to lunch with my father and said to me:

"Willie, come over with me to the East Side of London; I want you to see what we are trying to do there." We went to East London to an old chapel in a dirty street where there were about four hundred poor women working. These women met together twice a week for three hours' work, getting sixpence; I think they also got what they were working on, and when the work was done some one gave an address. They were very ignorant and very poor; there had been no social movement to reach these people, but these charming ladies (no bluestocking type) took the trouble to show these poor women how to work, and talked with them, and that was something. Well, I went to this chapel, talked with the women, asked questions, etc., and when the time came for the address, the Admiral, a great big man, got up and said, "My friends [I hope God has forgiven him the lie], my young friend William Rainsford is here to-day, and has come to make an address." I had no more idea of talking to these people than the man in the moon; I had never even talked in Sunday-school, so when I heard him say that I shivered with dismay and terror. I was only seventeen; there were half a dozen ladies present, of whom I was naturally afraid, and four hundred poor women looking up at me. I seized the Bible upside down and stammered and sputtered something for three or four minutes. The agony of that thing is still vivid in my mind. Afterwards one of the ladies, a sweet Christian woman, came to me and said, "Now you must come back next Tuesday." I went back and I spoke again. I think it was largely conceit that gave me courage, but I had made a beginning; but I think God uses our miserable little sins and mistakes often for his purposes. It ended by my speaking regularly to these women. I liked to go, and they listened. So this work in the chapel had important results as far as I was concerned.

While in Switzerland I had met a young man named Fred N. Charrington, the son of a rich brewer, and among other things we discussed religion, and I talked earnestly about my own religious experiences, which were very real and vital, and a new thing for him. Months afterward, to my amazement, I found Charrington at work in the East Side of London. I met him in this new field; he had got in ahead of me and was working with great enthusiasm. He had entered a little house in Bethnal Green, and went to live there, his people protesting violently. He is living there to-day. Another man at that time was going through a similar experience—H. W., also the son of a rich brewer, who afterwards married my sister; he was also drawn to the work; and, like Charrington, giving up an enormously large fortune to do it.

At that time we knew nothing at all about social service; but we were anxious to help these people. We all spoke in the streets. It was a religious movement—nothing but religion—we had not the slightest consciousness of the social side of it. Charrington really had a social settlement, but he did not know it.

Before long I was deeper in the East Side work than I knew; I had worked pretty hard, and had grown to be a pretty stout boy, although the doctors were not quite satisfied. Strangely enough, about this time the committee determined to send out a batch of emigrants to Canada. There was great distress in East London, and to relieve the pressure somewhat the committee determined to send some families to Canada; and H. W. and I were assigned to select the families. He did most of the work. The doctors advised another change for me, and I was anxious to see the country, so H. W. and I took these eight hundred people to Canada, and saw them settled along the Canadian line. The Canadian Emigrant Bureau took charge of them entirely: we simply brought them over, and got reports of where they were settled. After that was done I wanted to see the States. I proposed to my brother-in-law to go West and shoot buffalo—I wanted to see the great West I had read about as a boy. He met me half-way; he was well off, and I had no money. Off we started. At that time I still thought of the army; I had not thought of the ministry.

It was exceedingly interesting from a hunter's point of view, this great West. We arrived at St. Paul, where the railroad stopped, absolutely ignorant, without maps, and no proper outfit; but, with the ignorance of Englishmen, we thought it would be easy enough to start out and hunt buffalo. We had letters of introduction and of credit from the Hudson Bay Company; and one fine day in '68 we started out with a discharged soldier of the United States army, with the idea of riding to the last United States army post. The country had been devastated by the Sioux Indians; everything was deserted; occasionally we came upon a shack, the walls riddled with bullets; and the farther we went the more discontented our guide got. At last we got to Winnipeg—it was only Fort Garry then. We laid our plans before the Hudson Bay people. They said we could cross the country all right; and we started from that place the beginning of June, with a Hudson Bay convoy, and we never stopped until we reached Vancouver's Land. So I crossed the plains, and saw the buffalo in herds; I lived for weeks with different bands of Indians; I saw long lines of Indian horsemen charging great herds of buffalo; I stayed for days with bands of Indians who had never seen a white man except in war; and I had two or three pretty narrow shaves. It was very stimulating and intensely interesting, though somewhat risky.

We found ourselves at last in the heart of the Rocky Mountains at the end of December, near the headwaters of the Columbia River. We had no maps, and often no guide; sometimes we had to lie hidden all day on account of hostile Indians; our clothes were in rags. One day I nearly split my foot in two with an ax. We were nearing American civilization, and my brother-in-law, with great self-sacrifice, rode one hundred miles, without food and in a heavy storm, to the nearest outpost for help. Three days later the doctor came, but my wound was then much better. It troubled me for years afterwards. After returning to the East we spent two months in traveling over the country and visiting the battlefields of the war. I had seen the "Illustrated London News" occasionally with pictures of the war that had been going on in this country; but I was very immature then, and they did not make much impression. I went back to England in the summer of '69.

When I got back to England, I settled down to hard work. I remember one morning, while studying in the same room where my father was writing his sermon, he suddenly looked up and said: "Well, have you made up your mind what you want to be? The desire of my heart is that you should become a clergyman." I was always emotional; I always jumped before I looked, as my father always said; and at that moment I seemed to have a vision of my life-work. I had just come back from a trip of adventure in a new country; I had always looked forward to going into the army, and it came to me then that, should I go into the army, I was in danger of becoming a man of pleasure; going into fighting for the sake of fighting, into exploration simply because of the love of adventure; and a vision came to me. These moments of vision are known to everybody. I remember the sunlight streaming into the room outlining the pattern of the carpet. I bowed my head and said: "Daddy, if you will send me to Cambridge, I will be a clergyman." That settled it then and there.

My father sent me to Cambridge. I worked pretty hard, but not as hard as I should, and, on the whole, I have not much to say about those Cambridge years. I did not make the most of them. I had the great advantage of attending Lightfoot's classes, and he was very kind to me. Lightfoot was the shyest and biggest-hearted man I met at Cambridge; and he was a great help to me. Some went to Westcott's lectures; but I was not prepared for them; I was not enough of a scholar. When I left Cambridge I knew almost nothing about theology. I simply knew the Bible as my mother had taught it to me. I prayed; I tried to be good.

I passed through a fearful struggle at Cambridge with what is called evil, which first presented itself to me there with terrific power. In my boyhood, and during my strenuous, open-air life in the West, I was not tempted much with evil; but when I came to my full strength and force at Cambridge and had leisure time, evil presented itself with all its seductions. I had a most appalling struggle, and through the mercy of God I came out all right. I think that strengthened me so that years afterwards things that appealed to other men did not appeal to me at all. The intellectual struggle was to come years afterwards; I was then simply a boy struggling with the flesh.

The intellectual struggle really ought to have come then, or ought at least to have begun. It complicated my position that it did not come until later. I simply took things as I heard them; no intellectual ferment at that time touched me; I have no doubt there was such ferment, but it made no impression on me whatever. You know what I mean by a "grind." I suppose if you got hold of one of that sort he would tell you that many men entered earnestly into the spiritual, social, and political movements of the time; but I was not a grind, and not particularly intellectual. I remember one brilliant man at St. John's, a queer, lonely creature who was looked upon as a heretic; but I suppose I should call him very conservative now. No doubt I might have made much more of my opportunities; the conversation at the college table was anything but inspiring; we never got much in the way of politics, literature, theology, or anything else. The most earnest fellows I knew there gathered at the prayer-meeting on Sunday afternoons; over one hundred and fifty men used to meet every Sunday; the meetings were entirely evangelical in character. I cannot recall anybody who touched me deeply through preaching; Dean Farrar I heard, but he did not impress me particularly. Nobody impressed me as did my father; his doctrine was sufficient for me; and his earnestness touched me.

The High Church movement did not touch Cambridge much. I am inclined to think that if you asked any ordinary Oxford man—a man fairly average in everything and not specially prominent in any one thing—he would tell you that the general effect of the High Church movement on the University was grossly exaggerated. When I give my impression, I am speaking for the vast majority of clean, decent, well-bred fellows at Cambridge who went through the University without particular distinction. Another man might come along and give you an entirely different picture of Cambridge during that time; but the movement of unrest did not touch me. I was not at all a prominent man in college. We had athletics, and I might have been a good oar, but I got rheumatism in my back and had to quit just about when I was beginning to amount to something. I might have rowed in the 'Varsity if it had not been for that bad luck. I was second captain for a time in college; but altogether I was a very inconspicuous figure in Cambridge.

So I say I was not affected by any great movement; I do not believe Harvard as a whole is much affected by such things; but I do think there is far more discussion of public things at Harvard to-day than at Cambridge then. Moreover, I think it is hard for you to realize how very boyish we were at that time in England—how immature. I was very immature at twenty-three; perhaps more so than the average, although in a way I had had wider experience than some. My own boys knew more at seventeen than I did at twenty-three. I had nobody to advise me and tell me things as I tell them. My father was as innocent as I was; he knew nothing of the world; he lived in a world of his own.

While at Cambridge I was keeping fully in touch with the East End London work. Whenever I got a holiday, I was off to the East Side. I passed my examinations pretty well, and took a plain degree. The question then was: where to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Life of Teasle

By Arthur Henry

IT was necessary for me to be in the Catskill Mountains one Sunday in the latter part of October. The nearest railway station to my point in the mountains was Tannersville. The station agent at Syracuse from whom I inquired looked at me pityingly.

"You must be mistaken in the time of year," he said.

I assured him it was not the pursuit of pleasure that took me into the cold and stormy altitude, and he consulted his timetables and advices.

"The Otis road," he said, "has stopped for the season. The nearest place I can land you is at Saugerties."

Saugerties is a little town on the lowlands along the Hudson River. From there it is more than a twelve-mile drive up the mountains to Seifferth's farm. I telegraphed ahead for a livery rig, although I knew it was something of a risk to order one in this offhand manner for such a drive, before the price of the trip had been agreed upon; but when you have a road like mine to face, after dark, every moment counts.

When I arrived, the night had fallen very heavily over Saugerties. A light hanging below a buggy behind the station, a faint, creaking sound of the harness on a restless horse, directed me.

"How much will this cost me?" I asked.

"Where are you going?"

"To Seifferth's."

"Where is that?"

"Why, it's up on the mountains—about six miles this side of Tannersville."

The driver whistled, in token of surprise and uncertainty. "Well," he said, "I didn't expect such a trip."

"You were informed of it in the telegram," I said, severely, suspecting in this a ruse by which I was to be filched.

"Well," he said, with sudden cheerful resolution, "if that's where you want to go, I don't suppose any other place will do you."

"How much?"

"Four dollars is what we get for a trip up there."

It was too dark for me to see his face, but there was a pleasing frank and friendly quality in his voice. I felt that he would be open to reason and persuasion.

"Don't you think," I said, "that three dollars would be a fair price?"

"I will tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll split the difference. I won't quarrel with you, anyhow."

I got in, and drew the lap-robe around my legs.

"I am in no way fixed," he said, "for such a trip. This horse is not used to the mountains, and is pretty slow. This buggy is light, and I am afraid you'll find this lap-robe pretty thin, for a cold drive."

I turned my coat-collar up and settled back against the seat without reply. I hoped this driver would not talk. Some years had passed since I had been in the mountains—this very drive across the lowlands and up the gorge of the Kaaterskill Clove was associated with romantic memories. I wished to enjoy them undisturbed. At the moment of starting, however, I realized that the driver was even more companionable than I had feared, and if I were to enjoy my journey in my own way, I must close my senses to his chatter, availing myself of an art long since acquired—the art of heedlessness.

"This livery-stable life," he said, "is a tough one. Now, here am I. I haven't been by my wife a night for over a week. There ain't a rougher lot of men in all the world, I guess; but I tell you it's easy to get into bad ways, living as we live. I haven't had my clothes off for nine days, now. Take it to-night. It'll be twelve or one o'clock before I get back; of course I can't go home. It would only rout the wife out from her sleep, and I have to get up by five o'clock, anyhow, so there wouldn't be no use. I'll just lie down on a floor somewhere in the stable. If I was given to drink, now, it would be a big temptation. When you work like that and get no sleep, a little liquor, you think, would brace you up. But it don't. I have found that out, and I leave it alone. There is lots of the boys that can't leave it alone when they've got to drinkin' it once.

"I wasn't always in the livery-stable business. I used to be a private coachman once, and it was all my own fault that I didn't stay there. I worked for a good man, too. Mr. Randolph Barlowe—maybe you've heard of him. He's got a stable of fine horses, I tell you."

The pleasant voice of the man beside me had continued so far without a break. There was romance in his musical inflections, a world of humor, of pathos, of warm humanity enveloping his words and glorifying them.

"What was the fault," I said, "by which you lost that place?"—thinking to myself that this loss had been the means of teaching him the folly of liquor.

"Well," he answered, pleasantly, "Mr. Randolph had two sons—Mr. George and Mr. Louis. Mr. George, the oldest boy, is a fine man; so long as he was there and had charge of things, there was never any trouble. He liked to see the place kept up and the horses well fed, and sleek, and full of mettle. But he got married and went away. Mr. Louis was what you might call a mean boy. He was so mean, you might say, he wouldn't eat what he wanted. He was always nagging at me for feeding the horses too much; but, of course, he was Mr. Randolph's son, and I stood it without ever talking back. One morning I pulled the wagon out I used for exercising, and one of the nuts fell off. I thought that was very queer, but I took a wrench and put it on again, and examined all the other wheels, but they were tight. When I drove out, Mr. Louis was standing on the porch. I said to myself, 'Well, Mr. Louis, if you're standing there expecting to see me pitched in the ditch, you'll be fooled this time.' When I got back I examined all the wheels again, and found them right. The next morning, when I pulled the wagon out, the same thing happened. Well, of course, I knew somebody had been tampering with the wheel. It happened that Mr. George came around that morning, and I told him all about it."

"Well, I guess Mr. George spoke to Mr. Randolph. Anyhow, it didn't occur again. But it got to wearin' on my mind. Of course, after that I never could take a buggy of any kind out of the barn without examining every bolt and nut on it. And every time I used the harness, I had to look it over carefully. Then, too, I got to fearin' there might be some damage done the horses, maybe. I wasn't easy in my mind no longer. So one day I says to Mr. Randolph:

"'Mr. Randolph,' I says, 'I guess I'd better go.'

"'Why, Teasle,' said he, 'what are you going for?'

"I didn't like to say anything, but he kept insisting, so I said:

"'Well, your son, Mr. Louis, he don't like me. And, of course, Mr. Randolph, he's your son, and he oughtn' to have anybody around here that is irritatin' to him. 'Tain't good for him to feel that way.'

"And so I left that place."

"Do you get better pay at the livery-stable?"

"Oh, no, I don't get so good. Mr. Randolph gave me thirty-five dollars a month and house rent. At the stable I get nine dollars a week, and that's all. It's pretty hard to pay house rent, to feed and clothe your family, on nine dollars a week. But," he said, with a cheery emphasis on the "but," "maybe I'll get something better sometime. I think maybe I'll have a better life than what I have had before I'm through, though, of course, I don't know. It's a little better," he said, after a pause, "in one way, than it used to be. I've got four children. My oldest daughter, now, she's married."

"Did she marry well?" I asked.

"Well, yes, she did. Her husband is

doing well, but, of course his business isn't just what it ought to be. He runs one of them hotels in New York—sells liquors, you know. Of course that isn't right. It worries me a good deal. He's just as nice a feller as ever was, and is good to her, and I guess he don't drink a drop himself, but he gets his money that way, and it won't come to any good."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I am forty-eight. Been married twenty-eight years this fall."

"Born around here?"

"Yes, up the mountains in Quarryville. My father was a stone-cutter by trade—worked in the quarries. When I was a boy, I was always working around there, too. Got my first job shoveling dirt, taking off the top cover of the quarry. I worked along at pretty good wages, and finally got to handling the mallet myself. When I was twenty I got married—to one of the neighbors' girls I had always known. Of course I was young then, and didn't realize but that everything would go just as it was a-goin'. We got a little house, and I bought a cow. For a while we did first-rate on what I earned, but about two months after I was married I got sick, and never left my bed for 'most a year. When I got round again, I found that wages had gone down in the quarry. It was at the beginning of winter, and bad weather. All my money was gone, and I owed a lot beside. While I was wondering what to do, I heard from a fellow, O'Toole, who had gone from Quarryville to a place in Pennsylvania. Work was plenty there and steady even in bad weather. Well, I was standin' outside my house and wonderin' how I could get to Pennsylvania, when Mr. Howard came by, and I said to him:

"'Mr. Howard, you want to buy a cow?'

"'I don't mind if I do,' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'come in and look at mine.'

"He looked her over and says:

"'How much do you want for her?'

"'Forty dollars.'

"'Is she all right?'

"'Well, Mr. Howard,' I says, 'there's just two reasons why I want to sell her. One is, she cut one of her tits—cut it on a barbed fence. You can see the scab there now. Of course, if it cut clear through she'll be a three-titter.'

"'Well," said Mr. Howard, 'I don't want a three-titter.'

"'She's a splendid milker, you know that, and, of course, the cut may not hurt her any, but I tell you, I want to sell her bad. I want to go to Pennsylvania to-night, and I haven't a cent. If I can sell this cow, I can go out there and get work.'

"'Well, Teasle,' said Mr. Howard, 'I'll give you thirty-eight dollars for the cow.' He pulled out his pocketbook, and I took the money.

"I went in the house, and saw my wife in the kitchen ironing.

"'Molly,' I said, 'I want you to get my things packed right away. I am going to Pennsylvania, and the train leaves in an hour and a quarter.'

"Well, she just stood and looked at me.

"'What do you mean?' she said.

"'Now, Molly,' I said, 'you'd better take that iron off your dress, or you'll burn a hole in it. I want you to get my things packed right away. I am going to Pennsylvania to get work.'

"'But you can't go,' she said; 'you haven't the money.'

"'I've sold the cow,' I says, 'for thirty-eight dollars. Here's twenty-eight for you. That will keep you comfortably until I can send you more.'

"Well, she looked kind of white and scared, and I took her by the arms and said:

"'You know, Molly, I can't get work here that will be steady and keep us and pay my debts. Now, I can get good wages where I'm going.'

"'Well,' she said, 'of course, if you must go, you must.'

"So she packed my things and I left right off. I heard her crying in the door, but I didn't look around until I got to the bend in the road. When I turned around, she waved her apron. As I lost sight of her and the house, I remember that I started in to cry. I had never been away from there before, and it was hard to leave Molly that way.

"When I got to the place in Pennsylvania, I saw O'Toole, and he arranged with the boss there to let me come on and cut until the week was out, and then my wages would be fixed. Of course I went in there as a first-class stone-cutter, for I made up my mind, if ever I was going to be one, now was the time. Well, they gave me a stone slab to cut sixteen feet long.

"'Now, take your time,' says O'Toole to me. 'You ain't hurried here as you are in Quarryville.'

"So I did. I just set that stone up and made up my mind that I was going to cut it nice. I just put all idea of how long it would take to cut it out of my head, and I says, 'If I just stand here all my life a-cutting this one piece of stone, I ain't goin' to cut one bit faster than I can cut nice,' and I was just as cool and easy as might be. But, of course, I can't take all the credit myself. It is a curious thing to me how near you always can come to failing, and how it is just a little accident, perhaps, or a word spoke in time, or something, that your whole life seems to turn upon. Now, if left to myself, I would have turned the bevel, as we do in Quarryville. But O'Toole, he says to me, 'How nice it would be, Charley, if you could just turn the bevel.' And I said, kind of surprised, 'Well, can't I turn the bevel?' And he said, 'You take my advice, Charley, and don't you turn the bevel.' So, as I was cutting alone, the boss came and watched me for a while, and, afterwards, in speaking to O'Toole about it, he said, 'That young fellow, I guess he will do. He seems to know the business. If he didn't, he would have turned that bevel.'

"When Saturday came I went to the boss, and says, 'Well, now, how much pay am I going to get?' He said, 'Well, Teasle, we pay from $2.25 to $2.75 a day. Now, what do you think you ought to have?'

"'If you leave it to me,' I said, 'I will take $2.75 a day.' He says, 'Well, Teasle, I have watched your work and you satisfy me,' he says; 'specially I like that first stone you cut.' He says, 'I've got that up there in my office now alongside of one Bill Bates cut some years ago, and that is supposed to be the best-cut stone this quarry ever turned out; but,' he says, 'think yours is a little the best.' He says, 'Yours is all out of tine, while Bill Bates' is about one-sixteenth of an inch out of tine on one end."

"What's tine?"

"The bevel. Well, as I was saying, the work was very steady there all that year, and I wasn't sick a day. It cost me $12 a month to live there, and all the rest I sent home to Molly, and she paid my debts. Of course we kept the post-office pretty hot, it being our first parting. I liked the work first rate and never could complain of the boss, but Molly was always anxious about my working in the quarries. You see, her father, my father, and my brother had all died there in Quarryville of stonecutters' consumption, and it made her anxious about me. I have often thought if I could have stayed right there that things might have been different with me. The time I left the quarry in Pennsylvania the boss, I guess, thought more of me than he did of anybody. He had got to rely upon me for almost anything he wanted. Just the day before I left I was cutting away at a stone when the boss came to where O'Toole and I was working, and he said, 'I've got to get that rough stone out at once. I hate to be balked this way. But that driller can't seem to make his drill work right.'

"Then O'Toole, who was working near, he spoke up, and he says, 'I will bet a month's wages against a week's wages that Teasle can drill more holes in a day than the fellow you have got there can drill in a week.' 'Well,' the boss says, 'Teasle, I am terribly anxious to get that rough stone out, and it means a good deal to me to get it out right away, and I wish you would take that drill in the morning and go to work.' 'Well,' I said, 'I didn't come down here to run a drill. It's pretty dirty work, and, besides that, that driller would not feel very good toward me if I took his place.' 'I will fix that,' said the boss. 'I will make it all right with him and with you.'

"Well, I asked him how many holes there were drilled already—what the distance was to go, and how far apart the holes were to be. 'How long,' I said, 'do you think it will take, now, to finish up that job?' He said, 'If you're as spry as O'Toole says you are, it ought not to take you more than two days and a half.' 'Well,' I says, 'will you give me wages for two days and a half for the job?' and he says, 'Sure I will.' So the next morning I went up and started in to drill. But I had not gone but a few inches before I saw what the trouble was with the drill. I got some pieces of steel from some hoops and fixed it so it would do, and went to work. When it came four o'clock, I signaled to the engineer to turn off steam and laid down my drills and left the quarry, washed my face and hands, and changed my clothes, got the evening paper, and sat down in the rocking-chair beside the door, and when the boss came up to supper, there I was, and he says, 'What are you doing here?' and I says, 'I am reading the evening paper.' 'Well,' he says, 'I told you I wanted to get that rough stone out. If you found you couldn't do it, you might have told me.' 'Well,' I says, 'the job is done.'

"'Teasle,' he says, 'I don't want you to leave me,' he says; 'if you will stay and run these drills, I will give you $3.50 a day.' Of course that was pretty big wages, but I told him no, I was going home, and I went. Somehow, ever since the thought of going home had come, I had got awfully homesick.

"Well, when I got back I thought to myself that I'd lease a quarry up in Quarryville myself. I was sure I could run it better than was being done and make good money. But the day I got back to Saugerties I met Mr. Randolph Barlowe on the street, and he says, 'Teasle, I want to hire you for a year.' He says, 'If you will come and be my coachman, I will give you thirty-five dollars a month and your house rent.' So I went home to Molly and told her.

"Well, then, Molly went to pleading for all she was worth.

"'Your lungs are all right now,' she said, 'but you don't know how soon it will get you. I wish you would go as coachman. You may make less, but we can live on that and save a little besides, and then I won't be worrying about you.'

"Well, I have always thought that when a man is married and his wife was faithful and good, that he ought to do as near as he can what she wants him to do; and so at the end of the week I went with Mr. Randolph Barlowe as coachman."

Constant as had been Mr. Teasle's flow of words, he had found a place, whenever necessary, for an admonition to the horse. He kept the animal moving briskly with his "clicks," and "Come, Baby's," and tappings of the whip which were more like caresses than blows.

As we left the lowlands and began the climb among the foot-hills, now ascending an elevation, now dipping into a precipitous hollow, I was surprised at the unhesitating manner in which he swung around the abrupt corners of the road, which in many places skirted the very edge of a ravine on one side and a wall of rock upon the other. The lantern under the buggy cast its light a few feet beyond the horse, making the outer world of darkness even more impenetrable. When we arrived at the base of the mountains, we crossed a brook that came roaring down the yawning gorge, and began an abrupt ascent. For several miles the road clung to the mountain-side, creeping along ledges just wide enough for a single wagon to pass. It was impossible to see very far into the increasing depth below us. Around us rose the mighty mountain, covered with a dense growth of forest through which a fitful, impetuous wind was ever stirring. As the night advanced it grew very cold. Mr. Teasle, as he talked, continually slapped now one hand, now the other, upon his knees. But he never complained. During the long and dangerous drive of four hours he was busy with the memories of his very simple life. It is impossible to retell it word for word, with all of the infinite detail, as he recounted it. All the principal events, however, I have recorded—a year of sickness, the sale of his cow, the cutting of a stone entirely out of tine, the handling of a drill for a day, his dream of becoming a quarry operator abandoned at the plea of his wife, a peaceful two years as coachman at thirty-five dollars a month and house rent, the enmity of a malicious boy that drove him, through lofty considerations, to the hard life of a livery stable at nine dollars a week.

This was a very simple life indeed, but the story of it thrilled me as I listened. Here was a nature strong in the qualities that make this country great—a nature at once gentle and vigorous, resourceful, ambitious, and courageous. The principles of morality, of human relationship, of truth and honor, that civilization has established through the ages, were more than precepts to him. They were rules to live by, and he had lived by them. He became for me, as I rode and listened, a man to fit the mountains we were driving through, for he seemed as elemental and as majestic as they.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Apostolic Order and Unity. By Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 151 pages. $1, net.

A strong protest is made here by a missionary of the Anglican Church against the divisive theory "based upon the so-called apostolic succession of the Diocesan Episcopate." The body of the work is devoted to an examination of the early church fathers down to Polycarp, with the result of finding no support for a theory which unchurches the non-episcopalian bodies. This theory, as held by Bishop Gore in his work on "The Church and the Ministry," is strongly condemned. Dr. Bruce testifies to the evil effects of it in the missionary field. His argument and testimony appeal especially to his own Church, which he holds responsible for a serious evil.

Book of Beasts and Birds, Written and Illustrated with Photographs from Life (A). By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×7½ in. 132 pages. $1.50, net.

One notices first the extremely tasteful decorative cover design of this volume, then the great abundance of animal photographs direct from nature; finally the clear and explicit information about beasts and birds, plainly written, but thoroughly scientific.

Bible and Modern Criticism (The). By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 281 pages. $1.50, net.

The late Joseph Cook, a man of extraordinary intellectual power, undertook to explain to his Boston audiences the then comparatively new science of biology in a series of popular lectures; and for all his pains got called a "charlatan" by the eminent scientist, Professor Asa Gray. Mr. Cook's mistake lay in supposing that outside knowledge of his subject, derived from books, put him on a level, for the purpose of popularizing the science, with the inside knowledge derived from the processes of the laboratory. The same mistake is committed by the intelligent layman who writes this book, and the pious bishop who writes its Preface. They have simply an outside knowledge of their subject. It is rather ludicrous to hear Sir Robert say that when the text of the Authorized Version differs from that of the Revised Version, one may assume that the former is correct. Bishop Moule, while commending the work in general, wisely takes some exceptions to it. Sir Robert far overshoots the mark in terming the progress of the higher criticism "an apostasy unparalleled in the history of criticism." One who has read so far need read no further except in curiosity. As to Bishop Moule's logic, assuming that Jesus' frequent phrase, "It is written," puts the stamp of his authority upon the entire contents of the Old Testament as nowhere defective or erroneous, it is of the kind too often heard from the pulpit. Sir Robert is right in his "warning against identifying the fact of inspiration with any definition of it, or with popular theories respecting it." If he had comprehended the full import of his words, and reasoned consistently, he would have written a better book.

Conjuror's House: A Romance of the Free Forest. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 260 pages. $1.25.

A strongly knit and dramatic tale of an outpost of the Hudson Bay's Company; of a fur-trader who dares to invade the dominion ruled over by a powerful old Scotch factor; of the free trader's narrow escape from being made to take "la longue traverse"—in other words, to be forced to fight his way out of the wilderness without rifle or provisions; of his sudden love for the old man's daughter, her aid in his escape, their capture, and finally of reconciliation and happiness. The flavor of romance and the spirit of the lonely life of the frozen North are everywhere felt. Undoubtedly the book holds the reader's attention closely; and while it is slighter than "The Blazed Trail," it has a certain unity of purpose and form not in the larger work.

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×8 in. 343 pages. $1.50.

A historical romance of Cromwell's time, written with spirit and vigor, and decidedly original in plot. One resents a little, however, the literary trickiness which deliberately leads the reader to believe one thing all through the story in order to give him a shock of surprise at the end, when the valiant warrior and Puritan who gives the book its name turns out to be a woman.

Der Talisman. By Ludwig Fulda. Edited by Edward Stockton Meyer, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 171 pages. 35c., net.

Dr. Wells, in his "Modern German Literature," published in 1895, puts Ludwig Fulda in the same school with Sudermann and Hauptmann, and not unnaturally, for Fulda's "Verlorenes Paradies" and "Die Sklavin" had recently appeared. These unpleasantly realistic plays mark the period when Fulda was carried away by the success of the naturalistic drama, under the lead of Hauptmann and Sudermann. At the present time, however, Fulda's works show emancipation from that influence. Not only are they written in direct defiance of it, but, by their exquisite artistic expression, they give to their author a pre-eminence among modern German writers. Even the ultra-realists have become so impressed by this that both Hauptmann and Sudermann have changed their course, and have now gratified the world, the one with "Die versunkene Glocke," and the other with "Die Drei Reiherfedern." But Fulda still remains the leader in fine fancy and in feeling for form. With a Teutonic weight and sincerity, he possesses, as Dr. Meyer points out, a lightness of touch and graceful felicity of language not always found in German writers, and reminding rather of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The most popular of Fulda's works, "Der Talisman," may also justly be regarded as the masterpiece of modern German drama. The play is a satire upon William II., his court, and the German political parties. When the great Iron Chancellor was summarily dismissed in 1890, the young and comparatively inexperienced ruler was accused of ingratitude and megalomania; in the present volume we find a keenness of thrust such as has not been in literary evidence since the days when, in "The Knights" and "The Wasps," Aristophanes satirized the demagogue Cleon and his political tyranny. As a picture of modern conditions in Germany, therefore, "Der Talisman" has value aside from the masterly manner of its recital. American readers will appreciate this edition, which includes many illuminatively biographical and critical notes; those which concern the actual text, however, would be better placed at the bottom of the page than at the end of the volume.

Development of Muslim Theology, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Theory. By Duncan B. Macdonald, M.A., B.D. (The Semitic Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 386 pages.

Not only the growing interest in the study of comparative religion, but interests of a very practical kind, give timeliness and importance to the appearance of this work in an unoccupied field. There are, indeed, movements in the Muslim world which give reason to competent observers to affirm with the present author that, as in the days of the Crusades, the Christian North and the Mohammedan South will again meet in a conflict that "will cast into forgetfulness even the recent volcanic outburst in China." It is certain that Mohammedanism is by no means a spent force. It exhibits to-day a vitality as strong as Roman Catholicism. As Mr. Macdonald points out, there is a movement of revival and reform in Islam to-day remarkably parallel to that counter reform in the Roman Catholic Church which followed upon the Protestant Reformation. And among the factors in this reforming movement, the revival of the Augustinian theology by Luther and Calvin is singularly paralleled by the reviving influence of a Muslim theologian who lived within a half-century of Augustine, Al-Ghazzali, "the equal of Augustine in philosophical and theological importance," whose teaching is now dominant at Mecca. Al-Ghazzali's creed, in eight closely printed pages, "intended to be committed to memory by children," is marked by a sublimity and a hardness in close affinity with Calvinism. On the other hand, as Mr. Macdonald notes, he has points of affinity with Ritschl. The two "hopeful signs in modern Islam" are the tendencies on one hand to the simple monotheism of Mohammed, and on the other to an agnostic mysticism. It is, however, a militant civilization that stands athwart the advance of Christianity. For a better understanding of it Mr. Macdonald's work is eminently helpful.

Exits and Entrances. By Charles Warren Stoddard. The Lothrop Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 375 pages. $1.25, net.

It is a good many years since Mr. Stoddard published that delightful book "South Sea Idyls," so redolent of the atmosphere of those far-away countries under tropical skies. That volume was noticeable for felicity of description, for its romantic vein, and for charm of style. These qualities have not forsaken Mr. Stoddard during his long silence; they are found again in several chapters of "Exits and Entrances," notably in the description of a night on an island in the Nile, and in the semi-humorous and very entertaining sketch of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the old Hawaiian days. Many readers will find the greatest attraction in the two delightful papers on Stevenson—one on Stevenson as Mr. Stoddard knew him in the California days, and the other an impression of the work which came from Stevenson after he had gone to Samoa. There is a delightful account of an afternoon with George Eliot at the Priory, and of a luncheon with Charles Kingsley, and there are vivid impressions of Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, and other interesting persons. Mr. Stoddard was at one time an expert traveler. He covered the distance from the Sandwich Islands to Egypt, and he saw countries with his imagination as well as with his eyes. This combination of observation with capacity for feeling and conveying sentiment makes him a charming recorder. It is a long time since any book has come from the press, of a semi-personal character, more delightful in its intimacy, its quiet humor, and its grace of style than "Exits and Entrances."

Gate Beautiful (The): Being Principles and Methods in Vital Art Education. By John Ward Stimson. Illustrated. Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. 9×12 in. 420 pages. $7.50, net. (Postage, 40c.)

This curious, sumptuous, and often extremely interesting volume should certainly accomplish something in the direction of elucidating principles and methods of art education, though it would seem as if the text might have been condensed with profit. The author divides his work into the natural sections of theory and practice: the first appealing to the general public interest in nature as a whole; the second appealing to the professional practitioner and teacher of class-room study. In treating of the philosophy of beauty, Professor Stimson justly claims that there is a modern demand for the comprehension of the principles of æsthetics, and his text is of signal worth in satisfying that demand, even though, when he comes to his "Chart of the Threefold Cosmic Correspondences" and its exposition, the general reader may find some difficulty in following him. The work is elaborately illustrated with many rare and detailed plates, including some interesting drawings by the author himself. Its illustrations double the volume's value; indeed, they are vitally necessary to give adequate expression to the author's very personal ideas concerning life and beauty in constructive and in decorative art.

God and Music. By John Harrington Edwards. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 319 pages. $1.25, net.

The object of this book is to indicate the answers which music offers to questions concerning the existence and character of God. A universe in which music exists cannot, it is argued, be without a controlling Mind; and the order and beauty of music inherent in the universe can instruct us as to the nature of the Mind that created it. If the book were uniformly as good as some of its parts, it would be a real contribution to the philosophy of art. Unfortunately, however, it abounds in loose and extravagant statements, such as are generally to be expected in books about music. It contains a wealth of quotations not always discriminatingly chosen.

Handicapped Among the Free. By Emma Raynor. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 375 pages.

A story of negro life in the South of the present time. The trials and discouragements which beset those of the race who are ambitious to secure education and property are related with striking effect. With somewhat less of negro dialect or somewhat more of humor, the book would be exceptionally interesting. The reader's sympathy is deeply stirred, but there is little to rouse hope for any early or cheering solution of the grave problems confronting the negro race.

His Friend the Enemy. By William Wallace Cook. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

The story of a fight over the county site between two Nebraska boom towns. Lively, but extremely crude.

History of Puerto Rico (The): From the Spanish Discovery to the American Occupation. By R. A. Van Middeldyke. Edited by Martin G. Brumbaugh, Ph.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

It will give satisfaction to Spanish students and to lovers of Spain to see that the title of this book is "Puerto Rico" and not "Porto Rico." The Spanish spelling is indeed proper as a caption for Mr. Van Middeldyke's description of the four centuries of Spanish history as regards Puerto Rico. Only half of his volume is devoted to its history; the other half—and the more important to most readers—to describing the people of to-day and their institutions, the peasantry, negroes, Caribs, their agriculture, trade, education, and religion. Mr. Van Middeldyke is the librarian of the Free Public Library at San Juan, an institution created by our civil government. It is that very government which is now supplying a fundamental lack of Puerto Rican civilization. Under the new government, though so recently established, the island's agricultural status has never been so hopeful, its commercial activity so greatly increased, and, above all, the educational awakening so universal and healthy. Hence this book must be vitally valuable to American citizens as a work of reference on the past politics and present condition of an island which, though the latest permanent possession of the United States, is the oldest on this hemisphere in point of European occupation.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. IV. Braddock's Road and Three Relative Papers. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 213 pages.

The fourth volume of "Historic Highways" has to do with Braddock's Road. Few roads ever amounted to so little at first and then finally played so important a part in the development of any continent. Mr. Hulbert interestingly shows how the beginning of this particular road (1755) across the Alleghanies was the first great token in the West of that British pluck and grit which finally overcame the opposition of colonizing rivals.

Horses Nine: Stories of Harness and Saddle. By Sewell Ford. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 270 pages. $1.25.

These stories must please every one who knows or cares at all about horses. They give each animal—mounted policeman's horse, circus ringster, racer, heavy truck-horse, fire-engine horse, and several others—a distinct individuality, and one follows the adventures of each with surprising interest. The book has some of the humane spirit of "Black Beauty," and from the literary point of view is far better written.

How to Help Boys: A Journal of Social Pedagogy. The General Alliance of Workers with Boys, Boston. 83 pages. 50c.

Many readers of The Outlook deeply interested in this subject will find special value in these papers, presented at the Sixth Congress about Boys, held a few months ago in New York. The topics center about the theme, "The Working Boy."

Introduction to Poetry: Poetic Expression—Poetic Truth—The Progress of Poetry. By Laurie Magnus, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 174 pages. 60c., net.

A small, clearly written, and sensible book which analyzes and describes the various aspects and elements which enter into the composition of poetry, with familiar illustration.

John Percyfield. By C. Hanford Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 382 pages. $1.50.

A book of rare charm and unusual character. The narrator, with whom one feels that the author is closely identified in spirit if not in experience, lives in a beautiful château overlooking Lake Geneva. His "over the teacups" talks there with the Châtelaine (the descendant of the old-time owners of the château, now the gentle ruler of a quiet and altogether desirable house of entertainment), with "the United Kingdom" (whereby is meant a group of fellow-guests hailing from England, Ireland, and Scotland), and later with the beautiful Southern girl who was John Percyfield's child playfellow and has always been his ideal love; his self-communings over nature; his reminiscences of adventure; his fund of anecdotes and pointed sayings; his clear democracy and hope for social regeneration—all these things make up a readable, entertaining, and even stimulating narrative, Novel the book does not assume to be, although it has both love interest and varied characters. If there is a little note of self-sufficiency here and there, or if the author's anti-imperialism does not suit all readers, or if one scoffs at the experience whereby John steps out of his body and sees his soul "like a faint gray cloud detach itself," or if one dislikes the assumed unconsciousness of John as to Scotland's penchant for him, yet every one must accept these or other defects as comparatively trivial and must regard the whole book as fresh and sweet in tone and admirably written throughout.

Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse: With Notes on Her Life and Character by D'Alembert, Marmontel, De Guibert, etc. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Hardy, Pratt & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 342 pages. $1.25, net.

This is a fourth edition of this very interesting correspondence, translated by Miss Wormeley, whose translations of Balzac have taken place among the distinct achievements in this field. An essay by Sainte-Beuve serves as an introduction to the volume; and there are notes upon the life and character of Mlle. de Lespinasse by D'Alembert, Marmontel, and De Guibert. The letters themselves belong to the literature of passion; and Mlle. de Lespinasse must be classed with Héloise and Sappho as among the great lovers celebrated in literature. As a matter of taste, it is doubtful whether the correspondence ought ever to have been published. When it appeared, many years after the death of Mlle. de Lespinasse but during the lifetime of some of her old friends, it was deplored as a great indiscretion. The letters are too intimate, too personal; but, as contributions to the study of the temperament of an ardent woman of many gifts and with distinct genius of its kind, they are very interesting. The publication of this edition was probably suggested by the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward drew largely on the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse for the central figure in "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Lives of Friedrich Schiller and John Stirling. (The Edinburgh Edition.) By Thomas Carlyle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼×7 in. 248 pages. $1.25.

This latest volume in the Edinburgh Edition of the works of Carlyle presents in flexible binding, printed on thin paper, but from large, clear type, two of his most characteristic pieces of literary work. In certain respects the "Life of John Stirling" shows Carlyle at his very best; it is admirably balanced, extraordinarily vivid in characterization, and thoroughly in sympathy with its subject.

Lord Leonard the Luckless. By W. E. Norris. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Norris is a facile writer, and he has in a high degree the knack of keeping the interest alive. He has, too, a lightly ironical humor which is constant if not vigorous. The present story is not particularly original in plot except in so far as it utilizes the extremely unpleasant uncertainty as to the paternity of Lord Leonard's putative daughter, and the probability of her being half-sister to the young man whom she loves. If such a subject is to be admitted as suitable for fiction, it may be granted that its straightforward treatment here is as little objectionable as the nature of the case admits. For Lord Leonard himself, a man with little power of expression but a true-hearted gentleman, one feels pity and sympathy such as are not often aroused by a character of fiction.

Marianela. By B. Pérez Galdós. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7 in. 265 pages.

Master and His Method (The). By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7½ in. 138 pages. 75c.

Those who have already made the author's acquaintance through his deservedly commended works on "The Ascent Through Christ" and "Types of Christian Life" will not be disappointed in their high expectations of this book. It is peculiarly luminous; while condensing the material of chapters into paragraphs, it leaves clear and distinct impressions; the wealth of material in its subject-matter is admirably organized for popular presentation, as regards (1) "the environment," (2) "the method," (3) "the application." We know of no manual for Bible readers that covers the field, and does justice to it, within limits so brief as those of this book.

Municipal Year-Book of the United Kingdom for 1903 (The). Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd, Lim., London. 5×7½ in. 690 pages.

Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences (The), Vol. I.: No. 2, The Architectural Refinements of St. Mark's at Venice. By William Henry Goodyear. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8×11 in. 111 pages. $1.50.

Notturno: A Romance. By George S. Carrol. The Abbey Press, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 280 pages.

Our Neighbors. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 341 pages.

Mostly light, ephemeral papers on all sorts of topics, ranging from "His Majesty the Baby" to "The Vision of the Soul." The last named, with one or two other slight stories, recalls the *locale* and people of the "Bonnie Briar Bush" tales. Dr. Watson's humor is as true and persuasive as ever, and his hearty sympathy for the honest and manly in life pervades the whole book, which is thoroughly unpretentious and gentle.

Poets of Transcendentalism (The): An Anthology. Edited by George Willis Cooke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¼×8¼ in. 342 pages. $2, net.

A timely collection of the New England poets whose affiliations, either intellectual or artistic, with Emerson were most pronounced: Lowell, Margaret Fuller, Jones Very, Christopher Cranch, Ellery Channing, Colonel Higginson, Theodore Parker, Mrs. Jackson, Edward Rowland Sill, and others less widely known. This body of verse, which is of very uneven importance and value as poetry, reflects the Transcendental movement, and includes, it is hardly necessary to say, some of the purest, if not some of the greatest, poetry that has been written on this continent. Mr. Cooke furnishes the volume with an interesting introduction, in which he analyzes the Transcendental movement and touches its keynotes, with biograpnical references.

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by the International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. Part II. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

The second installment of this work contains an interesting article on the modern aspects of artistic lithography, by Joseph Pennell, who has already contributed largely to an exhaustive history of this art. The author considers particularly the later English efforts, which received their chief encouragement from the distinguished work of Thomas Way, the well-known printer. Mr. Pennell concludes his essay by saying: "I regard artistic lithography as one of the most individual methods of expression, and I regret that commercial considerations prevent artists and painters from devoting themselves to it as zealously as they would like." In point of illustrations, this number is even better than the first one, and its six examples of art work are reproduced with telling effect. The most striking picture, a water-color by Albert Goodwin, R. W. S., represents Milan Cathedral with its spires brilliantly illuminated by the golden light of the setting sun. A beautiful mezzotint by Max Pietschmann, entitled "The Bather," is also worthy of special mention. "A Study of a Child's Head," by F. E. László, "London Bridge," by Frank Brangwyn, "Breton School Girls," by L. Lévy-Dhurmer, and a water-color entitled "Fleet Street, London," by Herbert Marshall, R.W.S., complete the list.

Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 398 pages. $1.50.

Everything Mrs. Dudeney writes is worthy of serious attention, because she gets beneath the surface of things and she does carefully study character and motive. Her "heroine" here, Robin, is a singular girl and a most interesting person. Her lover is also more or less in love with another girl, but instead of throwing him over with scorn, Robin deliberately sets herself to win the victory. How she wins and then renounces forms the burden of this novel. Unfortunately, the book is inordinately long, is not well proportioned, and an immense amount of talk by rather feeble minor characters obstructs the real current. In its placidity and slowness the story is a surprising contrast to Mrs. Dudeney's first book, "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken."

Social Ethics: An Introduction to the Nature and Ethics of the State. By James Melville Coleman. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 357 pages.

Begins with a criticism of the legal ethics of Hobbes and the biological ethics of Spencer; ends with a proposition to insert into the Federal Constitution an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ.

Spiritual Evolution, or Regeneration. By R. C. Douglass. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 350 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 10c.)

This is a theosophical rather than a theological work, "a course of lessons in Christian metaphysics." It is in close affinity with the Gnostic speculations of the second century, and with those of Swedenborg. Its divine Christ is impersonal, "the Principle of Truth," with which Jesus identifies himself. It regards the Bible as "a book of 'concealed mysteries,' written by mystics in the language of mystics in symbol, metaphor, allegory, and allegoric history." The two main documents into which the Pentateuch is analyzed by critics are "a double allegoric picture of man in the duality of his nature," combining a higher self and a lower. The first part of the work is occupied with "The Genesis Symbolology," the second part with "The Christ Symbolology," in which Mary represents "tender motherly understanding" and Joseph "fatherly will." For "the conception of the Christ in consciousness" the daily repetition of three pages of formulæ is recommended as helpful. While such a work does not require serious criticism, its extravagance strikes one as a sign of the present recoil from the extravagant materialism that has affected a world intoxicated with its mechanical arts and acquisitions.

Social Germany in Luther's Time: Being the Memoirs of Bartholomew Sastrow. Translated by Albert D. Vandam, with an Introduction by Herbert A. L. Fisher, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 349 pages. $2.50, net.

Sastrow was, Mr. Fisher tells us, "a 'hard-headed, plain-spoken Pomeranian notary." What his memoirs give us is not charm or amiability, but the record of a time of strenuousness left by a political and legal contestant. He has a lively, ironical, and sometimes abusive style, and his memoirs do not lack salt or pepper. They certainly throw a clear light on the controversies and social upheavals that followed the introduction of Protestantism in Germany.

Substitute (The). By Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

A sound, wholesome, genuine tale of North Georgia life, with real raciness and humor and character. It is as good as Mr. Harben's "Abner Daniel"—and that is saying not a little.

Summer in New York (A): A Love Story Told in Letters. By Edward W. Townsend. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 196 pages.

Slangy and sporty. Champagne flows like water. Millions are as common as dirt. Fashionable people flirt and plot and counterplot over the newly arrived daughter of a multimillionaire, who in the end marries her artist lover. The whole is amusing in a decidedly surface way.

Tito. By William Henry Carson. Illustrated. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.50.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. Vernon, M.A., M.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 415 pages. $1.75.

Words for the Church. By the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 114 pages. 45c.

Wrought Brim (The): Twelve Discourses Given in the South Church, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. By Edward Taylor Fairbanks. Published by W. W. Husband, St. Johnsbury, Vt. 6½×9½ in. 195 pages.

Correspondence

Sheepmen and Cattlemen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the issue of November 22, 1902, of The Outlook appeared an article by Charles Moreau Harger entitled "Sheep and Shepherds of the West," which is of a most interesting nature did it not contain so many inaccuracies.

There is no business or industry involving the vast capital it does and giving employment to so many men that is conducted with less strife and bloodshed than the sheep industry of the Western ranges. There is more rioting and bloodshed over mining matters, irrigation and water rights, or many other enterprises of less importance than over the stock industry. Instead of the sheep-herders of Wyoming "wandering over the vast unoccupied reaches of Wyoming," each flock-owner, with a very few exceptions, occupies and owns the same ranges year in and year out, one range being used for summer and the other for winter grazing. Instead of the sheep-herder being a "nomad and dwelling in loneliness," he is hardly ever out of sight of another sheep camp, and a day seldom passes that the herders do not meet and discuss the news of the day and other matters in which they may be interested. Statistics show that insanity and suicides are no greater among sheep-herders than among any other class of people; in fact, far less than among writers and farmers.

The days of trailing cattle and sheep from the "far-off Pacific to Nebraska and Kansas" are a thing of the past, owing to the settling up of the country by ranchmen and stockmen. No band of sheep has been trailed across the State in the past two years.

The idea that a band of sheep passing leaves "the prairie as if a fire had swept over the range" is as absurd as it is ridiculous; also the assertion that "the touch of his hoofs is fraught with an odor that gives offense to cattle and horses, and that the keen clip of his teeth leaves nothing for the larger animals."

Cattle and horses passing along the trail will leave the prairie in a similar condition; as to the hoofs of sheep being fraught with an odor that gives offense to cattle and horses, this idea was exploded years ago by actual demonstration, and is referred to only when making sport of some unsophisticated tenderfoot. To completely refute this statement, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that a great many of the largest owners of sheep in the range States and Territories are also among the largest owners of cattle, experience having taught them that it is more profitable to run both classes of stock on the same range; and to-day cattle, horses, and sheep may be seen grazing and watering together in peace and harmony "on a thousand hills," sheep grazing and feeding on the smaller and finer grasses while they leave the hardier and coarser for the horses and cattle.

The assertion that the "cowboys declared war on the shepherds, and sought to limit their range," and "that it is tempting for the sheepman to move to new pastures at the risk of attack, even though he knows that a cattleman has been long in possession and will fight to maintain his place," is unfounded. As a rule, the cattlemen and the flockmasters respect each other's ranges. Now and then, however, there is a clash; but on being traced to its source, it is usually found that subordinates in the employ of either the sheep or the cattle men have disregarded the wishes of their employer.

The assertion that 600,000 head of sheep, valued at $2,000,000, had been wantonly killed by cowboys in the last ten years, and that it is estimated that there have been five hundred men killed annually accompanying the sheep killings (making 5,000 during the ten years) by these same cowboys, is too absurd for any sensible person to believe, and should find no place in literary journalism.

The writer hereof has been a resident of the great grazing country extending from the Missouri River on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west for the past thirty-six years, having brought into Wyoming one of the first bands of cattle ever trailed from Texas, as well as having trailed sheep into the State from New Mexico in the early days of the sheep industry, and has kept in touch with these two industries ever since; hence should be conversant with the subject under consideration. I therefore make the assertion that in all the sheep killings by cowboys during these thirty-six years the number will not exceed 25,000, valued at $75,000, and during this time the killings resulting from feuds between cowboys and shepherds over the range question will not exceed fifty.

Referring to the assertion that "masked men, mounted, killed the herders of several thousand sheep in central Wyoming last July and killed thousands of sheep, and in addition 65,000 head were scattered, which resulted in further loss," it was found on investigation to be, one man missing, some 2,000 head of sheep killed, and as many more scattered. As a rule, the rights of the homesteaders are respected, and they are perfectly safe from any infringement by the sheepmen.

I do not wish to be considered a defender of lawlessness, but to state the facts as they are, in order that a false and injurious impression may not go abroad concerning two of the greatest industries lying west of the Missouri River.

E. P. SNOW,
Secretary Wyoming State Board of Sheep Commissioners

[In reply to the above letter, the author of the article in question, Mr. C. M. Harger, writes as follows: "This view, which assumes a hostility neither expressed nor implied in the article referred to, is precisely that of the exclusive sheepmen, and is an excellent illustration of their contention, in the long-standing contest with the cattlemen, that flocks do not injure range more than herds. Nevertheless, because of the damage done, the Government prohibits sheep and goats from pasturing on forest reserves except in regions where rain quickly restores herbage, while other live stock is admitted. Idaho and some other Western States forbid the flocks within two miles of a settler's dwelling. Such authorities as E. Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of the Nebraska State University, and Captain James McClintock, formerly of the 'Rough Riders,' a practical sheepman of New Mexico, declare sheep destructive to the range. The latter, in a recent article, says: 'Sheep may exist in propinquity with cattle, but the reverse is not true. The nervous American cannot stand the life [of the shepherd]. The eternal "baa" drives him mad. Sheep and cattle can no more occupy a range in common than oil and water can float coherently. Where a flock of sheep has passed, the grass is gone, and the track so reeks with the sheep's peculiar odor that cattle and horses avoid the ground for weeks.' The former, in a magazine article (January, 1903), says: 'There are always plenty of nomad herders . . . not scrupling to ignore range rights. Sheep-feeders are more commonly in this class. . . . Sheep easily eat the herbage out by the roots, killing even the perennial grasses.' The 'Government Year Book, 1901,' says: 'Sheep-grazing can never be conducted without more or less injury. . . . In feeding, the sheep takes nearly everything, and thus cuts close and clean.' If it be true that recently sheep and cattle have learned to graze in large numbers on the same range profitably, it is a most important discovery, one that will revolutionize the opinion of stockmen throughout the West, and of which they are as yet unaware. To have been fair, Mr. Snow should have noted that the statements concerning alleged killing of shepherds and sheep were expressly quoted from late reports (Associated Press despatches from the localities named, and leading daily papers of the West) uncontradicted at the time (last summer) when the article was prepared. Dr. Andrews, quoted above, in a magazine article (January, 1903) gives similar statements. As explicitly pointed out in the article, the conditions of the shepherd's life are unquestionably changing, and doubtless Wyoming, with its recent immigration, is more advanced than many remote sections. The claim that well-nigh universal harmony and good-fellowship have existed between the cattlemen and sheepmen on the range is ridiculous to any Westerner, though exigencies of development are now compelling amicable arrangements, and both are expected to unite in asking Congress to amend the lease laws in such manner as to adjust the difficulties. It may be interesting to add that in 1902 the product of scoured wool produced in the Nation increased 4,100,000 pounds over 1901; the number of sheep, 780,000. The average fleece (unscoured) weighed 6.8 pounds, varying from 8.5 pounds in California to 3 pounds in North Carolina."]